

RECORDING BRITAIN

VOLUME IV

Wiltshire · Somerset

Cornwall · Devon · Dorset · Hampshire

Sussex · Kent

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY

Arnold Palmer

Geoffrey Cumberlege

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WILTSHIRE

Artists

MARTIN HARDIE, C.B.E.

THOMAS HENNELL, R.W.S.

VINCENT LINES, R.W.S.

FRANCES MACDONALD

H. S. MERRITT

LOUISA PULLER

OCCASIONALLY, for overriding reasons, an artist had to be sent to a county he had never been able, or even greatly anxious, to visit. His clouded expression soon ceased to arouse more than perfunctory sympathy, for experience showed that he was certain to come back full of praises of the district and sound reasons for being returned to it.

But there were at no time any such doubts about Wiltshire. It is, and it is known to be, a good county, rich in fine houses of all sizes and beautiful country of varied character. For the administrators of the scheme it proved, too, to be an easy county, and the advice they received (from the local secretary of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and from other willing helpers) was notably full, detailed, and wise. With its aid, the recording of Wiltshire was divided under seven different headings. First, the wooded country; and, although the Army won very comfortably the race for Savernake Forest, landscape drawings were done in the Calne and Wansdyke areas. River scenery was represented by pictures of the lower Avon valley at Woodford, the Wylde valley at Steeple Langford and Wishford, and the Madder at Wilton; the monolith land at Avebury formed the subject of another group of some half a dozen works by Mr. Lines. Fourthly came the villages—downland villages (like Bowerchalke) and others. Views of the downlands themselves were recorded from Martinsell and elsewhere. Sixthly were the houses, the country residences, a lovely but immense array of which far too little use was, and was always bound to be, made. The last category consisted of the unreclaimed lands east of Salisbury and west of Wootton Bassett, stretches which had to be almost completely ignored. As usual, only limited attention was paid to recognized show-places like Wilton and Bradford-on-Avon, but a strong exception was made in the case of Malmesbury. Fifteen drawings were devoted to its spectacular beauties—the most intensive piece of recording to be attempted since Ham and Petersham in Surrey.

Thus, for one reason or another, sixty-seven water-colours were painted in Wiltshire. Had they been ten times as numerous, they would still have been utterly inadequate; yet they make an addition to existing records and set a shape for further work by devoted artists, whether professional or amateur.

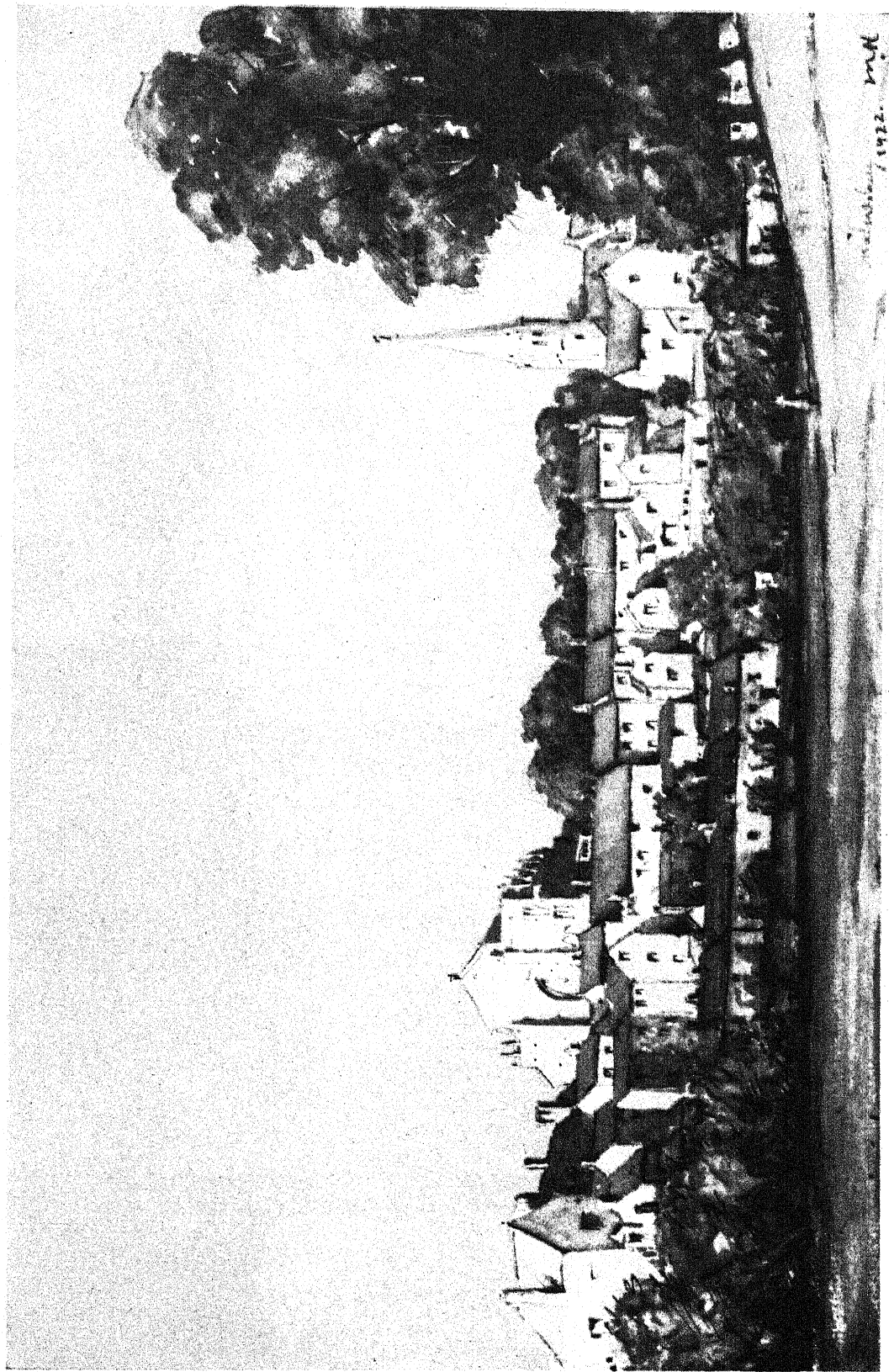
MALMESBURY

Martin Hardie, C.B.E.

Of fifteen recordings of Malmesbury, six are reproduced here; and Mr. Hardie's, being the most comprehensive, selects itself to introduce the group.

It was painted near a spot known as Daniel's Well, in front of the river bridge on the road to Foxley, and it shows the water-meadows running up to the base of the cliff crowned by the old abbey. The position, now merely picturesque, must in early times have been formidably strong. Once there was a large castle, long since slighted; even as late as the Civil War, Malmesbury had to be stormed twice by the Parliamentary forces, under Waller and Massie, before it was wrested from the King. All the approaches are steep and all, except the Sherston-Bristol road, cross the waters of the Avon and its tributaries as they loop the town. In winter, to this day, Malmesbury is liable to be made difficult of access by flood or by frost.

The view here is from the west-south-west. The blank appearance of the abbey's truncated west end and the isolated church tower on the south side are worth noting before the reader proceeds.



Malabar, 1922. M.H.

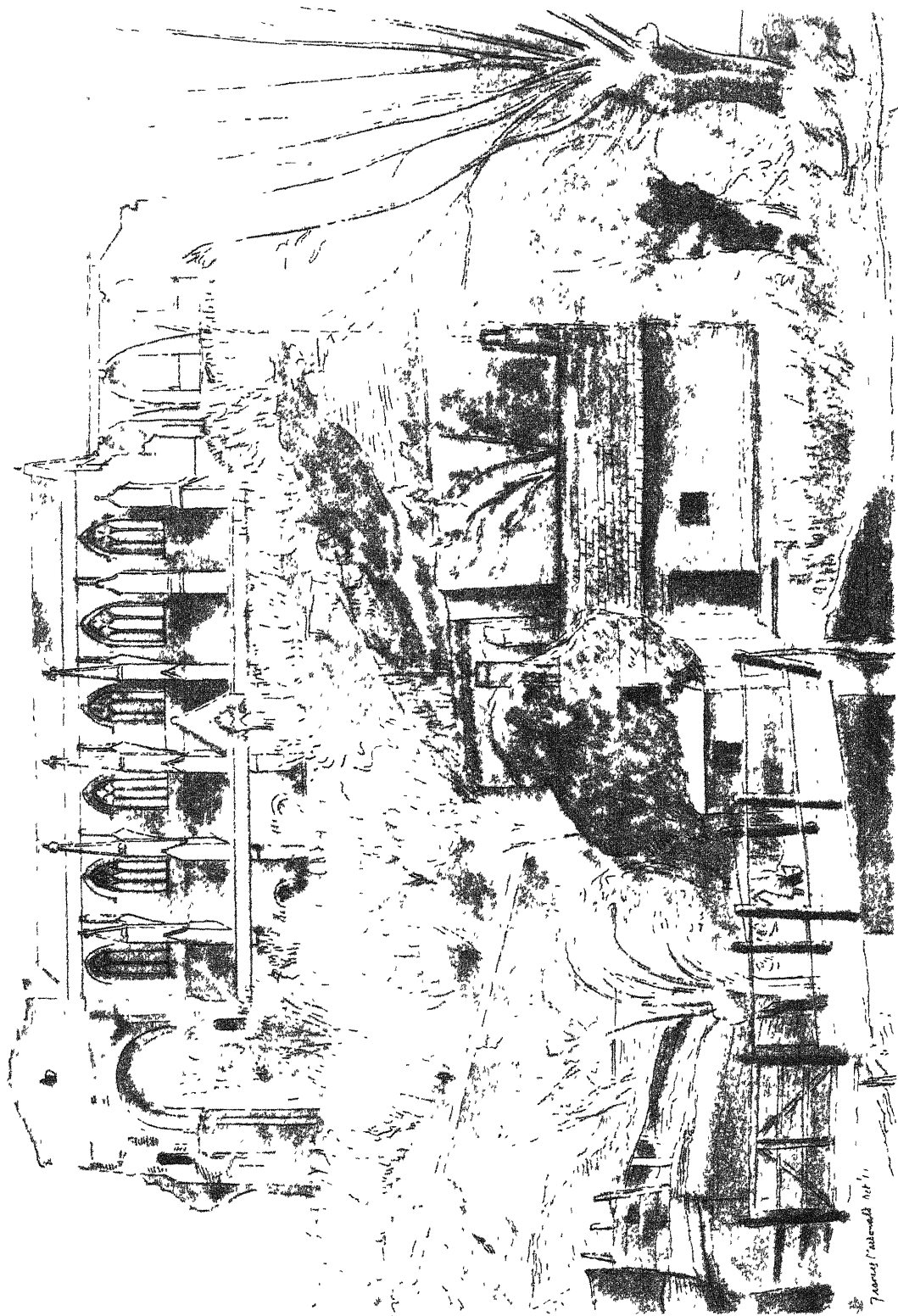
ABBEY, MALMESBURY

Frances Macdonald

The Benedictine Monastery, elevated, silhouetted, and rumous, caught the eye of Turner, and for his delineation of it (engraved by J. C. Varrall, *Picturesque Views of England and Wales*, 1832) he chose this very same northern aspect as is shown opposite. He was able, however, to sit farther back, to fill his foreground with a green lane, rustic swains surprised by schoolchildren, and fields with ruminative cows. There was the old mill-house, too, beside the stream, and this Miss Macdonald shows us. It is not her fault that those other pretty features are omitted. The leafy lane is now a railed and asphalted walk, the spot where Turner sat is somewhere beneath the station booking-office. The Abbey, of course, has stood respected, but the setting has changed, as settings do, and something of the Abbey with it.

Change is generally associated with growth or decay; it goes on for its own sake also. The census figures of Malmesbury have been stationary for a hundred and forty years.

There seem to have been major and mysterious collapses in the great church before the Dissolution. But the Abbey's story has been told countless times, and is readily available to any reader who cares to open the first likely volume. Here we are concerned with the slow consumption of the surroundings and with the view, the second in this series, of Malmesbury's cliff—from the north side. It is the most abrupt and emptiest side, and shows the eleventh-century church, built on Celtic and Saxon foundations, in all its impressive splendour. The great arches, smashed or merely vacant, rise up to their full stature against the sky; only the wonderful southern porch is hidden, and the bent backs of the flying buttresses thrusting against the thin, unresisting air.



James Watson 1861

GOOSE BRIDGE, MALMESBURY

Louisa Puller

With this drawing of the approach from the south-east (the approach from the south is marked by the rising roof-line on the left) our tour of the base of Malmesbury's mound comes to an end; and of the three aspects shown, this is the one most liable to change. Its narrow streets and old cottages are bound to catch, sooner or later, the inflamed eye of an improver.

Only the older inhabitants appear to recognize the title borne by the picture, and it is true that the great birds sliding up and down beneath the arches of the bridge look less like geese than swans. The right-angled turn made by the river at the bottom of the steps, where the road becomes St. John's Street, has an unnatural air; here the original flow must have been violently diverted, but at a time and for a reason no longer identifiable.



Louisa Puller
1942

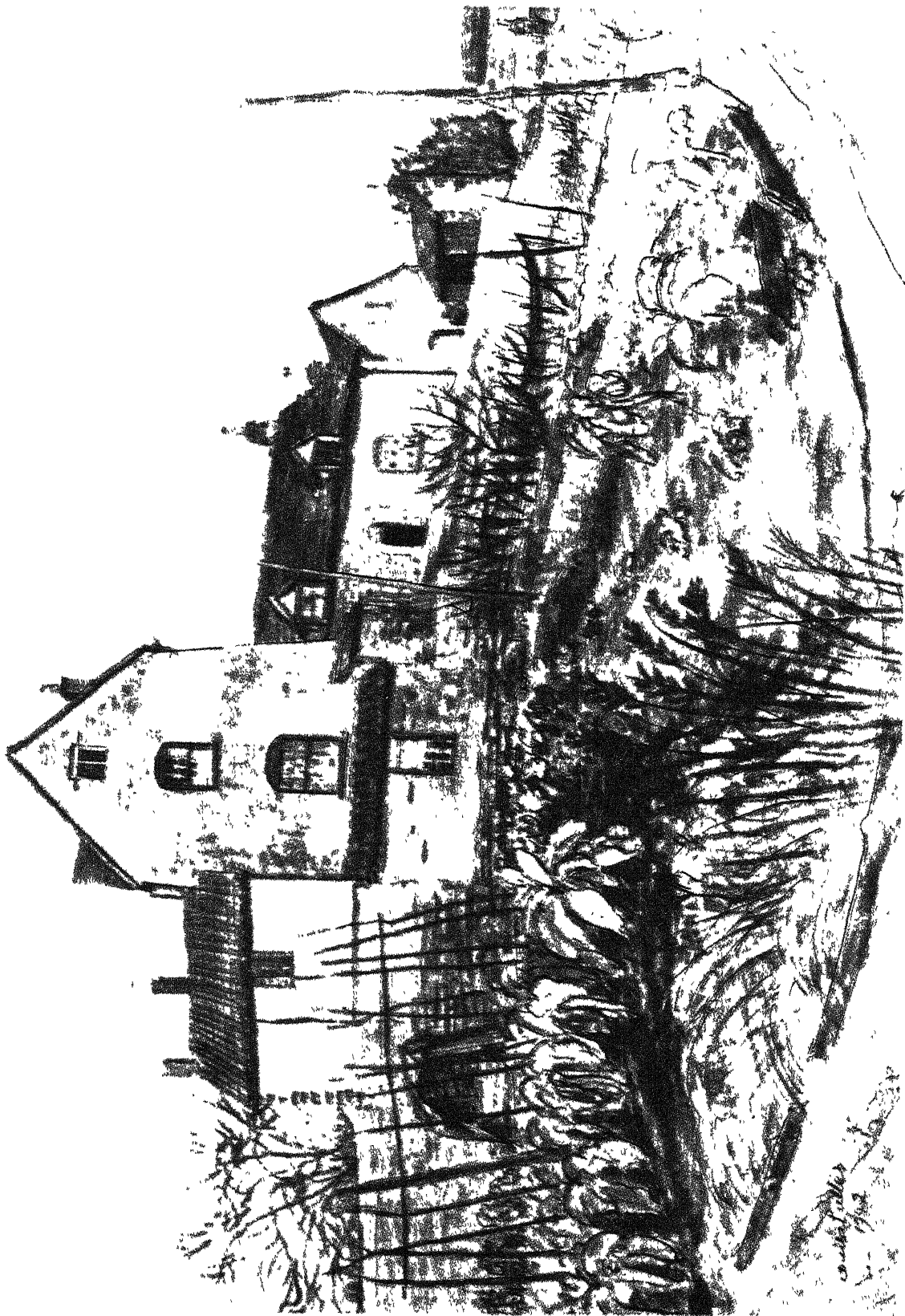
CULVER HOUSE, MALMESBURY

Louisa Puller

For reasons already given more than once, the subjects chosen for recording were often modest in the extreme; so much so that the resultant water-colours, made for present and future generations in the localities concerned, possess limited interest for a wider public and have been omitted from these reproductions. It has seemed right, however, to show one every now and then, to serve as a reminder of the nature, the deliberately unspectacular nature, of the scheme.

Like the bridge of the preceding picture, wherein it may be seen standing up on the skyline, Culver House makes no pretensions and no claims, and few people look at it twice, or even once. It is now, indeed, divided into three dwellings, approached through a kitchen garden opening on to Ingram Street, and is thus, from postal and other points of view, no longer even 'a' house. But it, or parts of it, have been holding a high site for four centuries; and when it goes the skyline of Malmesbury will, for better or worse, be altered. Such change goes on, of course, everywhere and all the time and, though it might sometimes be more tactfully handled, everybody realizes that it must go on. It is its steadiness and stealthiness that escape notice. A photograph of one's own street, taken only ten years ago, will usually make the point clear.

Culver House, as it happens, invites a few more comments. Some of its stones were possibly in place when the Abbey was dismantled. More certainly, men and women celebrated the defeat of the Armada within its walls; and, just over fifty years later, some of the storming troops of Parliament may have been billeted there—too early, by fifteen years, to make the familiar request for a cup of tea.



MARKET CROSS, MALMESBURY

Frances Macdonald

Market crosses (at Oakham in Rutland and Witney in Oxfordshire) have already been illustrated and their purpose and development discussed; any reader who wishes to do so will be able to fit the cross of Malmesbury into its historical background.

One of the most famous and decorative crosses in England, it was erected in the reign of Henry VII—‘a right fair and costely peace of worke in the Market-place, made al of stone, and curiously vouldid for poore market folkes to stande dry when rayne cummith’. So Leland described it, and he might have added that the monks also could stand dry as they harangued the populace and collected market dues, for when the Cross was built the great Abbey, towering over it, was at the zenith of its prosperity, and we may safely assume that the stone step round the central pillar here served not only for a seat or a sales counter, as at Oakham and Witney, but also for a pulpit.

The Cross is 40 feet high. It has eight surrounding pillars, eight sides, eight arches, and an octagonal turret, and it measures 8 feet from the central pillar to the low containing wall. Two of the arches, on the south-west and north-east, are open to the ground. Many of its beauties are apparent in the picture, but the pillar-clusters fanning up beneath the roof cannot be shown in a drawing of the exterior.

Crosses, according to John Britton (*Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*), were constructed for a variety of reasons and purposes, the five principal ones being commemoration of the dead, commemoration of notable events, marking of boundaries, sheltering of itinerant dealers, provision of outdoor pulpit; and more than one of these ends was usually attained. Malmesbury's cross was made, like many others, *in hominum memoria*.

The detached belfry of the Abbey, the surviving tower of the otherwise demolished church of St. Paul, stands on the left of the picture. It will doubtless hold its place, and so will the Cross, restored in or about 1810 and again a hundred years later. But already, since the October day in 1941 when this painting was done, changes in the setting have occurred.

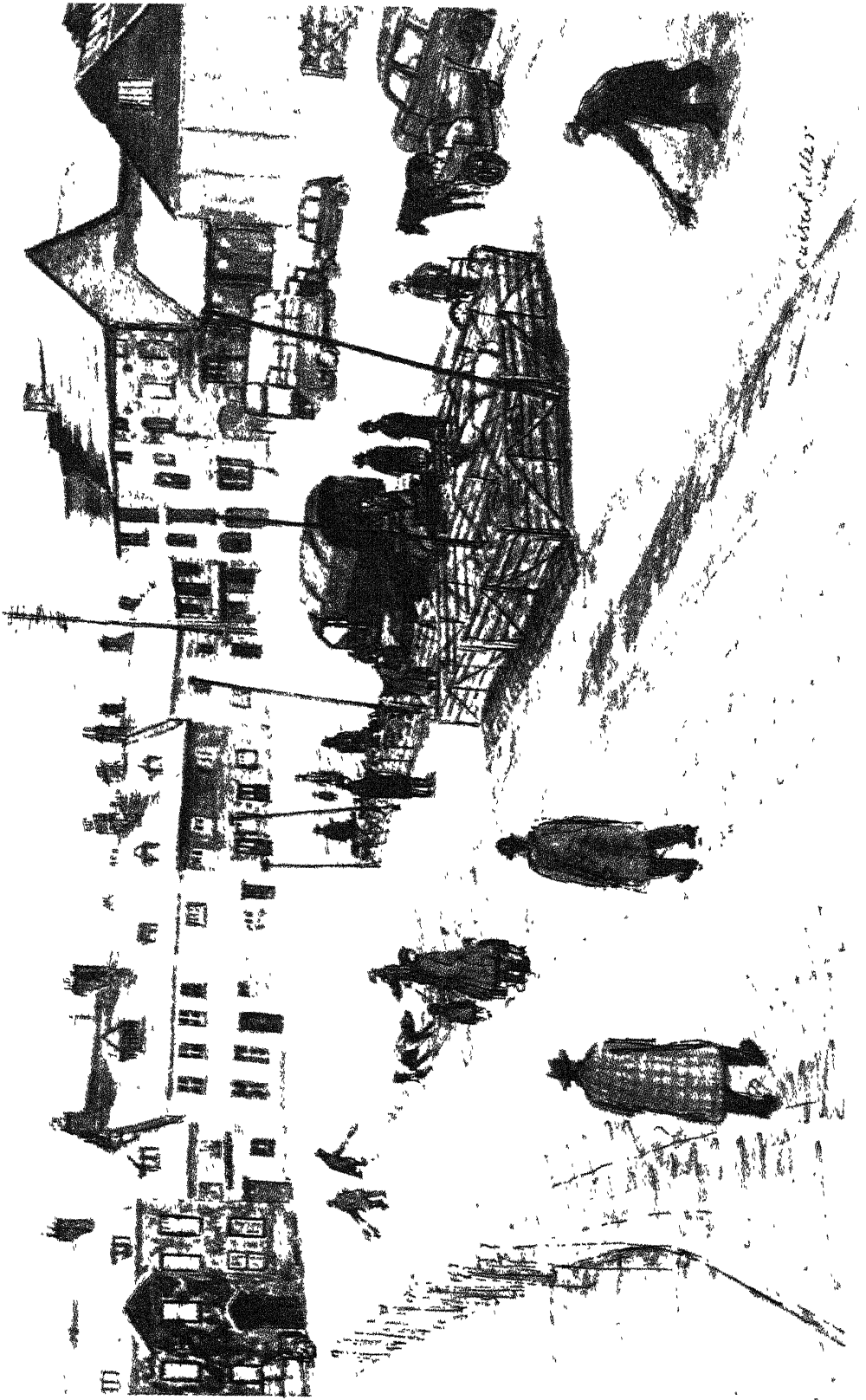


CROSS HAYES, MALMESBURY

Louisa Puller

Except for one beautiful house, the left side of the square is modern, and there is a modern Town Hall on which Miss Puller has turned her back. She has thus been kind to the scene; yet markets are pleasant places and invite kindness. Some, at least, of the houses shown here may have been familiar to Malmesbury's most famous son, the totalitarian Thomas Hobbes.

No surprise need be caused by the slackness of business on this market-day in January 1942. Snow lay on the ground, and an east wind was blowing. Conditions, reasonable in the Cross Hayes itself, were difficult on the steep roads leading to it. In such circumstances, buyers wonder if sellers will risk their stock, sellers ask themselves if buyers will risk a purchase; and nearly all of them reach, with mingled disappointment and relief, the same conclusion.



Central Valley

PEW AND MONUMENT, ST. MARY'S, LYDIARD TREGOZE

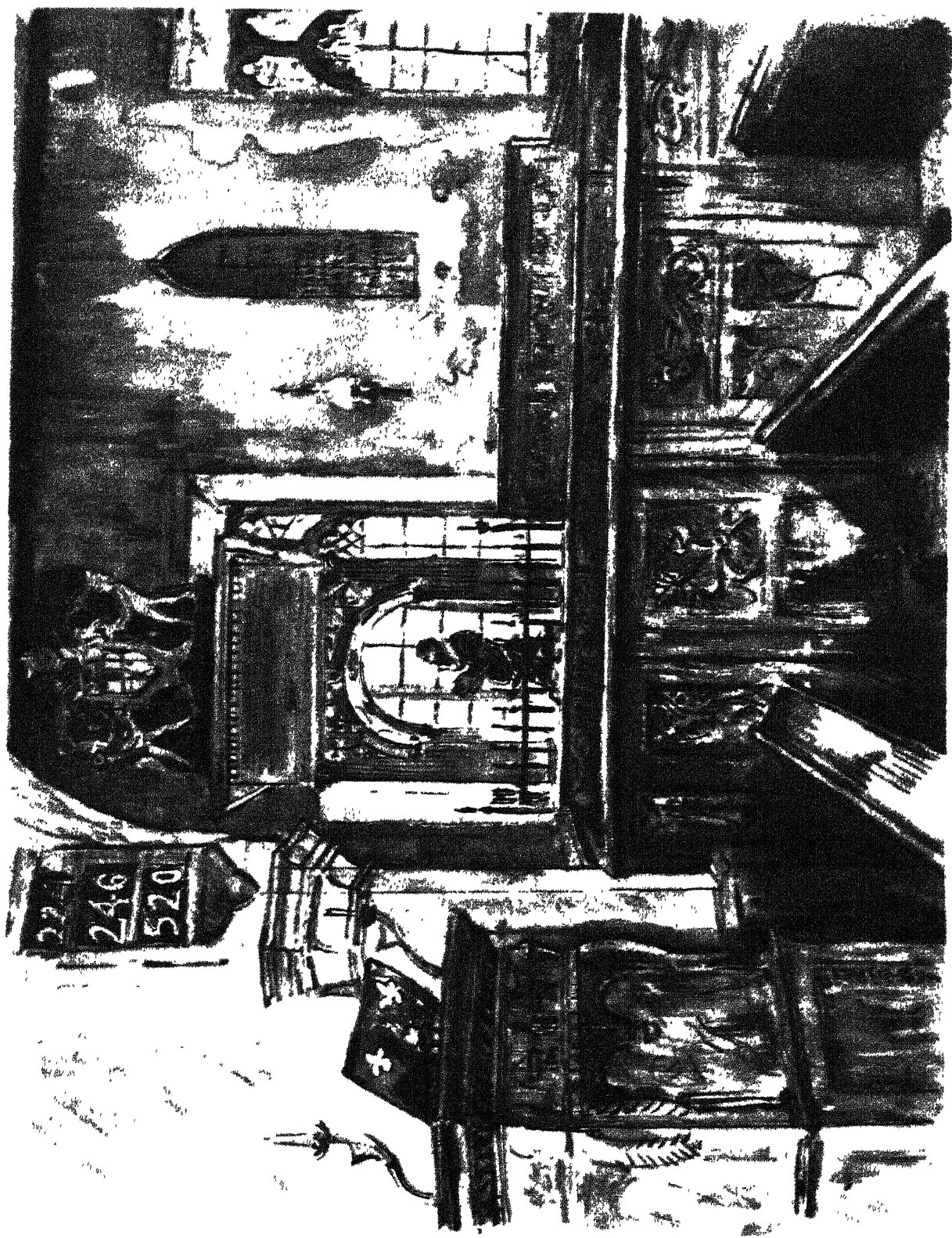
Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

From the days of William I until 1943 Lydiard, originally part of the royal demesne of Braden Forest, was in the possession of one family. Sometimes the male descent failed, the heiress married, the name changed—Ewyas, Tregoz, Grandson, Patshull, Beauchamp, St. John. For the last five centuries it has been all St. John.

On two occasions, no more, this old family seemed about to emerge from the category of the well-known and respected and to take its place among the great, the influential, the moulders of history. On the death of Oliver, the first St. John of Tregoze, his widow married, in or about 1440, a son of John of Gaunt, by whom she had a daughter destined to become the mother of Henry VII; and thus her two St. John boys could call themselves the King's uncles. They do not seem to have turned their exalted position to account. It was not until the eighteenth century that the one astonishingly brilliant member of the family shot into the firmament. Henry, created Viscount Bolingbroke, was Queen Anne's Foreign Secretary, and shared the leadership of the Tory party with Harley. He plotted against both Sovereign and leader. Known as the Alcibiades of his time, 'he was idolised for the grace of his person, the charm of his manner, and the splendour of his talents. He was the arch-intriguer, selfish and insincere.'

A hundred years before the dazzling Bolingbroke was rising and falling, scheming and counter-scheming, fleeing the country and creeping back, his great-grandfather had quietly composed what has proved a more cherished and enduring monument than any page of the *Patriot King*. In the fourteenth- to fifteenth-century church beside the mansion he began to raise a series of memorial tombs, sculptures, screens, and murals such as hardly another English family can show. Mrs. Esdaile considers the effigies on Sir John's own great tomb the finest in the country. 'Were these works in foreign countries they would be starred in Baedeker.' In fact, they are not mentioned in that compilation, although John Aubrey, as early as 1659, was forestalling Mrs. Esdaile's verdict.

Of the numerous and wonderful beauties of the church, Mr. Lines has succeeded in capturing three in one drawing—the pulpit on the left, the carved wall of the St. John pew in front of us, and, beyond it, the earliest of the monuments. Preceding by a few years the series just mentioned, it was erected in 1592 to Nicolas St. John and (hidden by him) his wife Elizabeth. Their painted figures kneel beneath a Corinthian canopy surmounted by their shield in coloured relief. Though probably not in its original position, the monument can hardly have lost by being placed, so unusually, against the lit background of a window.



ADAM AND EVE, AVEBURY

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

Avebury was to Stonehenge 'as a Cathedral to a parish church'. It is also a little older, having perhaps already passed its four-thousandth birthday. Again, there is the claim that all the south and south-west roads of prehistoric Britain radiated from this centre on the Wiltshire Downs. Considering, then, the apparently metropolitan status of the temple, its immense size and stark position, we must believe as best we can that for long centuries it dropped out of cognizance, that Leland missed it, that Camden passed it by, and that all topographers and historians ignored it until a local archaeologist, Aubrey, noticed and announced the stones in 1648. The news seems to have created no stir. Eighty years later Defoe was unaware 'of any account of them, so I must leave them as I find them'; in 1798 Gilpin's attention was all for Stonehenge; even in 1927 Baedeker, after affixing a label 'probably once the greatest megalithic monument in the world', clears his throat and makes off for Silbury.

Many of the great stones have gone for ever, ground into roads or broken into buildings. Of the estimated total of 650 there were, not so long ago, only 15 still upright. Stones that were prostrate or buried have now been lifted into place and connected by small posts indicating the original lines of the mystic circles; but the ground plan has been confused by the spread, during the unheeding centuries, of a village amid the stones. Mr. Lines's picture of two monoliths, known as Adam and Eve, shows how the scene, once stern and wild, has been domesticated and befriended. Half a mile to the south conditions are even less Druidic, where the gallops of Beckhampton, trodden by seven Derby winners in the last two decades, wind their way over the downland turf.

In the 1939 edition of Mr. Edward Hutton's *Highways and Byways in Wiltshire* the anonymous contributor of an appendix offers late and suggestive comments. Excavators now claim that the stones (previously regarded as unhewn, in distinction to the shaped, dressed monoliths of Stonehenge) were cut into two types, one tall and narrow, the other a crude lozenge. Since 'these forms seem to occur' in the Sarsen blocks as Nature left them, it is quite probable that the stones were chosen . . . of particular shapes, and so arranged in pairs. . . . Four burials that had been made at the base of the stones were found during excavations in the avenue; with two of these were pottery vessels known as beakers, dating to the early Bronze Age. A burial, also with a beaker, was found some years ago at the foot of one of the two big standing stones known as Adam and Eve.'



Whitecourt Lodge 1942

ENTRANCE, RAMSBURY MANOR

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

Sir William Jones, of the seventeenth century, was an eminent lawyer who rose to the position of Attorney-General. Even so, throughout his career this 'honest, wise, sour-tempered' man was always running second to a rival as clever as himself, more pliant, a little younger, rather better looking, and much better connected—Francis North, Lord Guildford, described by Macaulay as 'the most ignoble of mankind'. In 1676 Jones bought Ramsbury, an estate on the banks of the Kennet where once had stood the Palace of the Bishops of Salisbury. He was only 45, but from disappointment, disgust, or ill health he seems to have been contemplating retirement from the service of the Crown. The house which he commissioned for himself still stands, a beautiful and famous one. It was finished in 1683. Sir William, just out-paced to the end, had died the year before.

The design is usually ascribed to Inigo Jones's pupil, John Webb; and he doubtless provided the park with an entrance worthy of the mansion. Nothing of it, save possibly the lion-surmounted posts, remains. The present approach dates from 1775, when the property had passed to Sir William's granddaughter, Elizabeth. She had married Sir William Langham, but instead of taking his name persuaded him to take hers, and thus was still Jones. She was a forceful lady. She redecorated and slightly changed the house, threw a graceful bridge over the broadening river, and set up the twin, square lodges fronting the drive. The architect has not been identified, but as much discrimination was shown, and as little was needed, as in the choice of his predecessor a hundred years before. The design and execution of the work, the tactful, unobtrusive hints thrown out by its classical adornments, are all more than captivating; yet few commentators on the main building have found breath for the simple elegance of the introduction.



NEAR STANTON ST. BERNARD

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

In any good guide-book will be found a full account of the Wansdyke, even if that account is prone to vary a little from volume to volume. The following description is taken from a Murray—a rather elderly Murray, but none the worse for that:

‘It is generally considered to have been the boundary of the Belgae, who dwelt to the S. and the W. of it, and who probably constructed it as a defence against the Britons or the Romans. Dr. Stukeley mentions 4 great ditches as marking the advance of this people from the S. The 1st extended through Dorsetshire from Shaftesbury to Wimborne; the 2nd, called the Bokerley Ditch, skirted the N. side of Cranbourne Chace; the 3rd traversed Salisbury Plain, about 2 m. N. of Wilton; the 4th was the Wansdyke, which at this day may be traced through Wiltshire for 19 m., including gaps; but it is supposed to have formerly extended from the Thames to the Severn. The part of it which remains consists of a huge rampart and ditch, the ditch on the northern side, and runs in a waved line along the summit of the hills, which being unenclosed and solitary contribute much to the effect of this rude bulwark of a race so long passed away. “Offa’s Dyke in Wales and the Wansdyke in England”, says Sir R. C. Hoare, “are the most conspicuous examples of the ancient territorial boundaries.”’

The scene has geological as well as historical interest. It makes a more general appeal as an excerpt from one of the finest walks in the kingdom, from Marlborough to Devizes. Boulders of sandstone; the strange form of Silbury rising in the distant vale; certain rectangular enclosures on the northern side of the dyke; a basin of turf, whose smooth surface is studded with sepulchral mounds—these are some of the delights promised, nearly a hundred years ago, by the old guide-book, and still to be relished.



1042

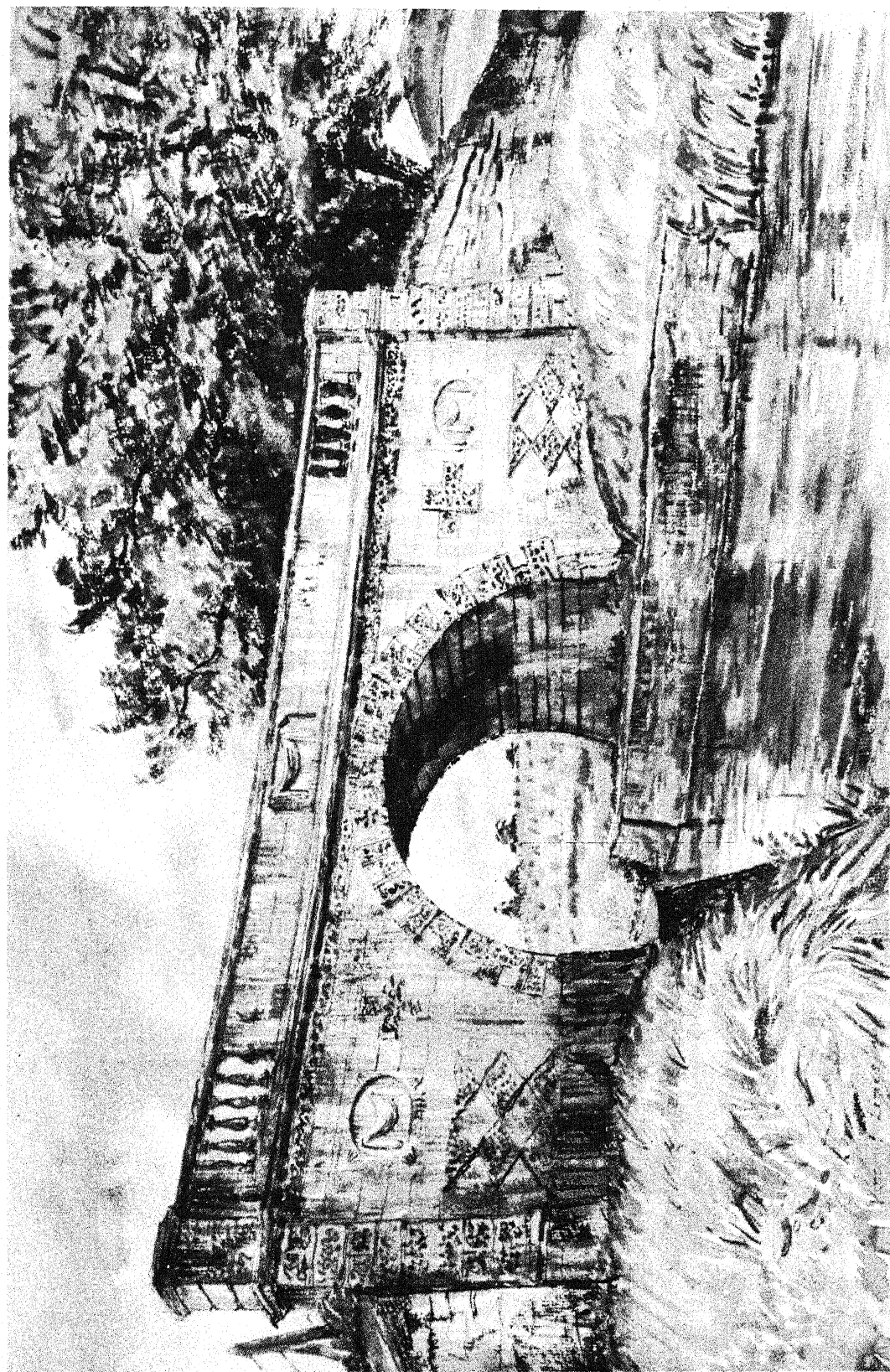
LADY BRIDGE, WILCOT

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

Something of the story of our canals has been told already in the Northamptonshire and Worcestershire sections; it is time to bring it up to date. The system grew and flourished, reaching its peak of prosperity just as Victoria came to the throne. From that moment it has been fighting a losing battle with the railways. Locomotive and barge had and have their own uses, but for competitive purposes all the advantages were with the railway companies. They were better organized and richer. At certain points and periods they could afford to carry goods at a loss, until a canal had either to be closed or offered to them at their own figure. The result, in either case, was apt to be the same; for, though the railway companies were legally required to keep their canals in working order, they could discourage traffic and then, pleading no demand, escape their liability. Transport, however, has now been nationalized, and a story which seemed to be ending may be good for more chapters yet.

The Kennet and Avon Canal, linking the Thames at Reading with the Bristol Avon near Bath (and thus part of a water route from London to the Severn basin), was begun in 1791. A Scot, John Rennie, was in charge of it; it was, Smiles tells us, his 'first work of civil engineering in England, and he bestowed great pains on the survey, the designs for the viaducts and bridges, as well as on the execution of the works themselves'.

The lady who then owned the Manor at Wilcot objected to the bisection of her property by a commercial ditch. She had a case. Rennie, in spite of his care, had met serious and unforeseen difficulties; after ten years the canal was only half, the capital nearly all, finished, and the future of the whole project was dark and doubtful. The division of her estate, then, might be fruitless as well as unwelcome; but she finally gave her consent in return for the promise of a bridge and a swannery. That is why, walking along the bank of the derelict canal, one comes on this surprising, ornamental arch, carved, rusticated, and balustraded. It bears the date 1808, and whereas its younger brother, Waterloo Bridge, has succumbed to overwork, this survives in seldom-troubled idleness. On the left or southern side it is still connected with a muddy lane; at the other end the bridge leads into open fields. A pair of swans, disagreeable but well connected, hold the old swannery together.



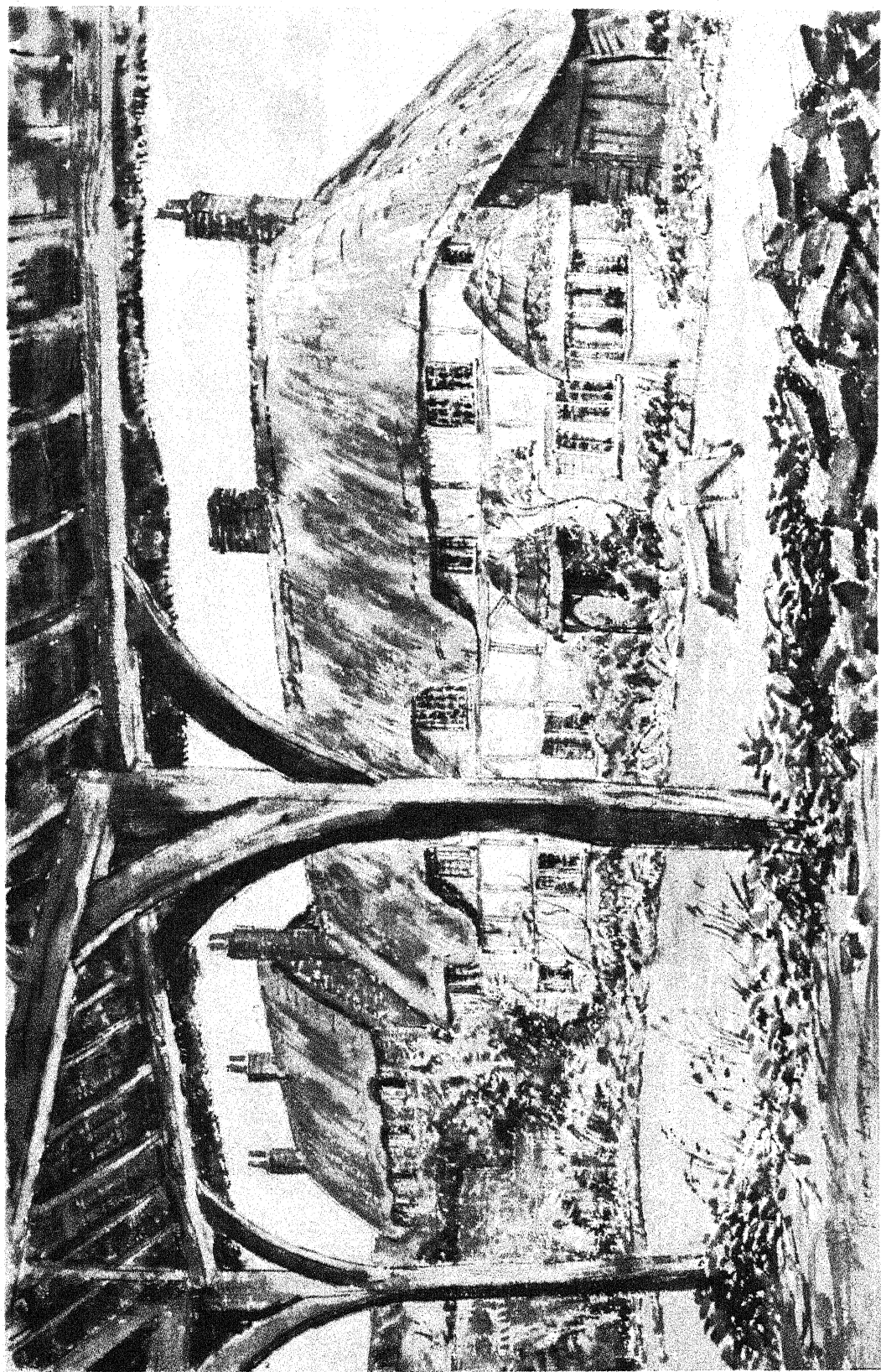
THE OLD OXYARD, OARE

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

Standing in a village below Martinsell, a noble hill overlooking the Vale of Pewsey, the Old Oxyard does not proclaim itself. It is of no great size, and it hides easily behind its high wall. The following account of its unusually long, adventurous history has been supplied by the present occupants.

The Edmunds or Edmundses, who owned the property down to the early nineteenth century, first appear on the records in 1297; they came from Somerset. The core of the existing house would seem to be a crutch-house of that period, the original timber being still visible in one of the end bedrooms. Later, probably about 1540, this house was ceiled and so converted into a two-storey building; a very massive chimney-piece may be of the same date. It was a wattle-and-daub structure, to which a brick skirt was added in (at a guess) the time of Charles II, when the round parlour, whose thatched bow projects at the right end of the house, may also have been formed. According to tradition, from this round window eggs and milk were sold; in the garden just outside the window Charles II coins have been found. Then, too, or a little later the Edmundses built themselves a handsome farm-house in patterned brick (a style in local favour about 1680–1720; the granary, still in good condition, is dated 1714) and this new farm-house, attached to the older structure, is the higher building on the left.

The last traceable Edmunds is the Widow Edmunds in the Enclosure award of 1810. By that time the Old Oxyard was being used, apparently, as a lodging for the farm-hands. By 1919 it had sunk into utter disrepair, and its long career seemed finished at last, when the present owner had the imagination and courage to buy it. All the external features have been preserved; inside, the only structural alteration is the insertion of a staircase in place of the ladder previously in use. The uprights in the foreground of the drawing support a lean-to roof, backed by the road wall and designed, no doubt, as a shelter for carts and implements.



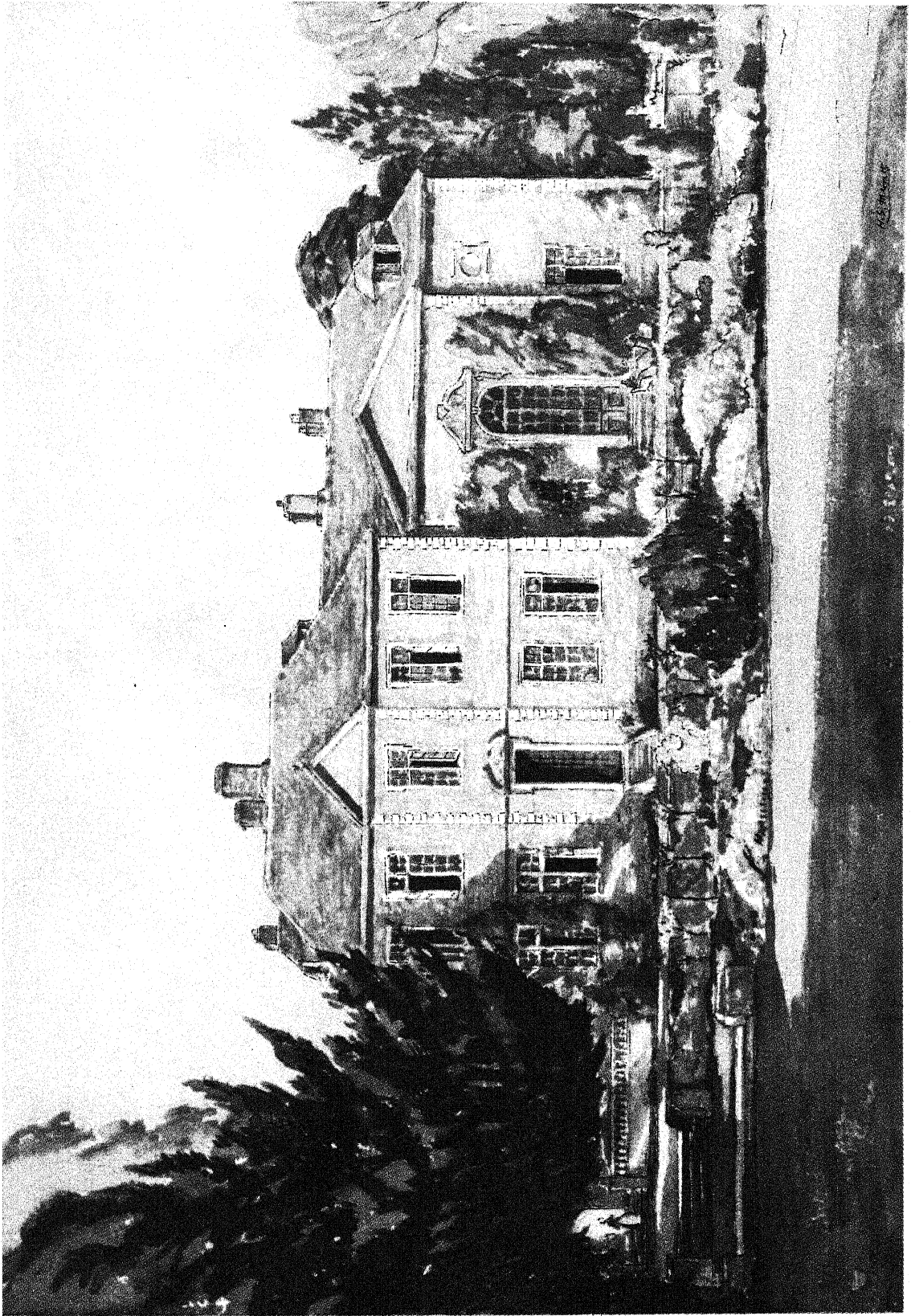
HEALE HOUSE, WOODFORD

H. S. Merritt

After the beheading of his father in 1649 Charles II (so proclaimed in Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and even parts of England) continued the struggle for two and a half years. He may be said, indeed, never to have abandoned it; but the Battle of Worcester, 'the crowning mercy', scrubbed the last bloom off his chances. It was fought on 3 September 1651, between 13,000 Royalists and 35,000 Cromwellians. At 6 o'clock in the evening Lesley and his surviving Scots turned their faces homewards, while Charles, who had borne himself well throughout the action, rode off with sixty friends and retainers towards Kidderminster. They soon lost their way; and for 41 days the prince—he was just twenty-one—was hunted through the country, with a price on his head and the death penalty for anyone who aided him. Between 3 September and 15 October, when he sailed from Brighton to Normandy, some forty or fifty people are said to have recognized him. 'Information', as far as is known, was never 'lodged'.

Boscobel, Moseley, Bentley, Leigh, Sherborne, Heale, the George Inn at Brighton—these were his refuges. Towards evening on 6 October, attended by Robin Philips, he reached Heale House, the home of Mrs. Hyde, cousin by marriage to the future Earl of Clarendon. After the party, some six or seven persons, had supped, the observant Charles thought it wise to confide in his hostess. He was not mistaken. Though she had seen him only once, when he was a boy, she had recognized him. She told him she feared others of her household might have done so, too; that she could hide him safely, but only if his presence were unsuspected. Next morning, therefore, the two young men rode off with loud farewells. They spent the day at Stonehenge, five miles away, where Charles is said to have performed the 'impossible' feat of counting the stones twice and reaching the same total each time. He returned to Heale House after dark, and was secreted there until the 13th. Robin Philips went on another three miles, to Salisbury.

Such, here desiccated and shrivelled to nothing, is the story which, exactly twenty-nine years later, Charles dictated to the somewhat discredited Pepys at Newmarket. (See the *Boscobel Tracts*.) Scott made use of it in *Woodstock*. Mr. Merritt's drawing is of the back of the house, and contains suggestions of the fine cedars and of the lawn sloping to the banks of the Avon. Of the house which Charles saw (though he can have seen little after the first night) there remains the part on the right, built in 1640, school of Inigo Jones. The other wing was rebuilt in 1894.



ST. ANNE'S GATE, SALISBURY

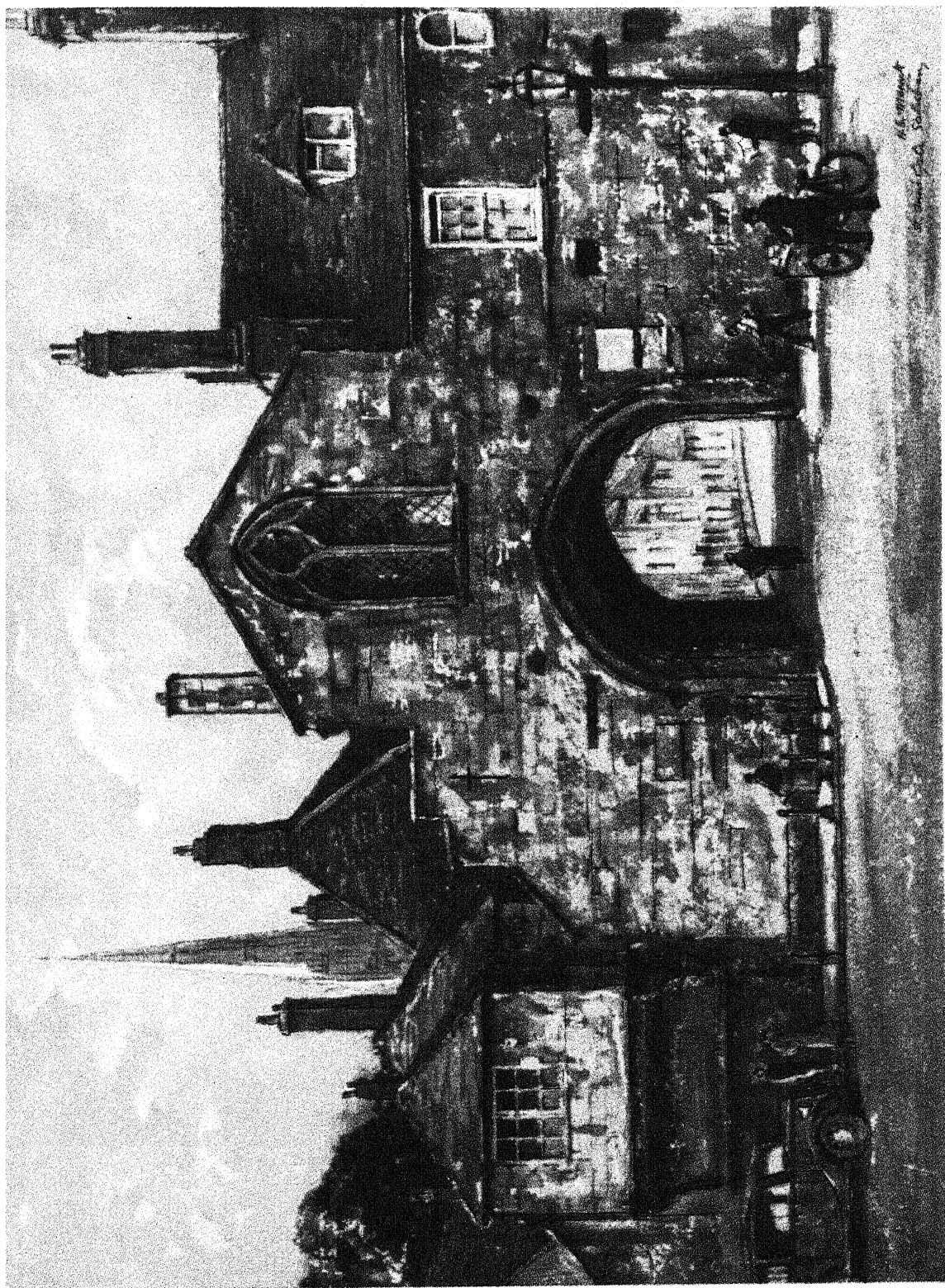
H. S. Merritt

Of the three gateways to the Close, St. Anne's gives admittance from St. John's Street, on the east.

In 1220, when Henry III had been reigning for four years, the inhabitants of Old Sarum were moved from their fortress and established on a neighbouring site, surrounding the foundations of a new cathedral. So effective was this direction of labour that the great church was completed (the original design did not include the spire) in thirty-eight years. From the tablet in the wall to the left of the gate we learn that in 1331, or 111 years after the foundation, the stones of Old Sarum were acquired and used to build a spire on the Cathedral and a wall round the precincts. The Rev. Peter Hall has done fuller justice to this matter in his *Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury*, published in 1834. 'By permission of Edward the 3rd', he tells us in reference to Old Sarum, 'the whole was taken down and the materials employed in the construction of the spire of the new *Cathedral*, as well as the walls and other buildings of the *Close*; even as the remains of Babylon were removed to Bagdad, and those of Memphis to Grand Cairo. A considerable portion', he goes on, 'of this structure, ornamented by four gateways, still imparts a venerable aspect to this quarter of the City, and retains for the *Close*, particularly after the hour of *Curfew*, its appropriate character of seclusion and retirement.'

The easy and resonant mastery of the reverend gentleman's prose must not be allowed to blind us to the arduous nature of accomplishment, whether architectural or literary. Leland, visiting Salisbury in the sixteenth century, found the wall still uncompleted.

Stones bearing marks of Roman or Saxon workmanship, and all part of Old Sarum, form the wall, the gateway, and the miniature chapel, some seven yards by nine, over the gateway.



St. James
Cathedral, Dublin

STAIRCASE, QUEEN STREET, SALISBURY

H. S. Merritt

So curious, even so amateurish, in design yet so stout in construction, this oak staircase is part of a former inn, *The Plume of Feathers*. There is an existing inn of the same name in Fisherton Street, near the railway station; but the old one, after being partly adapted for use as a Turkish Bath, has now been converted into Foley's Music Store.

A little archway, through which carriages must once have entered, admits to a small yard surrounded by buildings younger than the staircase but old enough to have seen the horses steaming and the passengers cautiously extending their numb legs. As for the staircase itself, its age is the subject of guesses, some of them going back to the fourteenth century. Open to the air, or at least only partly protected, it still serves as the main highway for grand pianos passing to and from Messrs. Foley's storeroom on the first floor. The actual treads have had to be strengthened.



SOMERSET

Artists

GLADYS BEST

RAYMOND T. COWERN, A.R.W.S.

CLIFFORD ELLIS

ROSEMARY ELLIS

PHYLLIS GINGER

MARTIN HARDIE, C.B.E.

A. S. HARTRICK, R.W.S.

THOMAS HENNEL, R.W.S.

FRANCES MACDONALD

W. P. ROBINS, A.R.W.S.

WALTER E. SPRADBERY

ETHELBERT WHITE, R.W.S.

ITS comparative freedom from industrialization and the night-raiders seemed simultaneously to emphasize the charms of the county and to relegate it to the back row of claimants for our attention. Recording was proceeding in an orderly, a pleasantly quiet, manner when something happened, one of those unpredictable chances of war, which upset plans and proportions. The acquisition of scrap metal suddenly became a national need, with 'priority' gummed all over it; and this, in a night, placed gates, garden railings, porticoes, verandas, and balconies in the greatest jeopardy. The situation had not, could hardly have, been foreseen; and since time was required to tabulate ironwork deserving of respect, many old towns, villages, and houses were ignorantly and irreparably despoiled.

An allusion to this sudden danger has already been made in the notes on Petersham in Surrey, where one householder (and there must have been many such) fought for weeks to save his seventeenth-century gates (scheduled for removal) and to persuade the authorities to accept, in their stead, new iron railings representing a heavier weight of metal, but unscheduled. At the time a good deal of bitterness was everywhere occasioned, and the rumour still lives that there are depots full of splendid old gates never used or likely, now, to be identified. But there was, as people observed, a war on, with much consequent and frantic overwork. To-day we can chronicle, not indeed without regret, barely with resignation, but without sinister accusation.

What happened at Petersham happened on a larger scale at Bath. The story is told in the following pages; it is foreshadowed here because of its effect on the group of Somersetshire drawings, made and left unmade. Neither the shortage of scrap metal nor the Baedeker raids had been reckoned with, and Bath, the most admired and sketched of cities, would have been almost entirely omitted in favour of less obvious subjects. In twenty-four hours plans were turned upside down, with the unexpected and top-heavy result that, of the thirty-three pictures of the county, just over one-third are of Bath and environs.

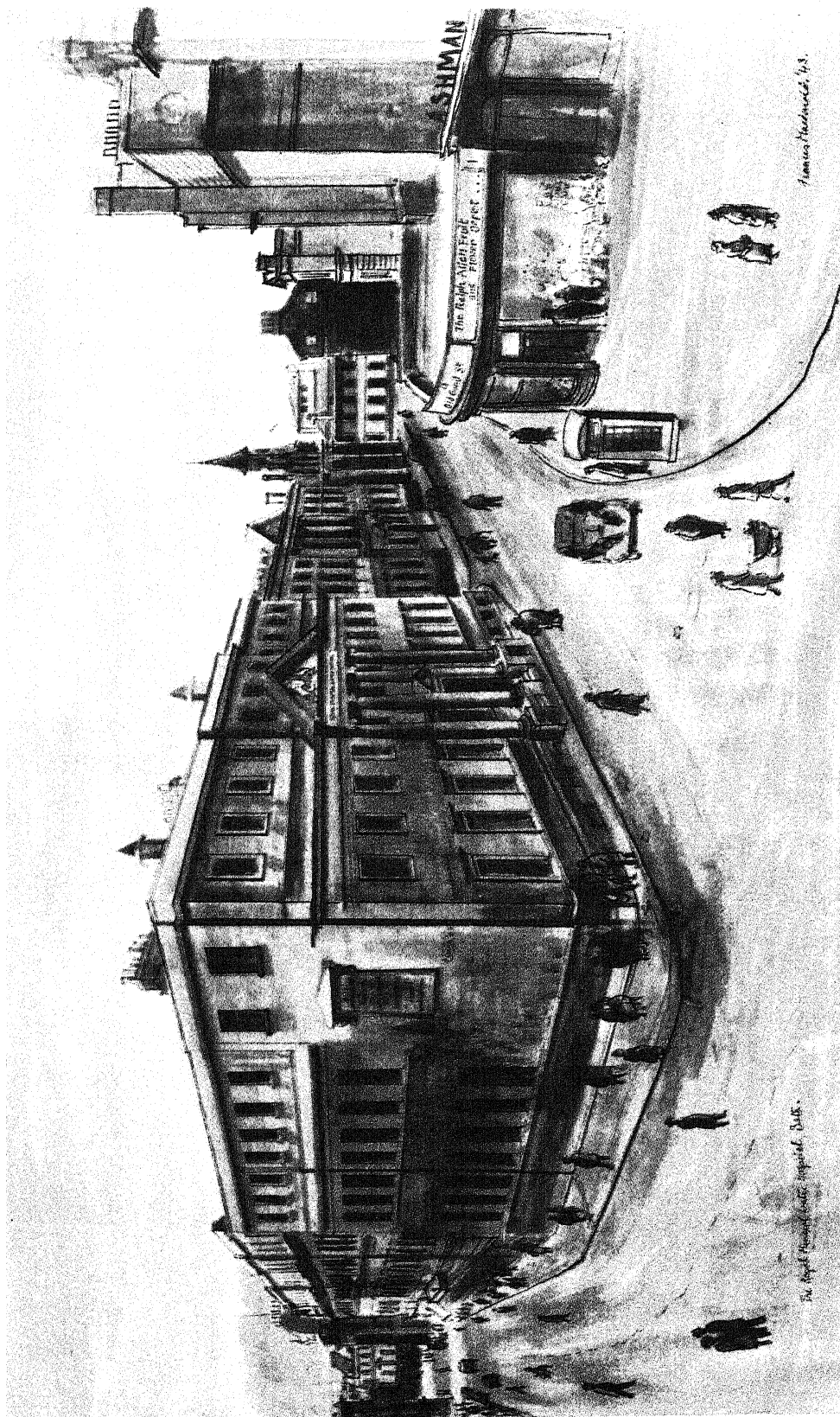
ROYAL MINERAL WATER HOSPITAL, BATH

Frances Macdonald

Historians of Bath have a wide choice of dates, from the years of the prophet Elijah onwards, at which to open their story. For our present purpose 1725 is as good as any. Beau Nash, by then fifty, had been in Bath for twenty years, engaged on his shrewd plan of providing for the fashionable world a more amusing holiday than could be had in the houses of country relatives. Without the example of Cannes to guide him, he had observed for himself that smart people love a change of scene while detesting a change of company. By 1715 the success of his discovery was embarrassing, for 8,000 visitors poured into a little town which could not accommodate them. By our selected date, ten years later, his two great allies were beside him—that remarkable man Ralph Allen, with his money, his stone quarries, his business acumen, and his imagination, and the architect and planner, John Wood from Yorkshire.

In 1738 Wood was commissioned to design the Royal Mineral Water, first known as the Bath General Hospital. It was an important job. Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the great Lord Chesterfield were among the eminent men who, as well as Allen and Nash, interested themselves in the project, though the main credit for the erection of a hospital 'for poor persons from all parts of the United Kingdom requiring the use of the Bath Waters' is due to Dr. William Oliver. In spite of the attendant *réclame*, and as a result, perhaps, of the restrictions of the site in Upper Borough Walls, Wood produced one of his least admired works. For all that, it is worthy of record for its authorship, its place in the town's story, and, after an existence of some two hundred years, its impending doom under the Bath Plan of February 1945.

In or about 1725, again, Dr. Oliver had come to Bath. Of Cornish stock, like Allen, he was a good man as well as a good doctor, giving much of his skill and time to people who could not afford to be invalids. He was appointed Physician to the Hospital in 1740. To-day he is best remembered as the inventor of a famous biscuit with which he was wont to regale his patients. Drawing a distinction between a recipe and a prescription, he kept the process a secret during his lifetime, and on his death in 1764 bequeathed it to his coachman, Atkins, who opened a shop for the sale of the biscuit and did very well with it, eventually disposing of a flourishing concern. American readers, those sturdy conservators of so much of our old vocabulary, may like to know that Atkins's Bath Olivers were often called crackers.



The Royal Albert Hall, London.

James Watson & Co., 1888.

CATHERINE PLACE, BATH

Phyllis Ginger

Between 1754 and 1764 Wood, Nash, and Allen all died and the shaping of the spa came under the influence of the man known as John Wood of Bath the Younger. He seems to have been, as an architect, at least the equal of his sire, and during the twenty years of his ascendancy Bath flowered into an ever-growing number of streets, terraces, squares, and crescents, magnificent and handsome or small and pretty. Some of these were his original work, some were the fulfilment of his father's designs and projects, and some were the contributions of assistants and colleagues who shared his ideas. It is not always easy to allot the credit; but in the words of one of the latest and best books on the subject (*The Building of Bath*, by Bryan Little) 'only now does the architectural development of Bath catch up with her social eminence'.

The same author points out that the son inherited 'what was in some ways an awkward legacy. For the site on which these new and beautiful developments were to occur was far from ideal. It was cramped . . . worse still, it was decidedly steep.' Steepness is a feature of many spas. Buxton, Matlock, Scarborough, like Evian and Aix and others, seem designed to give a maximum of agony to the rheumatic visitors whose sufferings they seek to allay, and to appraise.

Lying beside the Crescent and the Circus, the two most magnificent and spectacular of the town's features, Catherine Place is small and pretty. It thus occurs in an area especially rich in the work of the younger Wood; but if Mr. Little is right in dating it 1786-90, then it can only be a posthumous Wood and should more reasonably be attributed to his successor Thomas Baldwin, or to John Palmer or another of the resident architects of the time. (It is a common mistake to give the Woods exclusive credit for the most beautiful town in England.) An earlier historian, however, states firmly that the mother of Sir Sidney Smith lived in Catherine Place during her son's childhood (*Historic Houses in Bath*: R. E. M. Peach), and it is known that the vainglorious and irrepressible defender of Acre went to school in Bath before entering the Royal Navy in 1777, when he was 13 years old. This evidence suggests that Catherine Place cannot be later than 1770, or twelve years before Wood's death; and a map dated 1786 shows Catherine Place and a built-up area round it. Behind the spot where the artist sat, facing south, on pavement which must often have been trodden by Miss Burney and Miss Austen, stands the shell of a victim of a Baedeker raid—No. 7 Rivers Street.



GATEWAY, CAVENDISH VILLA, BATH

Clifford Ellis

Photographers, artists, and engravers have dealt so faithfully with Bath that, if it vanished to-morrow, future generations could form a good idea of its appearance and shape. With the two preceding drawings—one of a famous building due for removal, the other of a typical but modest corner of a residential quarter—our attentions to Bath might, therefore, well have ended if, late in 1942, one of its less conspicuous beauties had not been suddenly and violently threatened.

At this point the work passed into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ellis; the story, compiled from his letters and memoranda, may also be taken up by him.

‘I was commissioned to make drawings of architectural ironwork which might be removed as scrap metal. A very brief schedule of ironwork-to-be-preserved had been made, but I discovered that this schedule was not being observed in the outlying districts where the work of removal had started & where in fact no ironwork whatever was being left. I managed to get work stopped for a day or two and made drawings, in a great hurry, of ironwork not on the original schedule, not yet removed, and which I proposed might be left as some compensation for what had already been taken “in error”. The Ministry of Works & Planning agreed to several of my proposed additions to the first schedule, and though some of these additions were in turn ignored, one or two were left. . . . The ironwork at Cavendish Villa was taken. The gateway is now filled with Bath stone slabs and the whole effect is monotonously heavy. . . . I have received this morning (28 January 1943) a letter from the Ministry, written two days ago at Lambeth Bridge House, S.E. 1 :—
“As regards the removal of railings round a tomb in Bathampton Churchyard and also at Keynsham, it has been ascertained that these were taken in error by the Contractor, although instructions had been given to him that these two items were not to be removed. The Ministry greatly regret this unfortunate occurrence. . . . I am to add that in accordance with Defence Regulation 50 B, notices are required to be served on the occupier before or within seven days after the severance of the fixtures.”’

The Villa itself, away to the right, lies between Cavendish Crescent, standing up in the background, and the bomb-damaged Cavendish Place. The Place is by John Pinch, and was built in the years surrounding the battle of Waterloo. The Crescent and the Villa may also be his.

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PRIORY PLACE, LYNCOMBE HILL, BATH

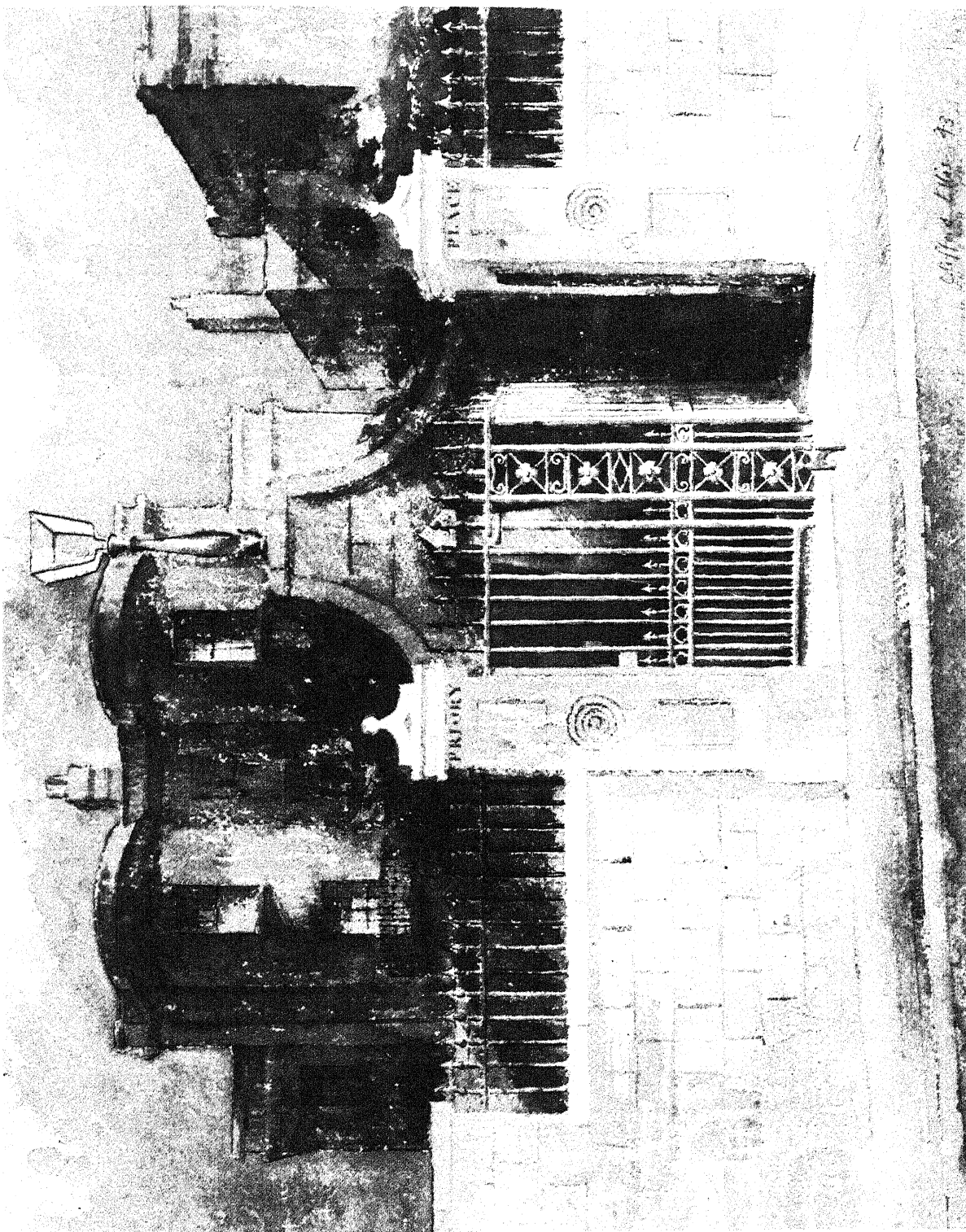
Clifford Ellis

In Bath itself the ironwork, writes Mr. Ellis,

'is eighteenth century and pleasantly pedestrian in the more central districts, where its typical use is as a barrier between pavement and basement area. Such ironwork, because of its function, was not threatened with removal. But on the outskirts of Bath there are many late eighteenth and early nineteenth century villas standing in their own gardens. Here the ironwork of gates and garden railings had no utilitarian function as far as removal regulations were concerned. But generally speaking this ironwork, compared with that of the earlier buildings, was more imaginatively designed—gay and light, profusely varied, and a wonderful foil both in its form and in its colour (for ironwork must be painted) to Bath stone. . . . Early nineteenth century ironwork is typical of its time in one curious way. Much of it is mass-produced (cast) for an expanding market, but it retains the sensibility of earlier generations and often combines, with ingenuity and good taste, handwrought work with castings.'

The gates of Priory Place, of the same age as the gates of Cavendish Villa, illustrate the artist's observations by their beauty, their failure to guard a basement area in the centre of the town, and their consequent disappearance.

The villas on Lyncombe Hill are illustrative also of the divided Grecian and Gothic influences of the first half of the nineteenth century. They are mainly Grecian in allegiance and sometimes in nomenclature. Often the villas show dummy sash-windows between curving fronts on either side. Priory Place, whatever it may once have been, is now nothing but a name on gate-posts which give separate admittance to Nos. 46 and 48 Lyncombe Hill. Since Ralph Allen's vast and famous mansion, Prior Park, is geographically very near, Priory Place was not an ill-chosen title. It suggests the influence and financial stability of a foundation family while avoiding, by the margin of a single letter, positive contact with the building trade.



Office L102 73

3 BATHWICK HILL, BATH

Clifford Ellis

The chances that this gate would survive seemed tenuous as a hair. In the areas which climb the lower slopes of the hills surrounding Bath the houses stand in their own gardens; they have no areas or basements; their ironwork, lacking any function which could be recognized as utilitarian, fell outside the official protection. The gate of No. 3 had the further disadvantage of being as late as 1831—a date which was known to leave the Ministerial pulse unhurried. It was not, therefore, on the original schedule for preservation or even very near it. Mr. Ellis managed to get it inserted, but the empty gateposts of the other houses up and down the Hill testify to the reality and continuity of the peril. Baedeker raiders; Ministries, capricious as bombs; nose-diving inspectors; contractors bemused by the rattle of instructions—all were somehow dodged, fobbed off, held at bay, and a garden gate was kept. It is a heartening story.

The front door and porch are sufficiently remarkable to deserve a contemporary ironwork approach. The door is mahogany, with a circular panel of feathered veneer; the stone porch bears carvings of wyverns' heads and pineapples. The heraldic appropriateness of these devices is now obscure, although the old deeds of the house still exist, still forbid the present occupant to 'sub-let to a fellmonger or to keep ducks and geese in a noisome manner'. Ignored by some dictionaries, a fellmonger is nevertheless a dealer in hides, and falls naturally into place beside the more noxious forms of poultry. The development of Bathwick Hill as a high-class residential area was clearly attended by some misgivings.

The development of Bath from first to last produced a long series of misgivings. In the reign of Queen Anne there were old-fashioned residents declaring that 'Bath is undone'; and doubters and decriers continued to raise their voices until, fifty years later, the very intellectuals who had supported the great venture, seeing it successful and (what was worse) popular and realizing that their fun was over, turned fastidiously away. 'Je lis les *Essais* de Montaigne', wrote Walpole to Mme. du Deffand in 1766, 'et m'en ennuie encore plus que de Bath', and in other letters written from the spa to other friends he never lost a chance of yawning. Leaders of taste are either bell-wethers, advertising their progress, or hares, fearful of company.



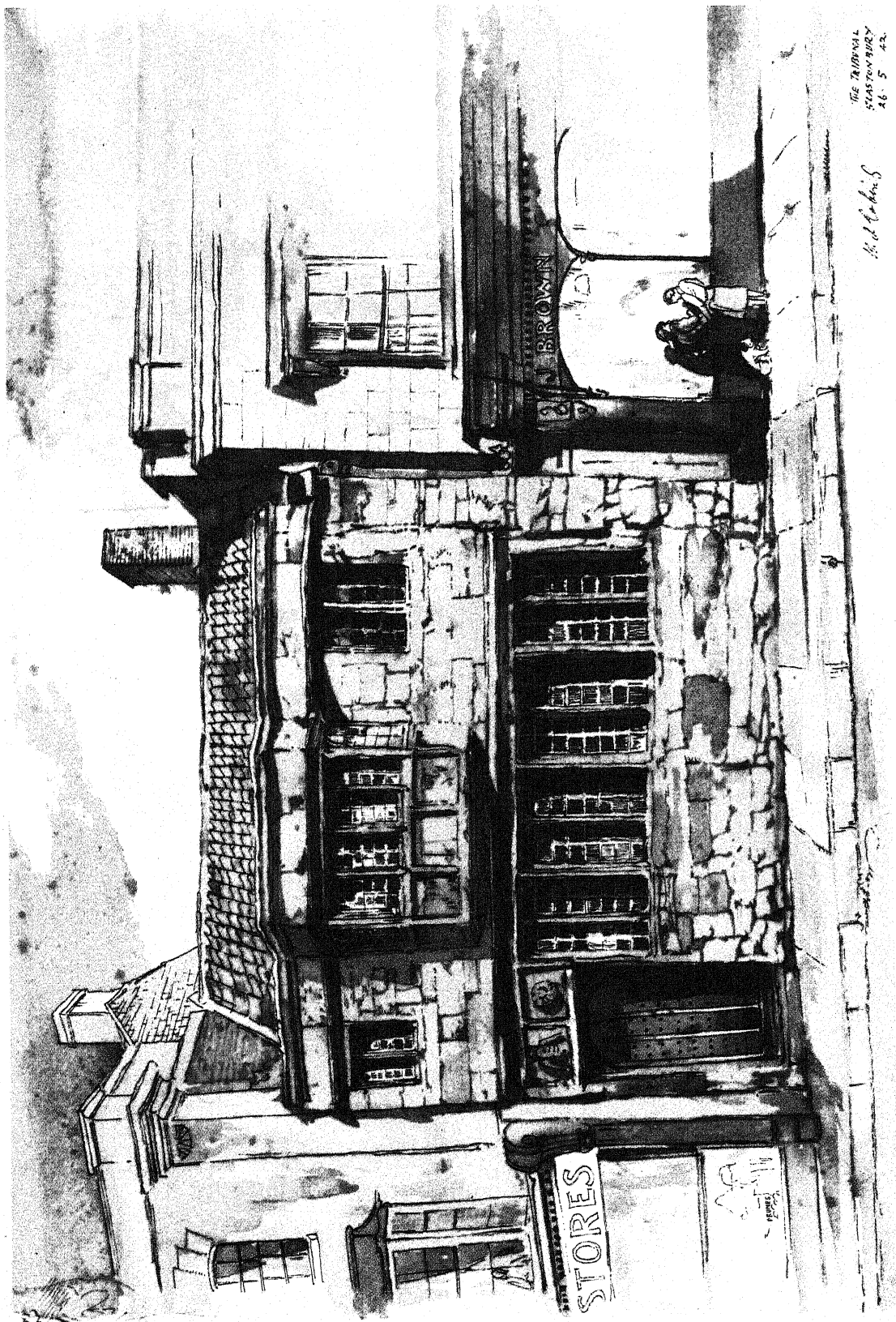
TRIBUNAL, GLASTONBURY

W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S.

Like one of those old gentlemen whose pink and kindly exteriors give no clue to past ruthlessness, the Tribunal has not always been what it appears to be to-day.

In 1479 it was built (with the arms of Edward IV in the small panels over the door) by Richard Beere, Abbot of Glastonbury—one of the last in the long succession begun, the legend runs, by 'Joseph of Arimathea, planting his staff in the ground, and deciding to end his wanderings in this land of promise'. The building was sixty years old when, at the Dissolution, the last Abbot was dispatched with a brutality remarkable even at that time and in that cause. The methods of the King and his servants have naturally attracted sympathy to the ecclesiastics; yet the temporal power of the religious foundations was excessive, and its end in one way or another could not have been long delayed. Beere had a second Hall, in Magdalen Street, used for courts and sessions of sheriffs and justices of the peace—his own sheriffs, justices, and coroners, appointed by him and removable at his will. The Tribunal served for the exercise of other, but no less far-reaching, powers. It was a police court, where the Abbots tried men and women charged with offences against the laws of the land, felons, outlaws, and wrongdoers of various sorts who, instead of being sent to the county gaol at Ilchester, were lodged in the cellars, pending trial or undergoing sentence.

In the four hundred years gone by since the Dissolution the old house must have had many experiences and many escapes; just before passing into the guardianship of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, it had gone with its neighbours, the grocer's and the outfitter's, into trade—Antiques. A small fee is now charged for admission, and the interior of the Tribunal is being restored with a tact and thoroughness deserving, but not noticeably achieving, the recognition of the public.



THE TOWN
STATIONERY
16.5 22

H. S. G. 1883

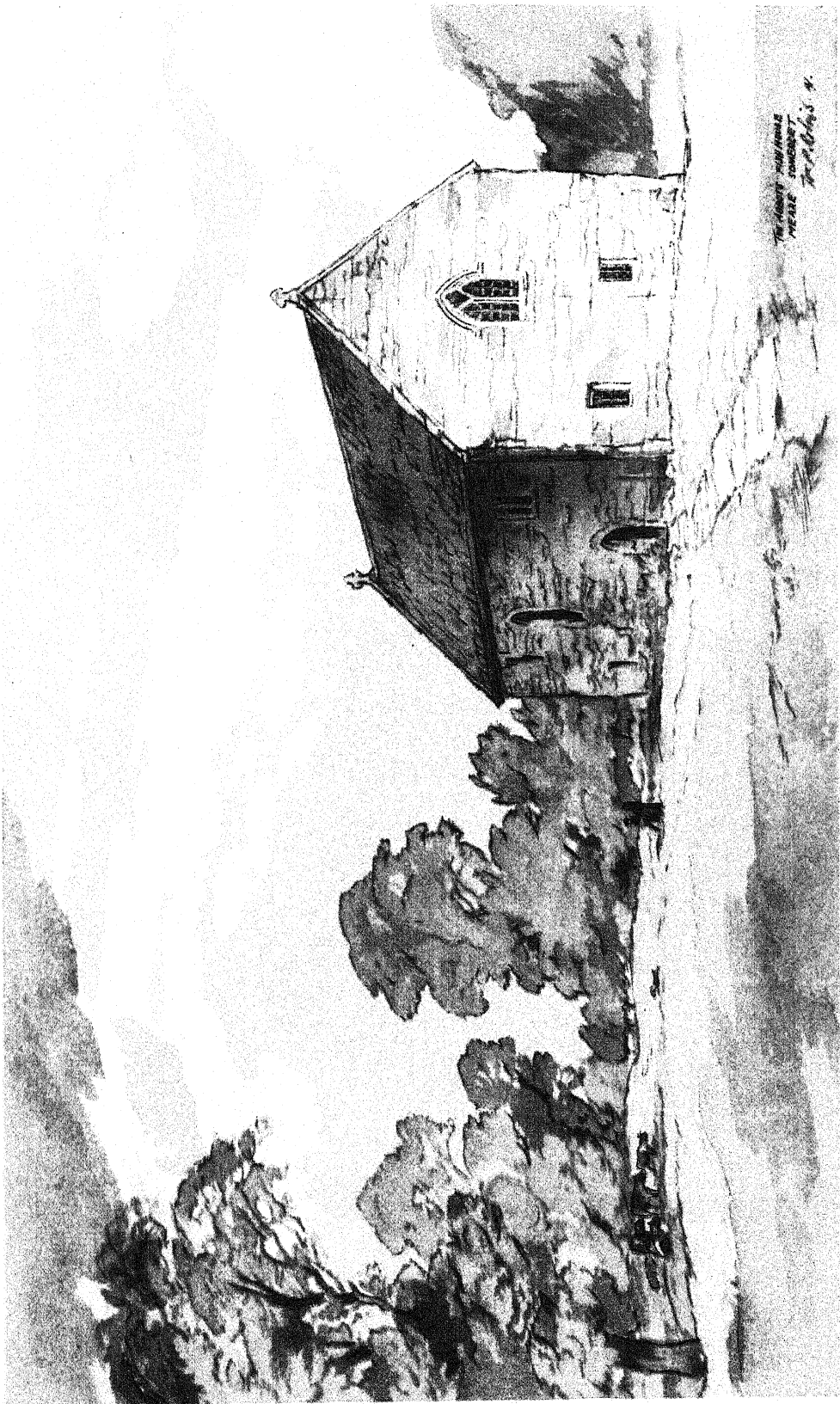
FISH HOUSE, MEARE

W. P. Robins

Quantock and Polden Hills on the south-west, Mendips on the north-east, are walls to a flat area, 10 or 12 miles wide, scored with ditches and looking, on a map, very like the fens on the other side of England. Two thousand years ago, and more and less, this area was waterlogged and in places submerged, a virtual extension of Bridgewater Bay. A village then was a few houses or huts clustered on a mound, and islanded for months at a time. Traces of these lake-villages (the floor of one hut is said to have had six other floors sunk in the marsh beneath it) were first discovered fifty or sixty years ago. Since then the investigators, Dr. Bulleid and others, have brought Meare a world-wide reputation.

There was a large sheet of water at Meare, owned by the Abbots of Glastonbury. It has gone; but the Manor House and the Fish House, which they built six hundred years ago, are still there to mark one of its banks. The Manor seems to have been the Abbots' country club, a place of rest and recreation after strenuous seasons at Glastonbury. The Fish House may also have been used by the more sporting clerics, but its occupant was a resident angler, the Abbots' Head Fisherman. He kept his nets, rods, and lines at ground level, where he had also his kitchen; he lived in an upper apartment which he reached by an outside staircase leading to the arched entry visible, in the picture, above and beyond the doorway at the end of the path. In spite of having lost its staircase, its dividing floor or ceiling, and its original timber roof, the building is in excellent condition, its stone walls giving an impression of almost unimpaired strength and solidity. The traceried window may mark the scene of the fishing brother's devotions, or be no more than a polite allusion to the owners; it is also possible to see in it an escape or revolt, very characteristic of its date, from simplicity.

Drained and tamed, the river Brue now keeps its bed, and for nearly 150 years Meare has had no lake and the Fish House no fishing. Surviving buildings of the fourteenth century are usually important—churches and the like. Small ones—dwellings, offices, or workshops—are much rarer.

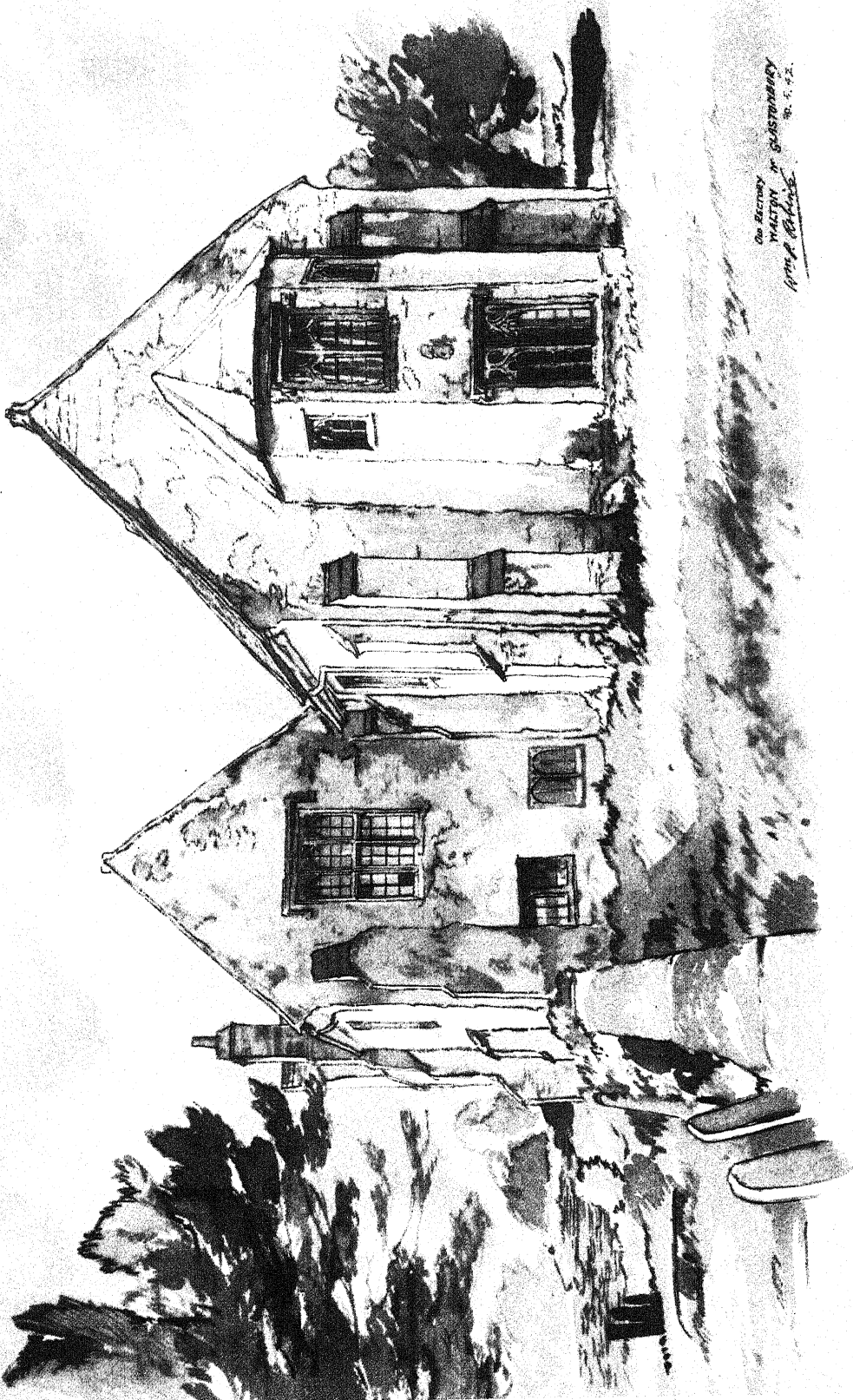


OLD RECTORY, WALTON

W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S.

Walton's place in the history of English literature is firm enough now, but was nearly lost. At the big house was born the Elizabethan poet, Sir Edward Dyer. He was the close friend of Philip Sydney, who left him half his library; Spenser called him 'in a manner oure onely Inglishe poet'; his lyric *Contentment* ('My mind to me a kingdom is') was set to music by William Byrd. Such a record in such an age seems good enough, yet Dyer is seldom included nowadays by even the most catholic anthologists. Exactly a hundred years after his death, and in the same house, Sharpham, the Muse hung over another cradle, Henry Fielding's.

If no such glory surrounds the house depicted opposite, the old Rectory has existed, obscurely yet beautifully, for 500 years—well before Dyer's day. It stands beside the main road, at a point where the traffic from Glastonbury to Taunton or Bridgewater begins to mount the Polden Hills. Some years ago its thatched roof caught fire and was replaced by weathered tiles. But there are still the transomed windows between buttresses, its walls the colour of ripened apricots, its friendly sprawl into the churchyard of Holy Trinity—these are obvious features of a building which, if there is little else that can or need be told, must daily gladden the eyes of a traveller or two.



THE RECTORY
WALTON ST. ASTOR
JAMES H. HARRIS
1892

COMPTON DUNDON

W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S.

Dundon and its neighbours, Compton and Littleton, are three villages forming one parish. Dundon has the church and a high beacon; at Compton was set up 'the broken and wayside cross, ruin of the centuries'; Littleton alone offers no loophole to publicity.

It is a beautiful, remote area whose peace seems to have been shattered only once, though then violently enough. It stands on the eastern verge of a marshy and once half-submerged waste—Butleigh Moor, Somerton Moor, Sedgemoor, 'now rich with cornfields and apple trees, but then, as its name imports, for the most part a dreary morass'. By 'then' Macaulay meant 1685 and that humiliating page in English history filled by the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. The King's forces were under the nominal command of Feversham, an incompetent and indolent leader labelled by Buckingham as the general who won a battle in bed. He had the good fortune to be assisted by a lieutenant who, 'conscious of superior abilities and science, impatient of the control of a chief whom he despised, and trembling for the fate of the army, nevertheless preserved his characteristic self-command, and dissembled his feelings so well that Feversham praised his submissive alacrity, and promised to report it to the King'. Macaulay gave 'lieutenant' its dictionary application, 'one performing the work of another', rather than its military value, for the lieutenant was already a Colonel and a Baron, thirty-five years of age, and John Churchill by name. Three years later, after three more years of James II, the destroyer of one invader hastened to welcome another, and was created Earl of Marlborough.

All that is an old story. Yet many of the cottages in the sequestered villages must have seen the King's troops moving westward—Churchill with the Blues, the Wiltshire Militia under the Earl of Pembroke—and must have trembled a few months later at the echoing screams of the Bloody Assizes. 'At every spot where two roads met, on every market-place, on the greens of every large village which had furnished Monmouth with soldiers, ironed corpses clattering in the wind, or heads and quarters stuck on poles, poisoned the air, and made the traveller sick with horror. . . . The Chief Justice was all himself. His spirits rose higher and higher as the work went on.' He hanged 325 (the lowest estimate) and sold 840 into slavery in the West Indies. The more innocent were sentenced to long confinement and repeated floggings. Acquittals were always bought.

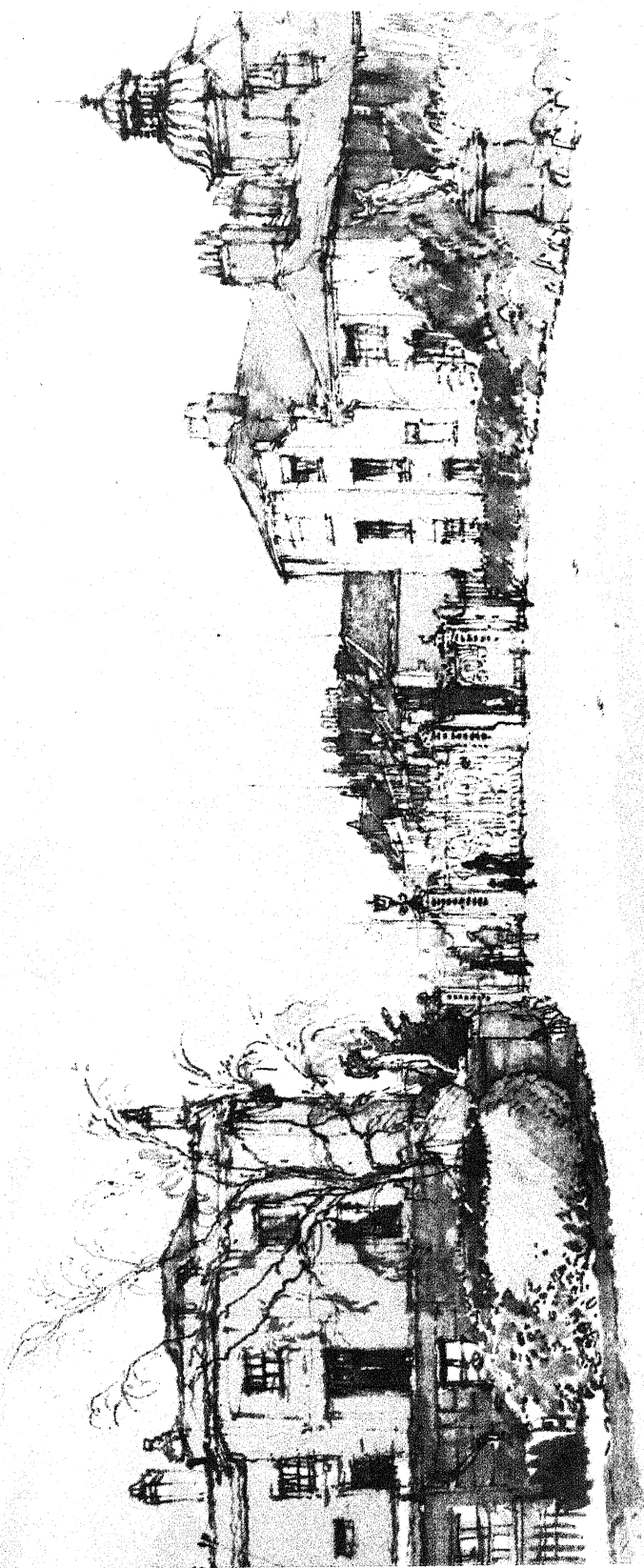


VIVARY PARK, TAUNTON

Raymond T. Cower, A.R.W.S.

A stream from the old vivarium, the fish-pond of the twelfth-century Priory, flows through the centre of the grounds and accounts for the name. When the estate was bought by the Corporation in 1894 and turned into a public park, Vivary Lodge, on the right of the gates, must already have been standing for a century. The Somerset and Wiltshire Savings Bank, established in 1817, seems to be in its original premises on the other side of the entrance. A number of old houses overlook the park and enhance, with their graceful backs, its attractions; even the Mary Street Memorial School, dated 1886, protrudes only its least distressing feature, the cupola.

Behind us, as we look out at the High Street, green lawns extend. The large fountain by which, in 1907, the town placed on permanent record the names of two mayors and its affectionate memories of Queen Victoria, the seven statues presented by a public-spirited resident in 1904, the substantial and ornamental bandstand—none of these may be entirely above criticism. Nevertheless, Vivary Park exemplifies very handsomely a civic amenity which eighteenth-century planners, with all their virtues and foresight, seldom provided.



Vivary Park - Trondheim - R. T. Cavert - 1941

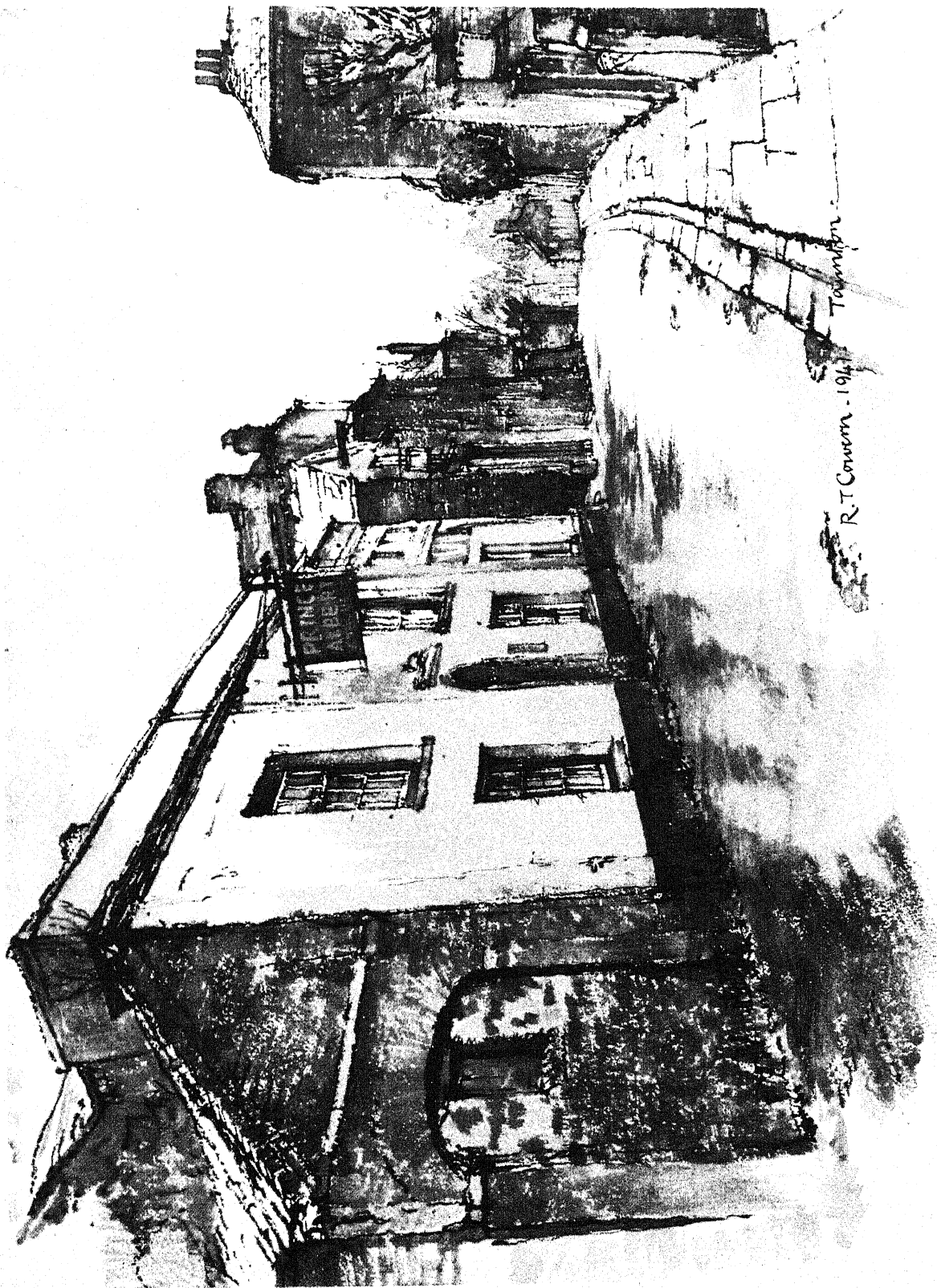
MARY STREET, TAUNTON

Raymond T. Cower, A.R.W.S.

Before it was the *Prince Albert* it was the *Bird i' the Hand*, and before that it was, perhaps, another public-house. But at one time it must have been a private house; its front door and windows are strongly indicative of it.

Then there is the bricked-in archway with the shuttered opening beneath the lean-to roof, all suggesting a whole series of commercial undertakings. At the far end of the building there are two other blank arches, and in one of them there is a window which was never made for the position and does not fit. So what was the house before it was a decent, modest residence? It is impossible to say. We have followed the story from knowledge to deduction, from deduction to guess-work, and it is time to retrace our steps. Change has not been idle since the picture was painted in 1941. The *Prince Albert* has, in its turn, gone the way of the *Bird i' the Hand*. Its sign has been taken down and replaced by another intimating that the premises have been acquired by the Young Women's Christian Association as an annexe to the larger hostel next door.

At this, the prettiest, end of Taunton there are several narrow streets lined by houses of similar size and character, and often of more genteel history.



TARR STEPS

Ethelbert White, R.W.S.

So old is this bridge, yet so novel was it when constructed, that the makers seem to have had no word with which to describe their development of the usual stepping-stone crossing. It was made, wrote Arthur Mee, 'long before the days of the pack-horse, by men we should not recognise as kin. It links up two ridgeways where Bronze Age men buried their dead. . . . No one knows where these stones come from for there is no rock like them here.' Some writers have suggested that they were left on Exmoor by the glaciers of the Ice Age; others, that they came from Norway; others, that they were being carried by the Devil, for a purpose not divulged, when at this point the satanic apron split beneath their weight and deposited them in the water; others, again, profess to find them identical with the rocky slabs lying plentifully all over the river-bed.

Twenty rough piers, raised 2 or 3 ft. above the stream, were protected by sloping breakwaters on the exposed side. Along the piles were laid, dry and unmortared, far larger blocks of flat stone, 7 or 8 ft. long, sometimes 5 ft. in breadth, 6 or 8 in. thick, and holding all firm by their weight. The largest slabs were used singly, but at either end of the bridge (180 ft. long, including paved approaches) there are narrower stones laid in pairs.

A deep valley, a leaf-hung and islanded river, provide the setting; nor have tourists from Dulverton, blown across brown moorlands or threading tree-clad hillsides, upright as walls, left marks on its beauty. But in the winter of 1939-40, not long before this picture was painted, a heavy snowfall caused floods which swept away two of the seventeen spans. At first, tree-trunks were used to fill the gaps, but as time and labour grew scarcer the work of disintegration went on with little check. Now, nearly ten years later, the condition of the oldest bridge in the country is deplorable and shameful. Many of the great stones are lying in the shallow bed of the river Barle whence, if our rude ancestors could take them, they apparently cannot be lifted by the resources of the twentieth century. Their places have been filled by blocks of pink cement resting on iron girders.



CORNWALL

Artists

MALVINA CHEEK

OLIVE COOK

MARTIN HARDIE, C.B.E.

BARBARA JONES

H. S. MERRITT

RUSKIN SPEAR, A.R.A.

ROBERT SWAN

EVERYBODY knows that Cornwall regards itself as hardly forming part of England and that, making a good job of its aloofness, it even outstrips the other counties in disregarding the meteorologists and runs its own weather. No surprise was felt, then, when its recording gave rise to new problems. Conformity, in and out of chapel, is not natural to the Cornishman.

Cornwall has its own, its well-known, centres and colonies of artists, settled in picturesque villages by the sea rather than in the more accessible but far less vivid towns of the interior. Consequently, and in line with our usual practice, most of our recordings were of the neglected inland. Resembling Wales rather than England, the Duchy favours a somewhat grim, or at least utilitarian, style of architecture, and is not rich in buildings which, by conventional standards, are reckoned good. A number of typical Cornish houses were therefore included among the usual specimens of Georgian design.

But Cornwall's chief peculiarity has yet to be mentioned. Whereas it is, for most of the year, the least industrialized, the least spoiled of counties, for the two or three months of the holiday season it is the most popular. Visitors and sightseers break and spread over it like the waves in which they paddle, swim, or wash their tea-cups. Especially at the extremities, The Lizard and Land's End, one may see on a fine day in summer fifty or more motor-coaches parked side by side, the drivers and conductors sleeping the long hours away while their 1,500 passengers throng the cliffs and blacken the bays. At other times of the year, such places seem to regain almost all their old loneliness and remoteness, but they cannot be or remain, and in fact they are not, untouched. Yet to judge their claims, to time their urgencies, is not easy or likely to become, for future recorders, any easier.

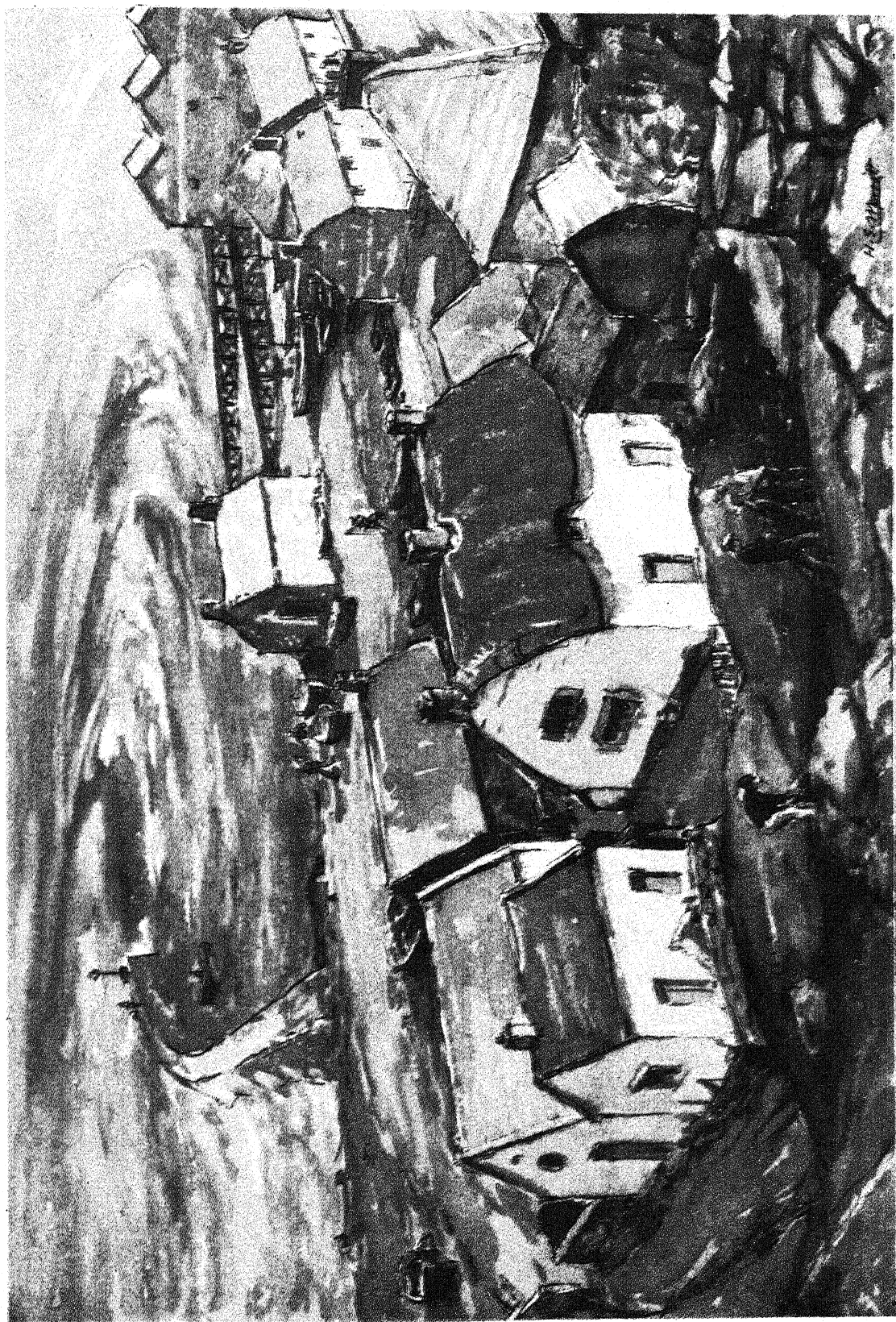
The thirty-one water-colours painted in Cornwall covered subjects of exceptional variety.

SENNEN COVE

H. S. Merritt

The group begins with pictures of two fishing-villages. There is not much to be said about them, yet some such miniature harbour is likely, for people born in or familiar with the Duchy, to be the first recollection in absence.

Sennen is the most westerly of English parishes and includes Land's End. From the thick mists of the fifth and sixth centuries has come a tale that King Arthur, with the help of no fewer than seven other Cornish Kings, met the invading Norsemen here in the Battle of Vellan Drucher, met them to such purpose that not a single man was left to carry the news back up the Irish Sea. In celebration, the Kings dined together, seated round a large rock. Merlin prophesied that even more Kings will meet at that rock to repel another threat from the men of the North, and that the encounter will be followed by the end of the world.

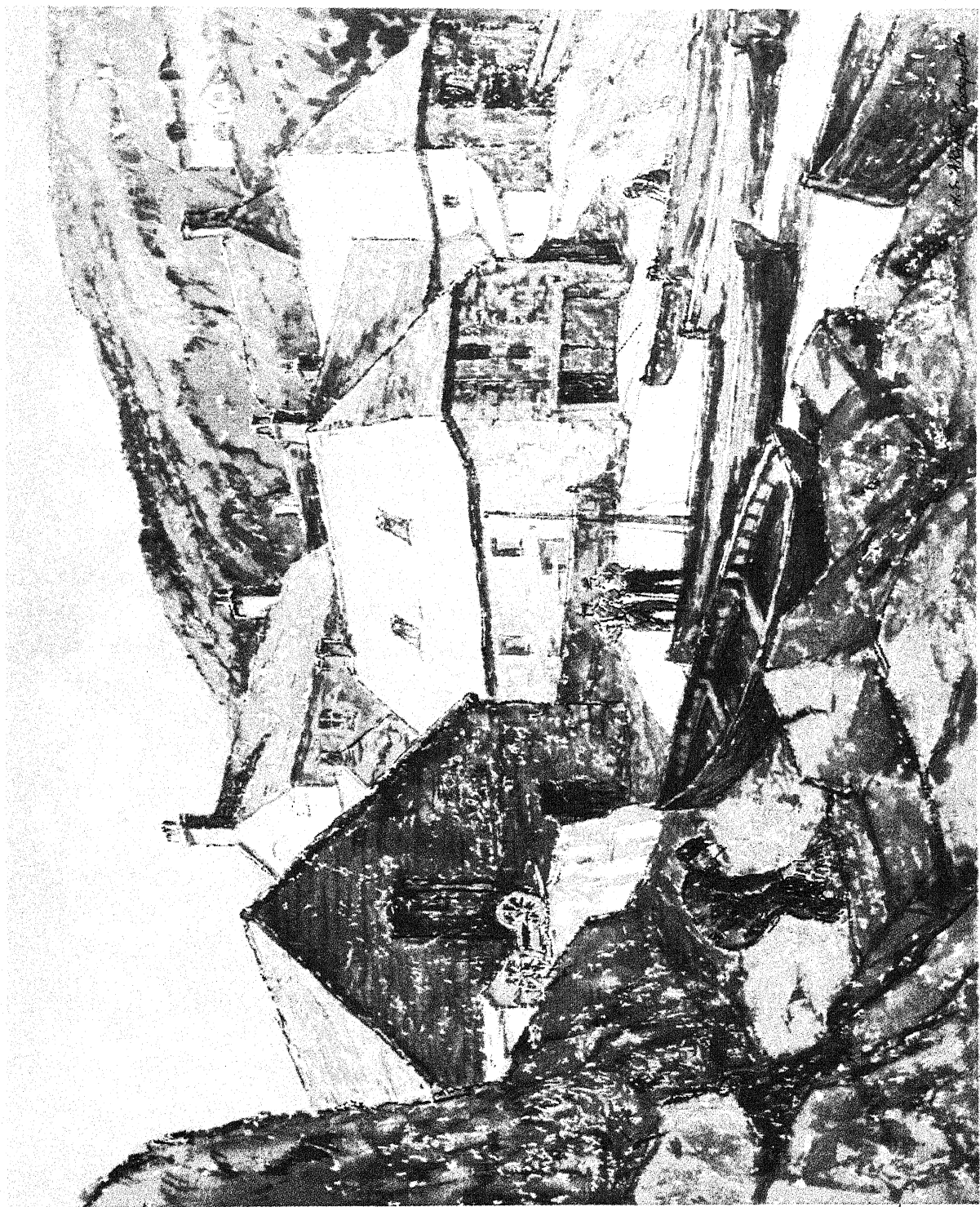


CADGWITH

H. S. Merritt

Here, in a reverse view from the shore, is another fishing-village, crammed in the mouth of a funnel of rock. All walks along the dramatic coast of Cornwall are familiar to pedestrians, all the fishing-villages know the look of holiday-makers; and there must be few visitors to The Lizard who do not seek out Kynance on the west or take the cliff walk on the eastern side of the promontory as far, at least, as Cadgwith and the Devil's Frying-Pan.

The coast has other features besides the views and the lobsters. At Coverack, to the north-east, there is a lifeboat station near to the dreaded Manacles, and still closer to the south is the lifeboat at Lizard Point itself. As the gull flies Cadgwith is 4 miles from one and $2\frac{1}{2}$ from the other; it, too, has its lifeboat for which, from a population of 250, it finds the crew. There are lifeboat stations all round the promontory, but just here, at the southernmost point of our island, they are ominously thicker than on any other stretch.



PENDENNIS CASTLE, FALMOUTH

Barbara Jones

Two castles guard the entrance to the Carrick Roads, one on the easterly arm of St. Mawes, the other (Pendennis) from the Falmouth side; and the story of their construction is full of ripples from famous men and events. The balance of power suffered one of its recurrent disturbances in 1538, when the Emperor Charles V and Francis I of France, whose rivalry owed something to English statesmanship, joined Pope Paul III in composing their differences. Such patchings-up were not merely frequent; they seldom, even for a week or two, interrupted hostilities. But on this occasion Henry VIII showed the greatest alarm and immediately began to fortify against invasion. Using money and materials obtained from the suppression of the monasteries, in the course of eight years he built castles and strongpoints all along the coast from Milford Haven to the mouth of the Humber. At the end of that period Henry and Francis, the brilliant princes of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, now a quarter of a century older and heavier, reached another compromise—their last. Twelve months later their thrones had new occupants.

Henry's energy is shown by the fact that, although the defence of Falmouth Harbour was begun in 1540, the two castles are not counted amongst the earliest works. They are now, however, two of the best remaining.

In 1644 the Governor of Pendennis was Colonel John Arundell, a very old man—indeed, he was known as 'Old Tilbury' because he had heard Elizabeth's famous address to the men who beat off the Armada. To him now came another Queen, to spend her last night in England before escaping to France. In 1646 the army of Fairfax, elated by the capture of Exeter, laid siege to Pendennis, but the old colonel and his men held out longer than any other castle, save Raglan, and after a defence of six months they retained the honours of war, marching out with 'colours flying, trumpets sounding, bullets in their mouths, and each man 12 charges of powder'.

The round tower, seen here from the west, is Henry's; some of the other fortifications are Elizabeth's. Pendennis, on a high, narrow peninsula with magnificent views, remains as it began, a fort; at least, it has served in the last two wars, though now shared by the Army with the Ministry of Works. It is an impressive place, well designed, well built, and well looked after. The bush of veronica, on the left of the drawing, came to an end in 1947.

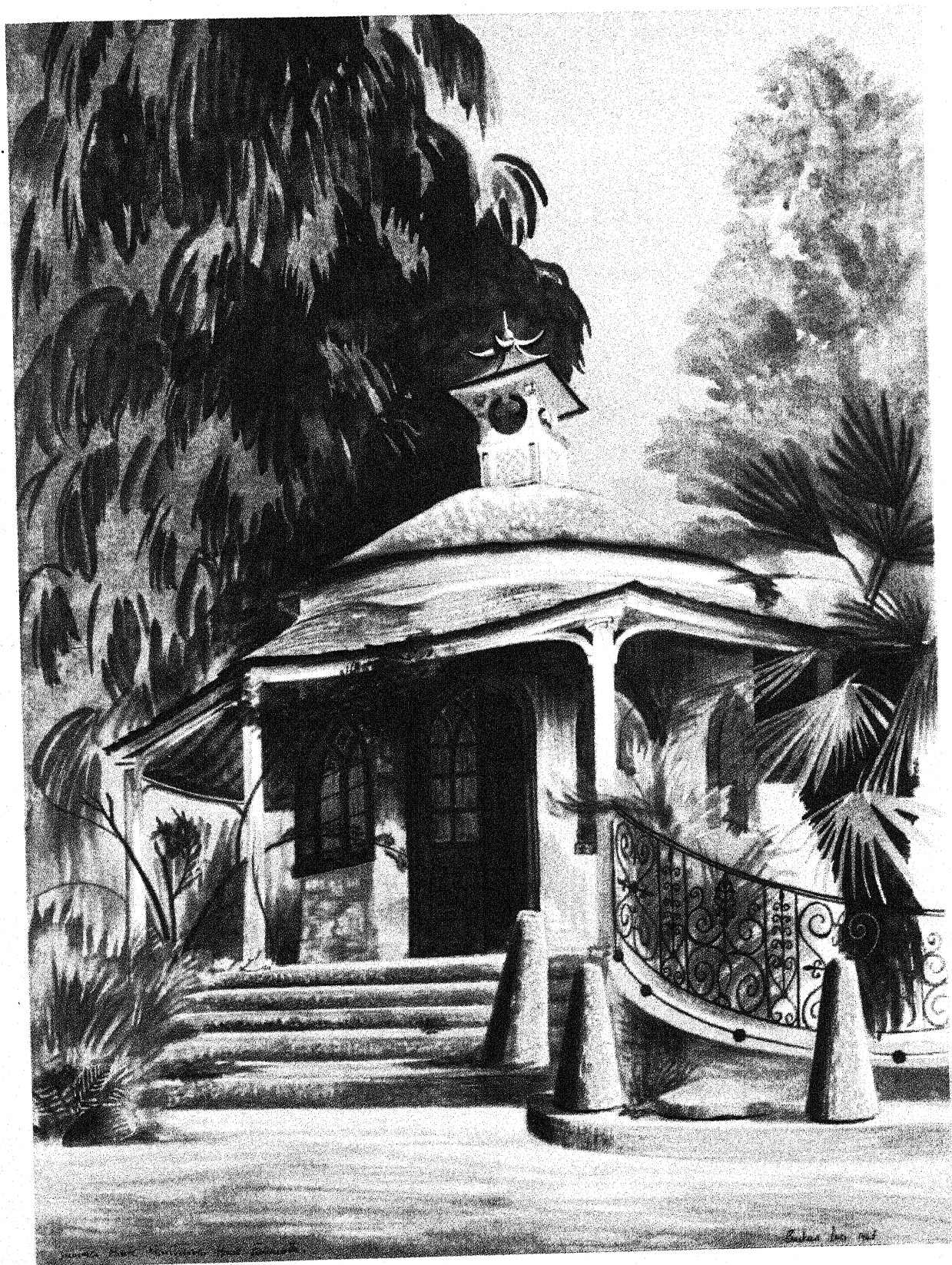
SUMMER-HOUSE, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, FALMOUTH

Barbara Jones

Marlborough House, on a withdrawn site with lovely views and a large garden, was built or rebuilt early in the nineteenth century by Captain John Bull on retirement from the command of the packet *Marlborough*. For 160 years Falmouth was a great centre for packets, or mail-ships. The armed mail-coaches from London, travelling by day and night and often at a 'gallop', completed the long journey in some 20 hours, averaging 13 m.p.h.—a remarkable performance on eighteenth-century roads. The packets, leaving or returning to Falmouth, were also heavily armed. Lisbon, in the early days at least, was their usual destination, and they carried a few passengers as well as the mails. It was to Lisbon that Byron sailed, in a Falmouth packet, in July 1809. He took three attendants—'they constitute my whole suite', as he wrote to his mother, explaining that he faced ruin and was toying with the idea of entering the Russian or Austrian service or, 'if I like their manners', the Turkish.

Captain Bull must have been a man of taste—not the same thing, at the time of which we are speaking, as a 'Man of Taste'. His house is still full of delights of his own choosing. The beautiful doors he brought with him, removed from his ship; also the ship's compass, now embedded in the lunette; and he placed a marble carving of H.M. Packet *Marlborough* over the porch. A garden path, descending through flowering shrubs, leads to the summer-house, a neo-Gothic pagoda with whiffs of Brighton and Kew Gardens. But the Captain was no slave to current modes, his culture went deeper, he was a travelled man, and he adorned the interior with a variety of motifs in plaster-work—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Early English, and Decorated. When this drawing was done, in 1943, the summer-house was no more than a storage for bee-hives and already dropping into decrepitude; and later, at a bomb-fall in the neighbourhood, it shuddered into almost total collapse. Only the palm-tree on the right, guarding and nearly filling the doorway of the underground boiler-room, shows no trace of the ordeal.

In the autumn of 1947 the property, which had remained in the occupation of the Captain's descendants, passed into new, but sympathetic, ownership. The summer-house will, if possible, be restored.



ROYAL HOTEL, FALMOUTH

Barbara Jones

Miss Jones has opened a bottle for the critic or historian of wine rather than for the dinner-party. Its colour is pale, its flavour thin; it will soon be indistinguishable from soda-water, it is only just 'there'; but it has not quite gone yet. This is perhaps the very last moment for inhaling its wan and wistful fragrance.

Behind the stone façade of the hotel, on the brisk corner of Market Street, there are still discernible a few remaining traces of the coaching inn of 200 years ago. These consist of one or two windows and, marooned and startling, a spiral staircase of bold design if rather commonplace detail. At street level the wide opening with a central column now acts as an approach to the paved and dignified forecourt of the Grand Cinema; but (except by the patrons) there is no mistaking what they originally were—the drive in and the coaching yard.



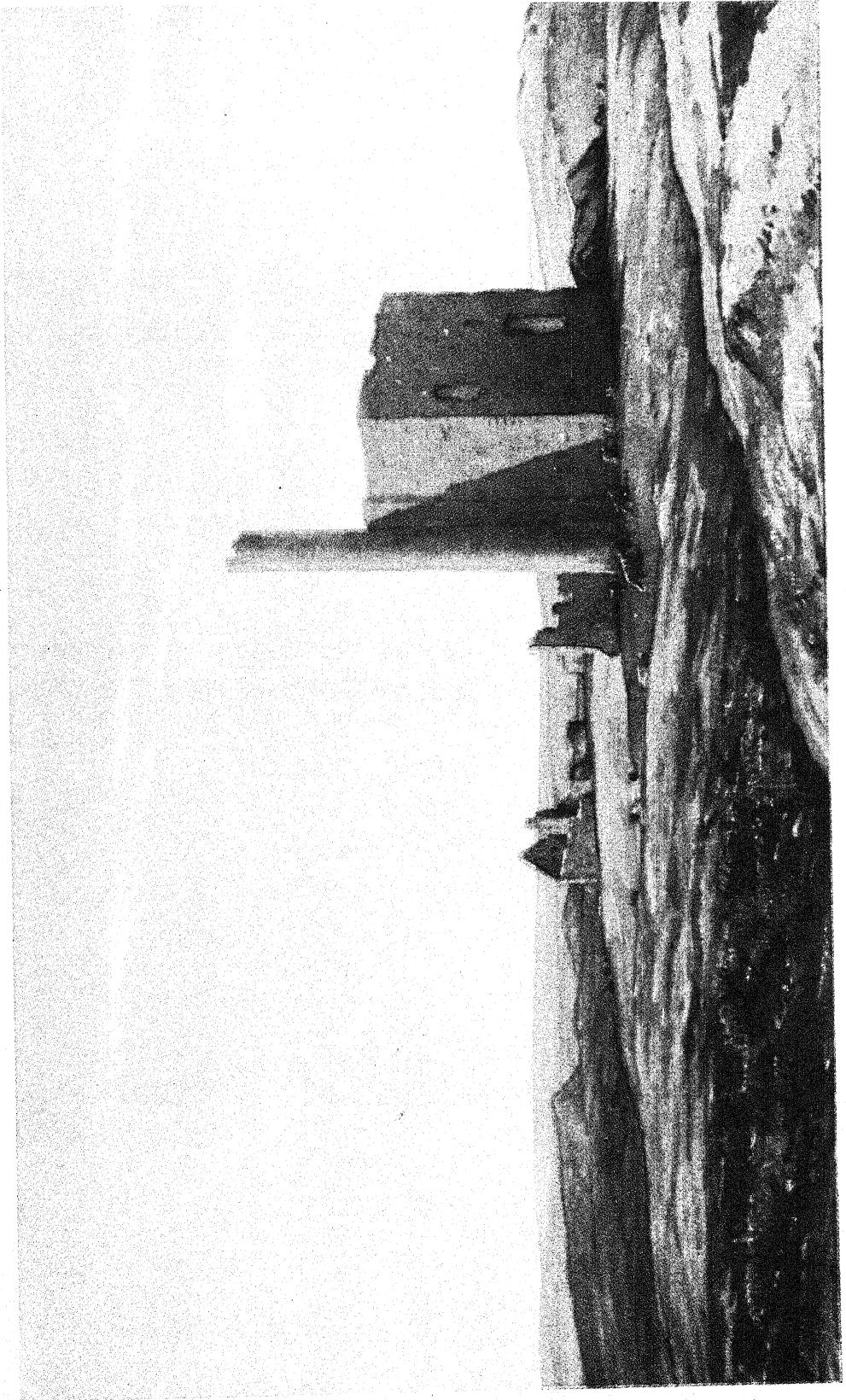
DESERTED TIN-MINE

Martin Hardie, C.B.E.

Almost all the tin-mines of Cornwall are deserted, ruinous, prominent, still in possession of a chimney, surrounded by sheep, and exactly like this one. They may be studied in the neighbourhoods of St. Agnes, St. Austell, St. Ives, and St. Just.

Even so, all our tin-ore is Cornish, and once upon a time all the world's tin (save for small quantities from Spain and Portugal) came from Cornwall, so that some scholars have argued that the tin mentioned in Isaiah and Homer was probably Cornish. With more certainty it may be said that the Romans helped the industry (and themselves); that there was a slump after their departure; that the introduction of church bells revived business in the seventh century after the arrival of Pope Gregory's missionaries; that the Normans took a firm grip on the production of tin, just as the Romans had done; that by the beginning of the thirteenth century the Devonshire mines were doing better than the Cornish in supplying tin to the principal distributing centre, Bruges; that the industry was now in the hands of Jews, and not doing well; that after Edward I had driven out the Jews it did still worse for a time, but was helped to recovery by the elimination of Spanish competition under the long pressure of the Moors; that there was a serious setback in the middle of the sixteenth century (Mary) followed by a time of great prosperity under Elizabeth, who brought in skilled workers from Germany; and that only eighty-five years ago Cornwall was providing nine-tenths of European tin. By the end of the century the tonnage of raised ore had dropped to less than a half, and by 1937 that half had in its turn been halved. Tin, more accessible than in the deep Cornish mines and therefore cheaper to market, was coming from the Straits Settlements and the United States.

Against the disappearance of a virtual monopoly may be set, and by some Cornishmen is set, the astonishing resilience shown by their mining industry for 2,000 years, and perhaps much longer. Defeat has been suffered but not yet everywhere accepted.



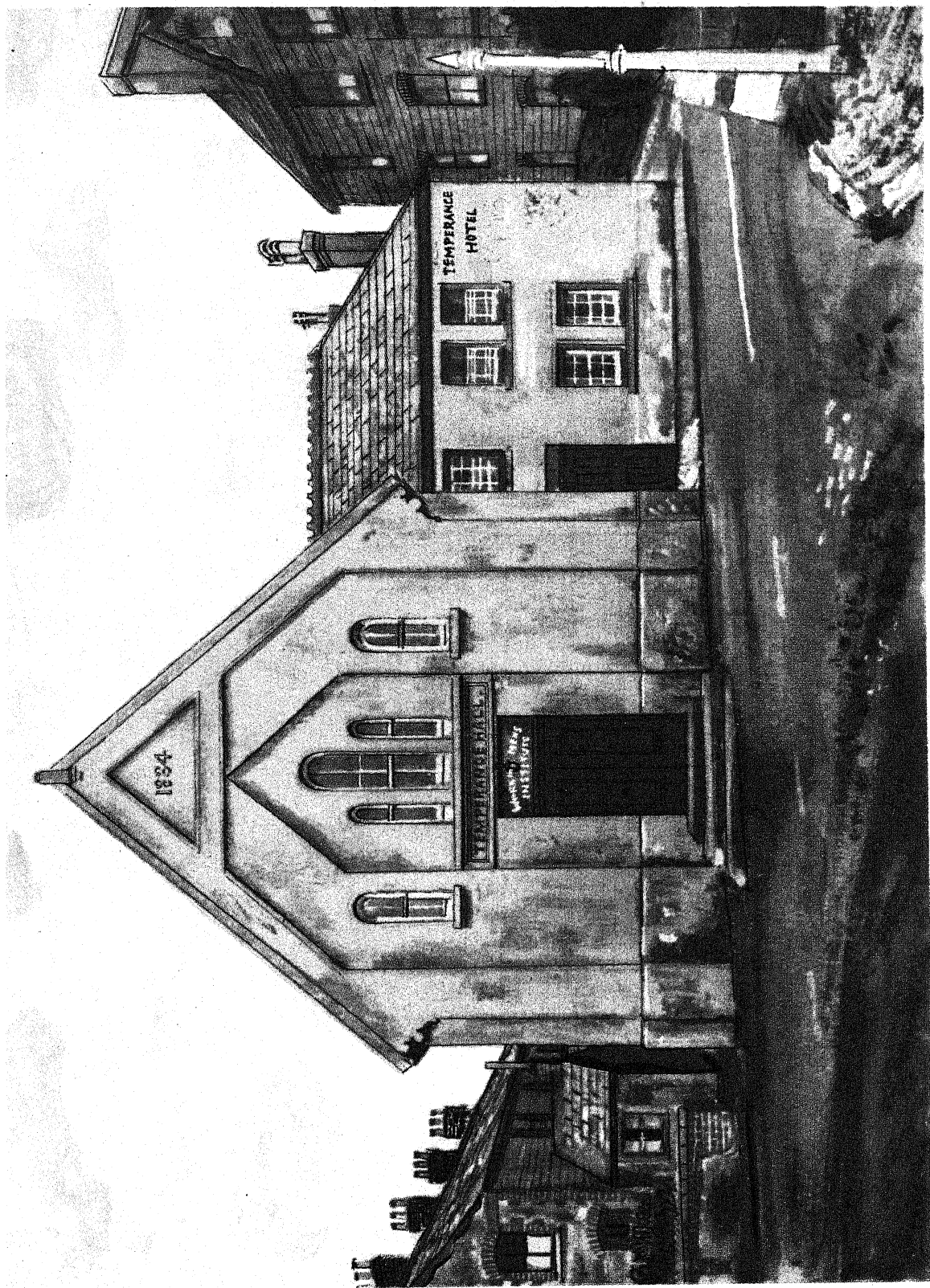
TEMPERANCE HALL, ROCHE

Ruskin Spear, A.R.A.

Roche is a large village just south of A.30, the main road from London to Penzance. South again from Roche in the direction of St. Austell there stretches a fantastic region of creamy pyramids, of lakes of aquamarine and beryl—the china-clay area of the next picture.

Of the severe, rather Welshlike villages of the Cornish interior, Roche is a good and by no means unflattering example; and Mr. Spear made eight records of it and its surroundings.

For the two thousand souls of its scattered parish there are no less than eight places of worship, with the Temperance Hall for week-days. Occupying a central site and capable of seating 250, it was erected in 1884 as a memorial to the Reverend Thomas Pearce. In many, if not most, of the Cornish villages are buildings of similar purpose and appearance. Any doubt induced by their aspect, any longing for a softer way of living, is usually corrected by the village inns which, as in a spirit of fair play, are scrupulous not to influence the undecided and the weak. But Roche owns a very pretty inn, one (like Rosalind) with a more coming-on disposition, and it may be for this reason that the Temperance Hall is now a Working Men's Institute.



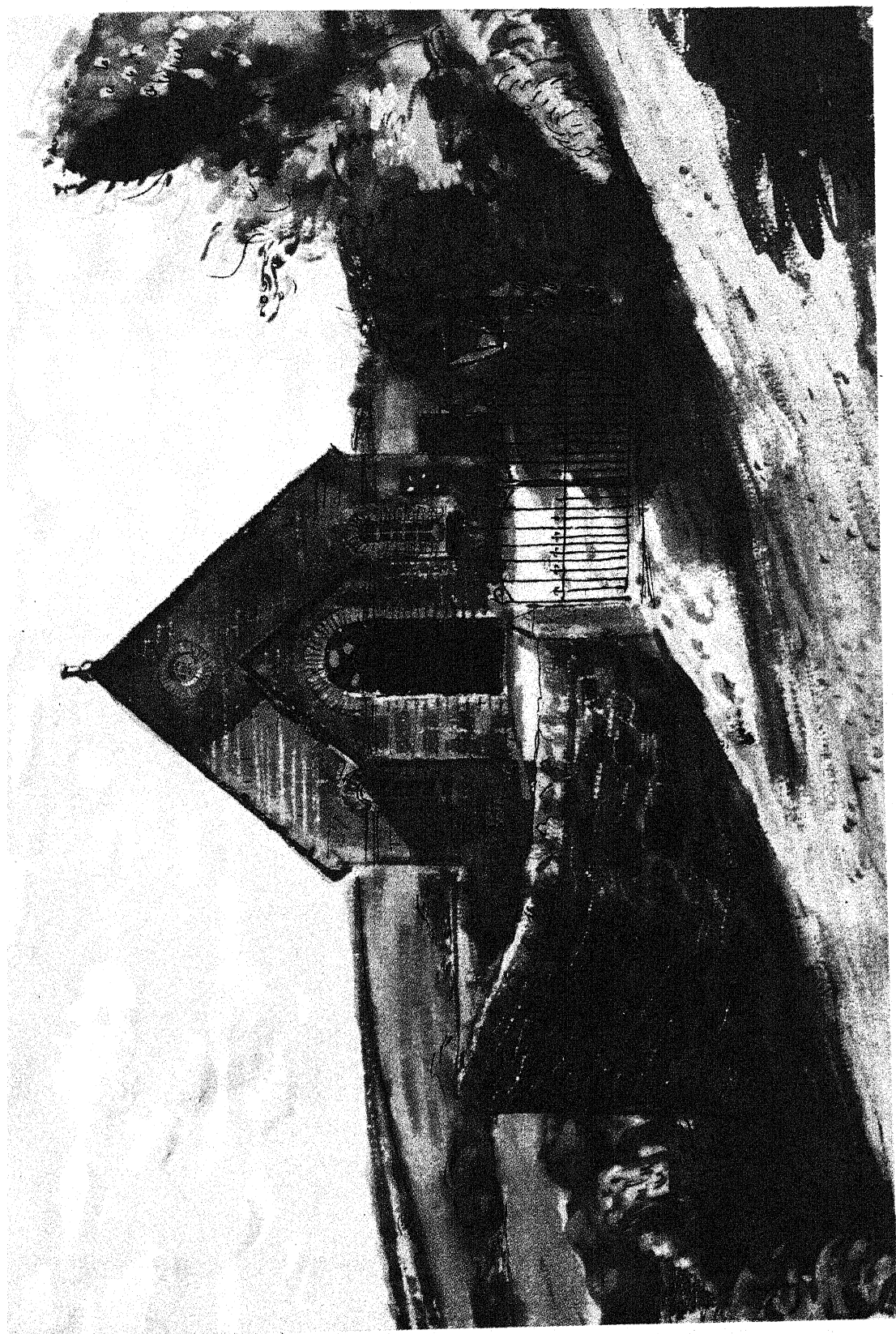
BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHAPEL, TREMODRETT

Ruskin Spear, A.R.A.

Like other districts neglected by the Established Church in the eighteenth century, Cornwall responded to the call of Wesley. The lesson was unlearned by the sporting parsons and forgotten by the Methodists, and by the end of the century Devon and Cornwall were once more unshepherded, the Methodists having failed to provide a 'circuit' in either county. The same causes led to the same results—the appeal of a new voice, the appearance of a fervent missionary, the gradual rift between the main religious body and its self-appointed agent. Instead of Wesley it was now William O'Bryan, 'the honoured instrument God employed in founding the Bible Christian (Methodist) Connexion'. He was born at Luxulyan in 1778, and was 23 years old when he first spoke publicly. 'He burned with holy ardour. The downs round Bodmin echoed his vehement prayers as he returned from his work as a lay preacher.'

He began in Devon, and extended his labours to Cornwall in 1808. Already, or very soon, the familiar signs of trouble were discernible—doctrinal or disciplinary, they merely indicated the inevitable clash between the pride of a young zealot doing what his elders should have done, and the embarrassment, not unmixed with jealousy, of those elders at what was being done in their name but often without their control or approval. O'Bryan refused to abide by itineraries or follow instructions; in 1811 the Methodists roused themselves to expel him. He rejoined, or was readmitted, in 1814, but was immediately excluded again. On 9 October 1815—on the other side of the world and at the other end of life, a silent, gloomy ship, sixty-two days out and now south of the Gulf of Guinea, was very near its destination, St. Helena—he enrolled his first members, 22 of them, all churchgoers, and decided to build his first chapel. Four years later he had 30 travelling preachers; by 1823 women preachers alone totalled 100. The variety of names—Arminian Bible Christians, Shining Lights, Bryanites, Free Willers, Bible Christians, Quaker Methodists, all these were used—suggests some lack of unity, but by 1821 the movement had taken formal shape as a Society. By 1865 it had branches all over the world. But O'Bryan, who claimed to be perpetual president, with all property vested in him personally, had long since broken away and gone to the United States. The Bible Christians are now back with the United Methodists.

Such is the story behind the roadside chapel in the little district, less than a village, by Creggan Moor.



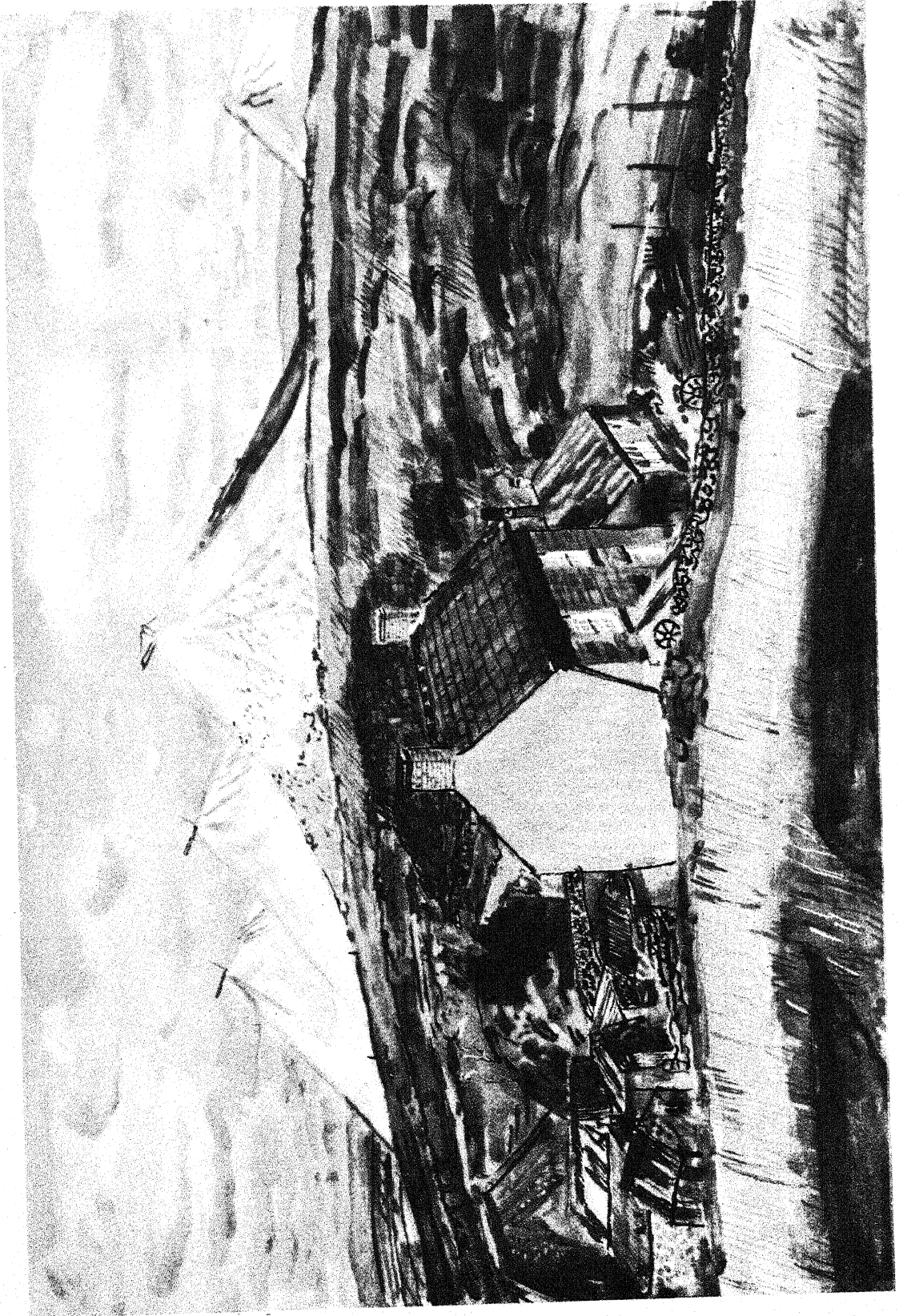
GREAT WHEAL PROSPER, TRESAYES

Ruskin Spear, A.R.A.

Cream coloured and, in some lights and at certain distances, faintly flushed, the Cornubian Alps carve a dog-tooth pattern in the sky above the moors east of St. Dennis. They are the outward and pyramidical signs of what has become, at the moment of writing, the principal export industry of the United Kingdom. 'In normal times the china-clay industry of Cornwall and Devon ranked second in importance only to coal in the tonnage and value of the raw material exported from this country. At present, because of the coal shortage, it ranks first' (*Report of the Working Party on China Clay*, March 1948). In 1800 the annual production was slightly above 1,000 tons. In 1937 it had mounted to over half a million, and had been considerably higher. In 1944 it had dropped, owing to lack of labour during the war, to under 62,000 tons. It has risen since then, but is still far from what it used to be and could be. When the *Report* was written, the value of the demand was estimated at over £3,000,000 a year, most of it for export and most of the export for the United States of America.

China clay was first found in Cornwall in the middle of the eighteenth century, by a Quaker from Plymouth named William Cookworthy; he found it near Helston, 25 miles to the south-west of the main workings of to-day. Kaolin or porcelain earth, as it is sometimes called, is obtained from granite in a highly decomposed state, often containing talc, and consists of disintegrated and metamorphosed felspar. It is used in the best pottery and, nowadays, in the manufacture of linoleum, paper, paint, rubber goods, and medical preparations also. A similar, rather firmer product of the quarries is china stone; like the Chinese petuntze, it goes to the glazing of earthenware.

The great heaps, the extravagant, glistening cones, have grown out of waste sand and other refuse, removed as encumbrances from the quarries and dumped, a truckload at a time, on the ground outside. Prolonged experiment has lent certain value to the refuse; it can be made into a form of concrete and turned to other uses. The hills, in time, may sink, but there is little sign of their disappearance so far. Their steepness and loose surface render them unscalable; but for the refuse truck staggering up its funicula, they would be as aloof as the Himalayas.

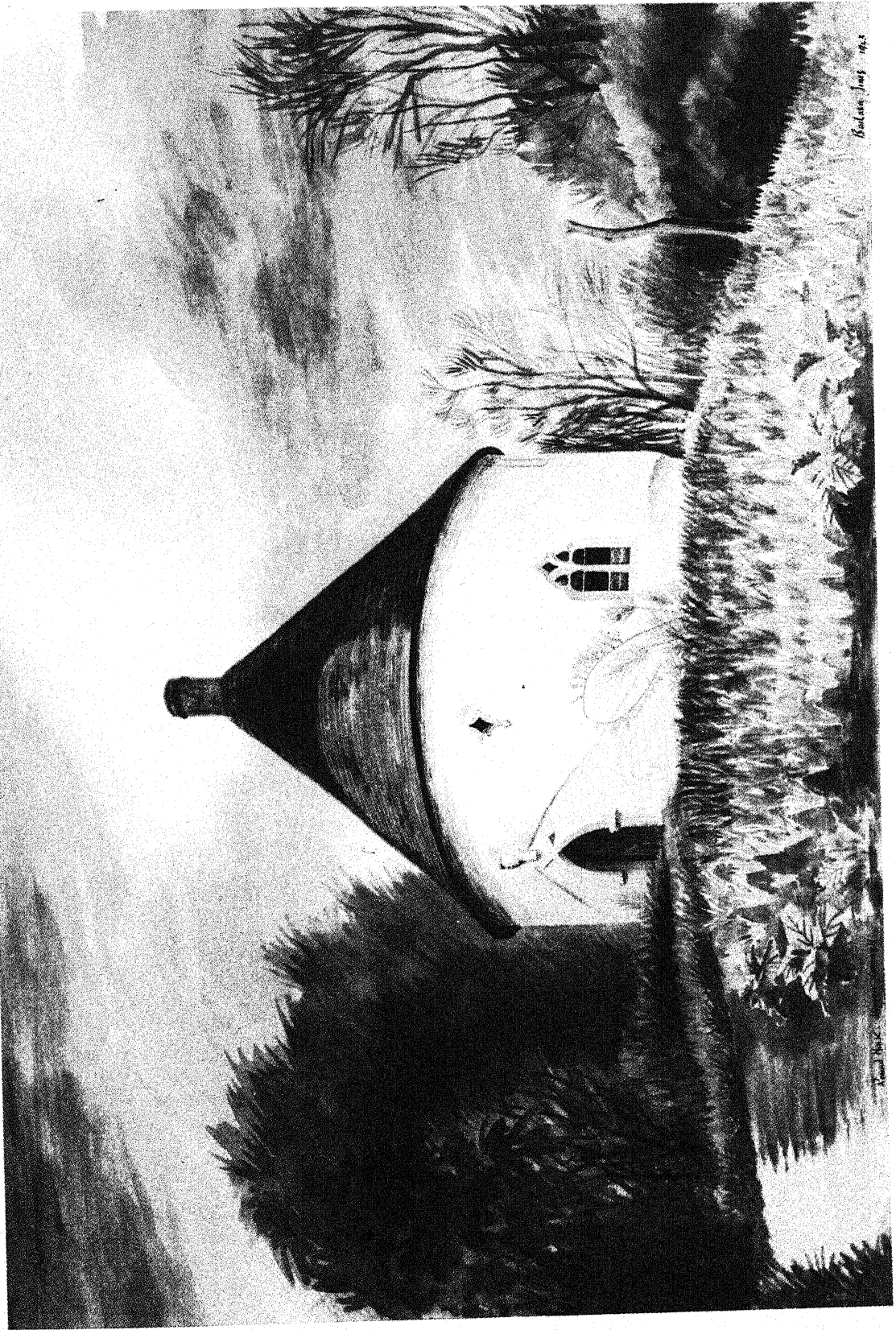


ROUND HOUSE, VERYAN

Barbara Jones

Veryan has five round houses—Parson Trist's houses is the local name. At each end of the village two of them, like twin lodges on either side of a drive, guard the entrance, and these four have thatched roofs surmounted by a cross. The fifth, the subject of the painting, occupies a rather vague site near the church and has neither thatch nor cross. There are, however, ecclesiastical details incorporated in the fabric. They come, in fact they are said to have been stolen, from the chapel at Creed, a few miles to the north-east. Creed wants them back, wants them removed from the house. The problem is not an easy one.

According to popular belief, the houses were made circular so that there should be no corners for the Devil to lurk in. The plan, now called a labour-saving device, still has its advocates. Doubts of the superstition, and consequently of the age of the houses, are entertained by the Vicar; he thinks that the buildings were put up early in the nineteenth century by a lord of the manor who had visited Africa and responded to the attractions of the kraal. By ignoring them, the mid-Victorian guide-books lend some support to the Vicar's idea. Their rather surprising silence would be natural enough if the structures were then at the uninteresting age of thirty or forty years.



Balcan, 1903

DEVONSHIRE

Artists

GLADYS BEST

ENID MARX

S. S. LONGLEY

CLAUD ROGERS

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., P.R.W.S.

LIKE Cornwall, Devon has a famous coast; unlike it, an interior hardly less popular and admired. Its towns, villages, and harbours are usually picturesque, its moorlands abound in magnificent prospects; it is what is commonly called an artists' paradise, and artists are expected to live up to that estimate. In addition, the county is very large, only Yorkshire and Lincolnshire being larger. At the time when the recordings were being done Devon, therefore, presented to the administrators of the scheme an aspect much less alluring than that which it turns to the holiday-makers. On the contrary, it looked daunting.

Few counties, however, have had more recorders, amateur and professional. Consequently there were dozens, scores of subjects which, though everyone came forward to suggest them, we were able to ignore. Indeed, when the problems were sorted out and examined more carefully, and men like the late Dr. Vaughan Cornish (that lifelong defender of natural beauties everywhere, and particularly in south Devon) had lent their local wisdom, the first claims were narrowed to two districts, one in the north and one in the south. Both of them, having suffered development as healthy coastal areas, suddenly found themselves, in war-time slang, unhealthy coastal areas. There was the Kingsbridge peninsula, especially the east side of it, and there was (less urgently) Ilfracombe. After the work began, Exeter was substituted for Ilfracombe, and a dozen drawings of the old capital were secured; and although, when the city sustained such heavy damage from air-raids, we naturally wished we had more of them, the regret was one to which, by then, we were only too well accustomed.

The recordings of the county numbered twenty-eight. In the selection here offered, the scenes all lie in or between Dartmouth and Exeter.

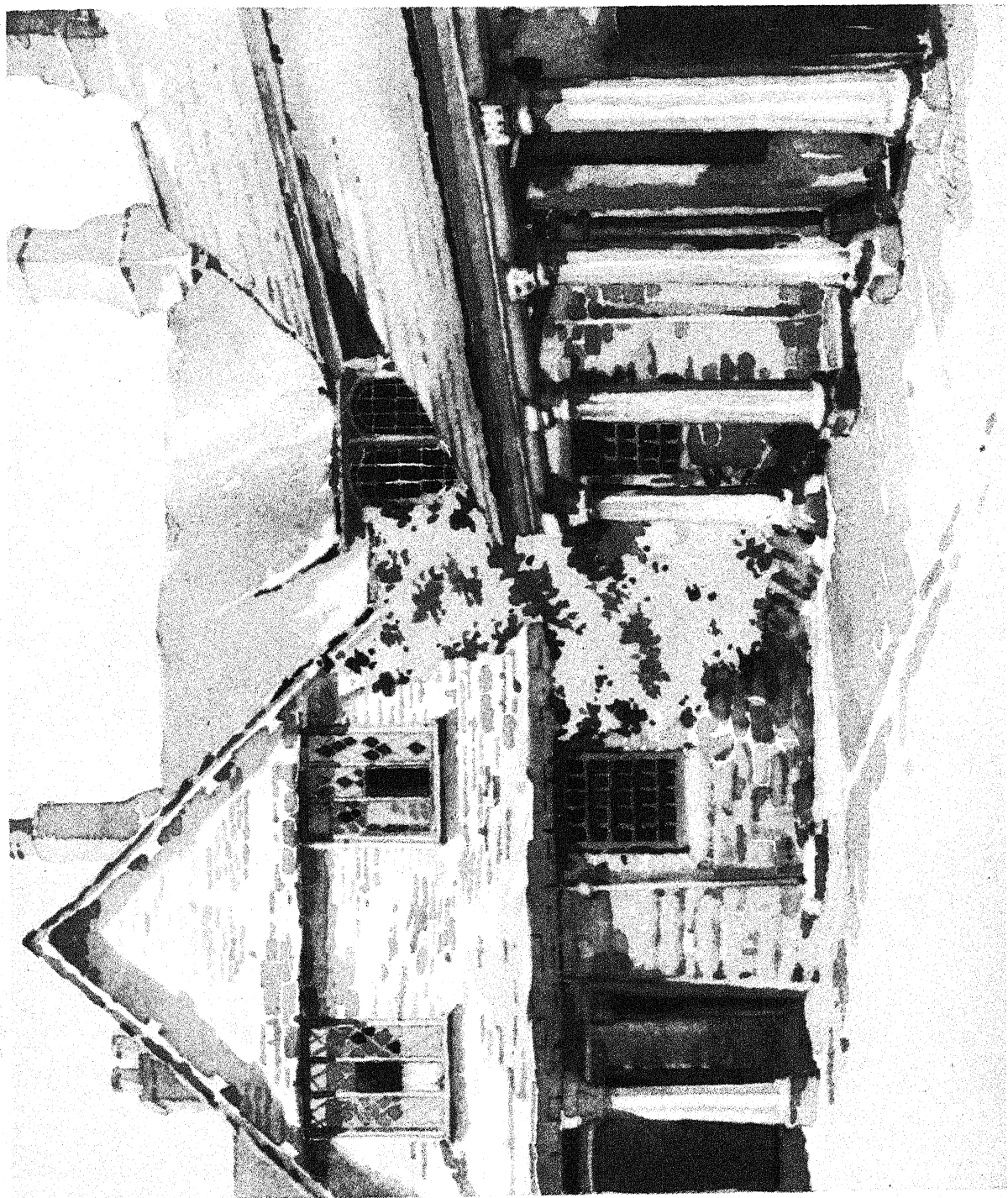
GUILDHALL, TOTNES

S. S. Longley

The grey Guildhall, made of stone and slate, dates at the earliest from the sixteenth century, but it is a relic of a much older Priory. Modest in size and site, it is well worth a visit. Within is the Council Chamber, with old oak stalls for the Mayor and Corporation, a low, sloping ceiling, small lock-up, and other features.

Among them are sundry paintings, on the generous scale of their day, by William Brockedon, a man now forgotten outside his county but once of eminence and renown. He was born at Totnes in 1787, the son of a watchmaker, and was brought up to succeed to his father's business. The clock on the parish church was partly of his manufacture. He was not then 15 years of age, but clock-making was already beginning to pall; and the active mind, which remained with him throughout his life, turned for its first adventure to painting. By the time he was 25 he was exhibiting at the Royal Academy; from 1812 to 1837 he had thirty-six canvases hung on its walls, portraits, landscapes, and classical and allegorical compositions. Of course, he visited Italy, where he was elected to the Academies of both Rome and Florence. He became greatly attached to that country, and to travelling and exploring, especially in the Alps. In the space of four summers he made his way backwards and forwards through the passes no fewer than fifty-eight times. One result was his *Illustrations of the Passes*, issued in twelve parts and containing 109 of his engravings; another was a realization of the pleasure of authorship, particularly with topography as a subject. He contributed the Savoyard and Alpine sections to Murray's guide-book to Switzerland. But another change was impending; his early training, or a bent of mind inherited from his father and exercising a recurrent influence on his life, began to drag his attention in a direction which had nothing to do with painting, geography, history, Italy, climbing, or writing. He found himself an inventor. A new pen-nib; an improved lead pencil; a method of coating felt with vulcanized rubber, thus rendering it suitable as corks or bungs; wadding for firearms; these were some of the products of his ingenuity. He was not content, however, to be the mere inventor. With his discoveries he advanced upon the City of London and joined the board of a well-established firm devoted to the exploitation of patent devices.

A small-town, English, nineteenth-century, regular little Leonardo, even if the Guildhall is no Santa Maria delle Grazie.



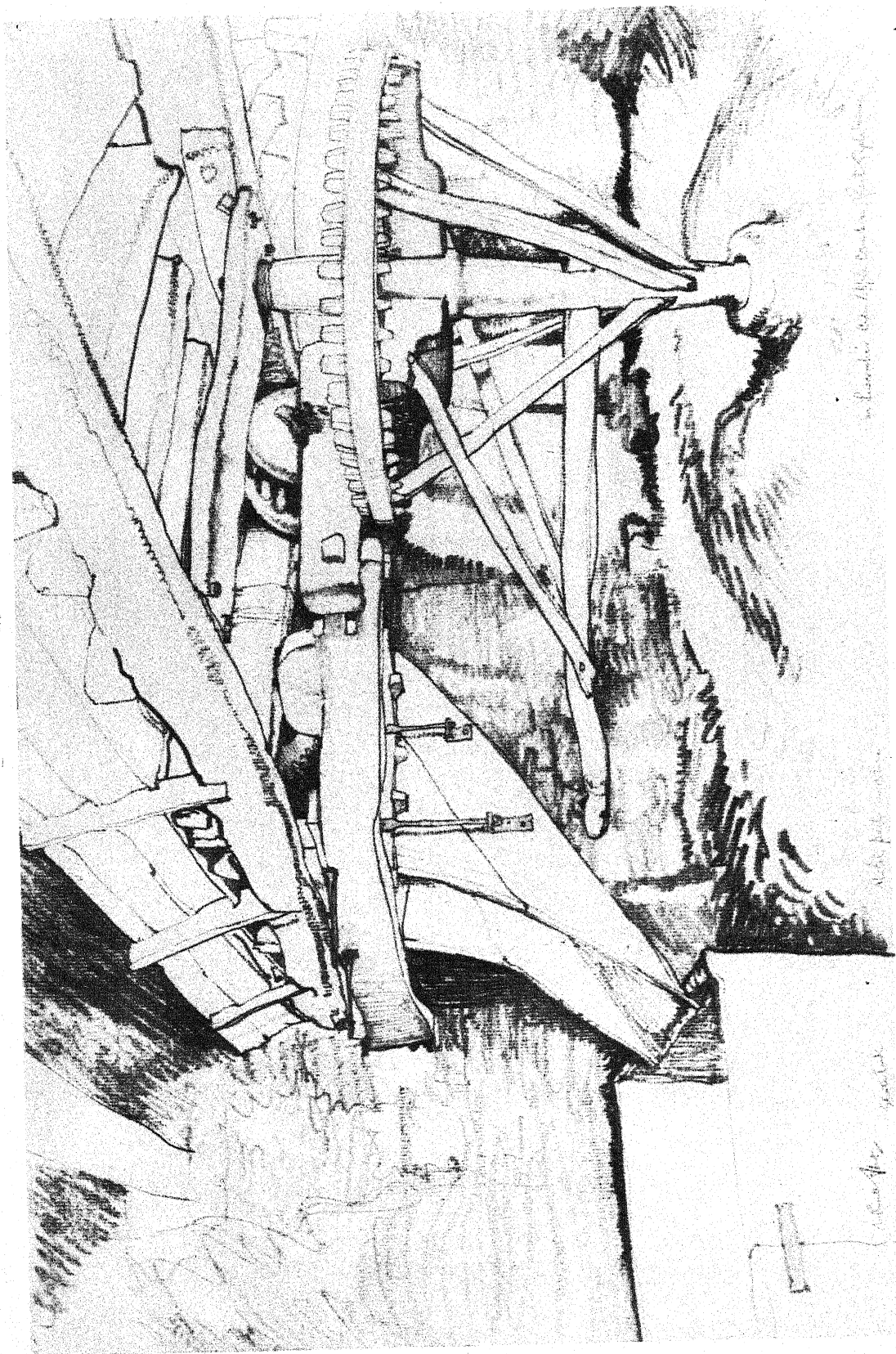
CIDER-APPLE CRUSHER, GREAT ENGLEBOURNE, HARBERTON

Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., P.R.W.S..

Among the general there is still belief that home-made cider can be had on any farm in South Devon, but it is without foundation. The production of homestead cider is on the decline, and the blame is commonly laid on the season, cider being made between October and December, a busy time in the farmer's year, with ever-shortening days. But farms are busy and days grow short in other counties, some of which now possibly equal or surpass Devon in the quantity, though not the quality, of their product. Since cider is untaxed, however, figures cannot be given. On farms where the drink is made it is often supplied free to the labourers, is even regarded as a perquisite; their almost limitless capacity, in an era of rising costs, may have helped to discourage the pleasant industry. In warm weather at harvest-time, a west-countryman—a good performer but only on the edge of championship class—can lower forty pints a day.

The description of apple-crushing and pressing, attached to this and the succeeding picture, has been compiled from various sources, especially the final chapter in *The Countryman at Work* by the late Thomas Hennell. There are special cider-apples, like Warwick Black, Kingston Black, Tom Putt of Dorset, and many more; and these, used alone or (according to some recipes) mixed indiscriminately with other apples of all sorts, are collected and heaped high in the orchard until, after two or three weeks, brown rot has set in. They are then placed in the crusher—either a circular stone trough round which runs an upright millstone drawn by a horse, or else a geared 'breaker' made of iron and turned 'by hand winches, by horse-gear or by pulley-wheel and engine. Whether the use of iron in place of stone affects the flavour of the cider, is an open question.'

The picture shows the under side of the great crushing-mill, with its primitive but effective gears, its broad chute, and capacious tank of slate; and it was painted on a farm situated in the heart of 'the garden of Devonshire', the area known as South Hams and bounded by the rivers Tamar and Teign, by Dartmoor and the Channel. For centuries this district has yielded the most luscious cider in England, over 500 gallons of it to the acre.



CIDER PRESS HOUSE, GREAT ENGLEBOURNE, HARBERTON

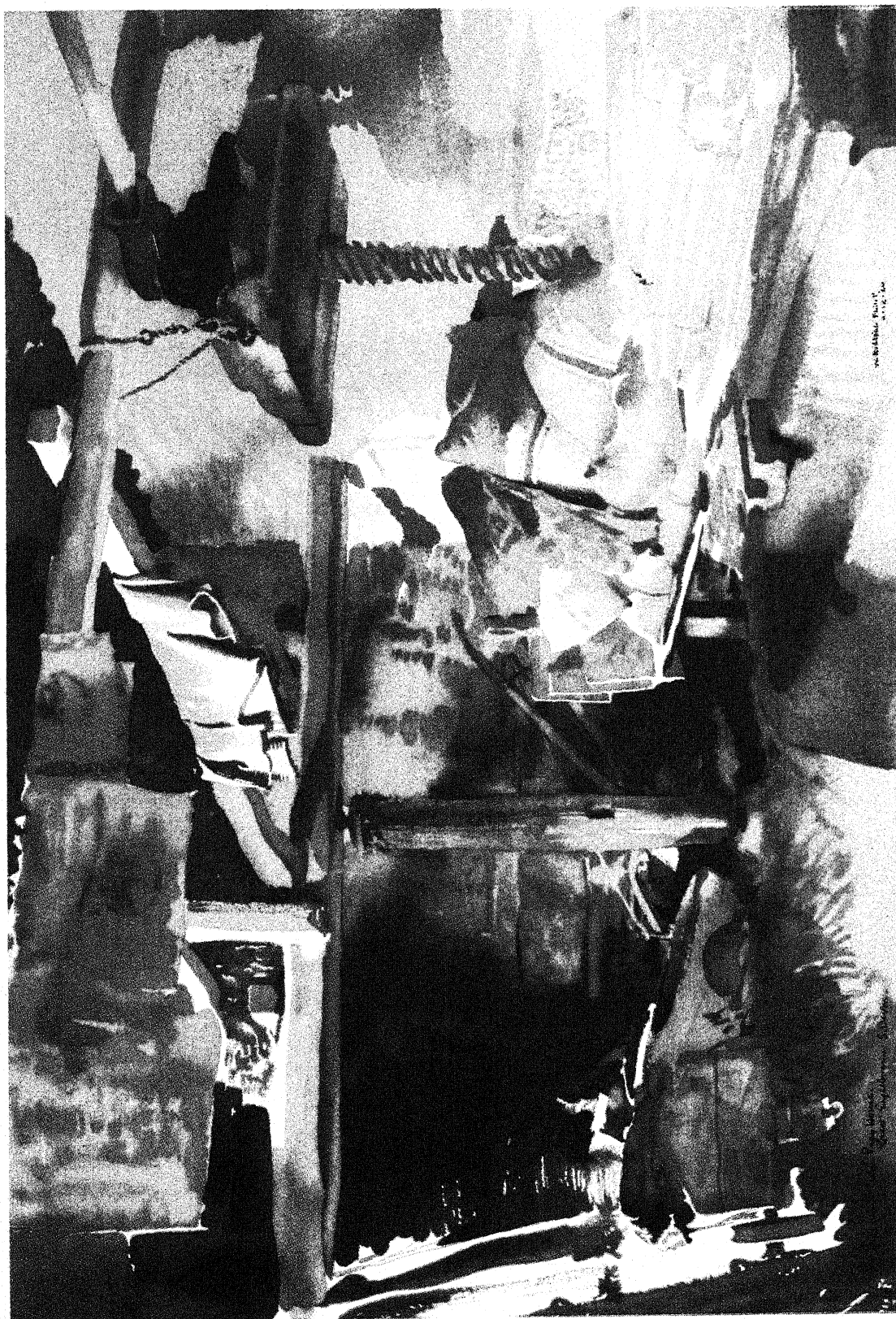
Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., P.R.W.S.

The process just described releases only a proportion, and that a small one, of the juice. The crushed apples, now in a state known as cheese or pomace, are heaped and folded in straw (or, in Worcester, Hereford, Kent, and Gloucester, in hair-cloths). So folded, the pomace takes a new name and becomes the mock. The mock is placed beneath a press and the remainder of the juice (the must) is squeezed out or, to use the singularly precise term of the trade, expressed. The must is stored in large, open receptacles where it presently undergoes skimming, to remove impurities, and racking, to reduce fermentation. The time-table is affected by the temperature, and cannot be stated with precision. Hennell quotes a Devonshire farmer: 'The zider do work in a few days if there ben't frost—if 'tis frosty maybe not for a week or fortnight. When a' do work that do throw out all the dirt; you can skimmy that off, then when 'tis finished working, 'tis all bright and clear.'

By the time the expressing is over, the pomace is dry and of the consistency of cardboard. It can still be impregnated with water to produce a weak second crop; but the practice, one willingly believes, is not generally favoured. The spent pomace, a by-product, is welcomed in the pigstyes.

There are, in some up-to-date poundhouses, enormous presses, hydraulic, gas-engined. Mr. Luscombe's old press is of a simpler and more common kind. The table, immensely strong, has a raised rim; from it the spout protrudes its pendulous lower lip above the waiting well.

These two drawings of Great Englebourne, as well as seven others made in Sussex, were presented by the artist.



CHURCH CLOSE, DARTMOUTH

S. S. Longley

The next two pictures give a better idea of the precipitous sides of Devon harbours, yet 'the cradle of the Royal Navy' is even steeper than Brixham or Torquay. There are hills in Dartmouth at which no sane motorist would set his car, except possibly in reverse gear; and, crossing these, other roads where the front doors on one side are higher than the tops of the chimney-pots opposite. The effort demanded is, however, well repaid by views of the landlocked harbour in the most beautiful of estuaries.

Church Close, besides being one of the flatter moments in the old town, has survived the centuries, the vandals, and the restorers. Only a few yards away, the end of Higher Street is becoming, for the returning visitor or the demobilized native, no longer recognizable; but the setting of the south-west corner of St. Saviour's (a well-earned star in Baedeker) is still as it has been for some hundreds of years. The chimney is now upright.



BRIXHAM

S. S. Longley

On the fifth of November, 1688, the anniversary of 'the blackest plot ever devised by Papists', the Protestant Prince of Orange landed at Brixham. A warm sun had dispersed the morning mists, for a few hours the wind dropped, 'the water in the bay was as even as glass'. A statue, by Wills, on the harbour-side commemorates the event and is further remarkable for an inscription in neither Latin nor English—*Engeland's Vrijheid Door Oranje Hersteld*.

The place, as Macaulay goes on to note, has changed since then, and this drawing was made for reasons unconnected with the Stuart succession. Yet Brixham, now the headquarters of the Torbay fishing industry and the home of a great fleet of trawlers, is still famed for the mirror-like surface of its inner harbour. In contrast the encircling roadway, the Strand, is usually agitated in one way or another, with embarkations and disembarkations, with the landing of the catch, the busy smacking and slapping noises of the auction shed. A classification of the houses on the far side of the road will convey, better than a more laboured description, an idea of the agreeable concentration of the port, the prevalent aromas, the insignificance of the Tourist, the supremacy of the Fish: Custom House (on the right), four inns, a snack-bar, fishmongers, fish-merchants, fish stores, Fishermen's Institute, boat-builders, engineers, block- and spar-makers, trawler offices, ship chandlers.

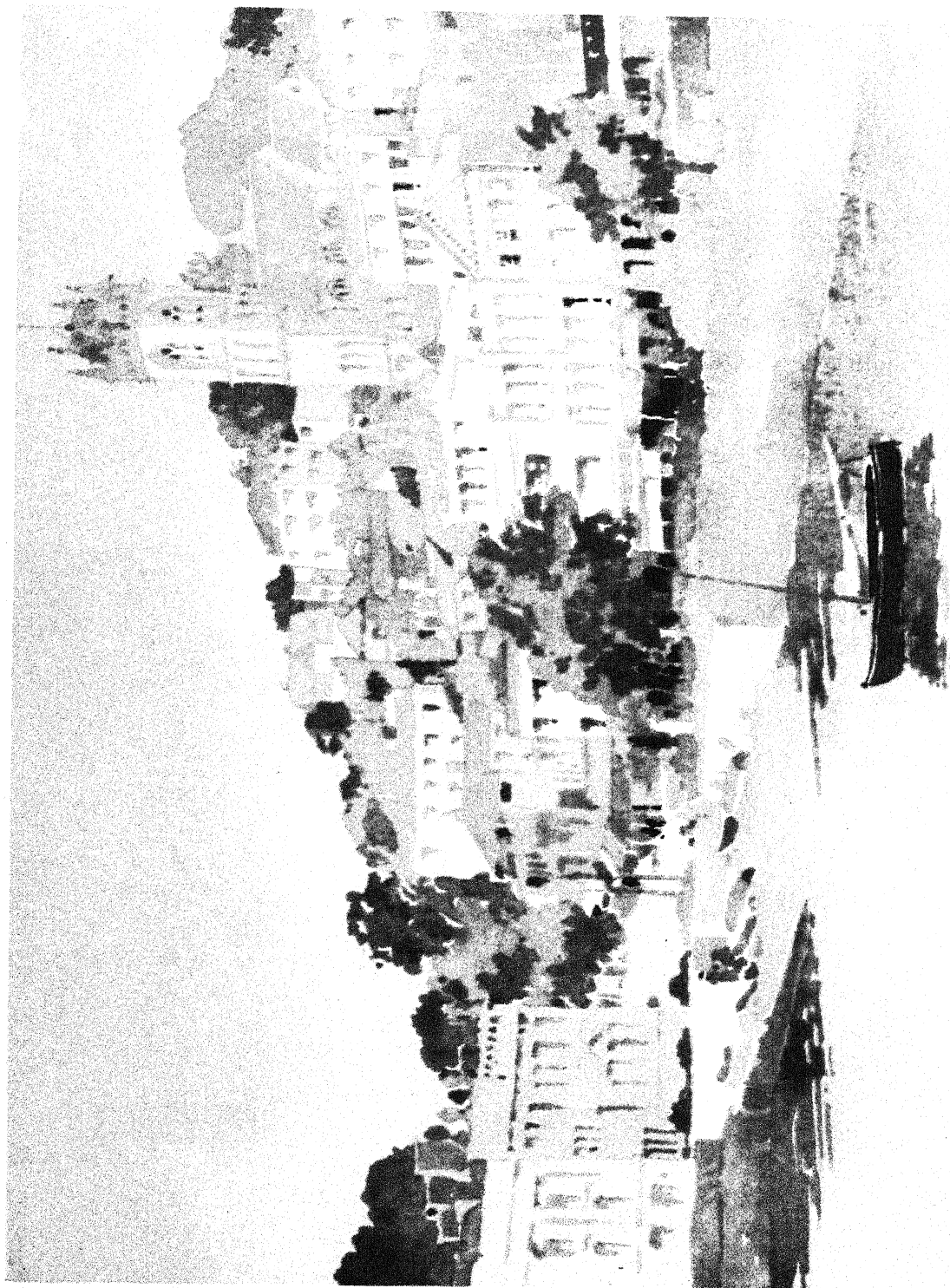


TORQUAY

S. S. Longley

A Brixham grown prosperous and dressy, with enormous hotels and modish shops instead of snug bars and the dark doorways of chandlers' stores, Torquay is comparatively a late-comer among the Queens of Watering Places enthroned all round our seaboard. It was still a fishing-village at the beginning of the nineteenth century. During the French wars the Royal Navy made much use of Torbay; it was a convenient base in which men-of-war might lie sheltered while awaiting orders; and as the periods of inactivity were often long, the officers sent for their wives and families and installed them wherever a room could be found. Torquay, in particular, delighted the ladies with its situation and climate; little houses began to spring up; enthusiastic letters spread the news; and Napoleon himself, gazing at the cliff-backed scene from the deck of the *Bellerophon*, added his own unsolicited testimonial.

There was time to build a few terraces of good houses, running across the cliff face and affording delightful views. In the picture (looking, from the Yacht Hotel in Victoria Parade, over to the corner where Fleet Street divides the Strand from Vaughan Parade) some of them can be seen clustered round St. John's Church. This landmark for sailors came much later. It was built in the years 1865-70 to the design of G. E. Street, the champion of mid-Victorian Gothic, the architect of the Law Courts in London.



CHEVALIER HOUSE, EXETER

Gladys Best

Air-raids on Exeter began in the first week of September 1941, and by the time they ended the old city had suffered very severely. The most destructive of the attacks occurred on the night of 3-4 May 1942, with incendiary and high-explosive bombs; and it was then that Chevalier House and many buildings near it were burned to the ground. From Eastman's corner of South Street to a point far outside the right edge of the picture, Fore Street is empty and flattened, or rather it is a hole in the earth; and the other side of the street, to the left of the drawing, has similarly disappeared. New views of the Cathedral, which are now for a time revealed, may be regarded as some compensation, especially by the casual, sight-seeing visitor owning no property, paying no rates, mourning no memories.

Chevalier, or Cavalier, House was of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century. Indeed, it was two houses, with an original staircase in each. During the years before its decease it was divided and united in a number of ways and served a number of purposes—inn, bookshop, jewellers', snack-bar, and restaurant. Its obvious features may be left to speak for themselves and attention directed to one which was apt to escape the passing glance. This is the little gilded figure perched over No. 79, the nearer gable. While its significance was always doubtful, there are two explanations generally offered, and both may be true. One is based on a story, locally persistent, that Charles II during his wanderings after the battle of Worcester came as far west as Exeter and rested in the house for a night. According to the second, the equestrian statuette was a sign of Cavalier sympathies, an indication of welcome and asylum for any Royalist in need. This, perhaps the more dramatic suggestion, makes a strong appeal; yet it is hard to rid oneself of the thought that what marked out the house for the King's men must have marked it down for Cromwell's.

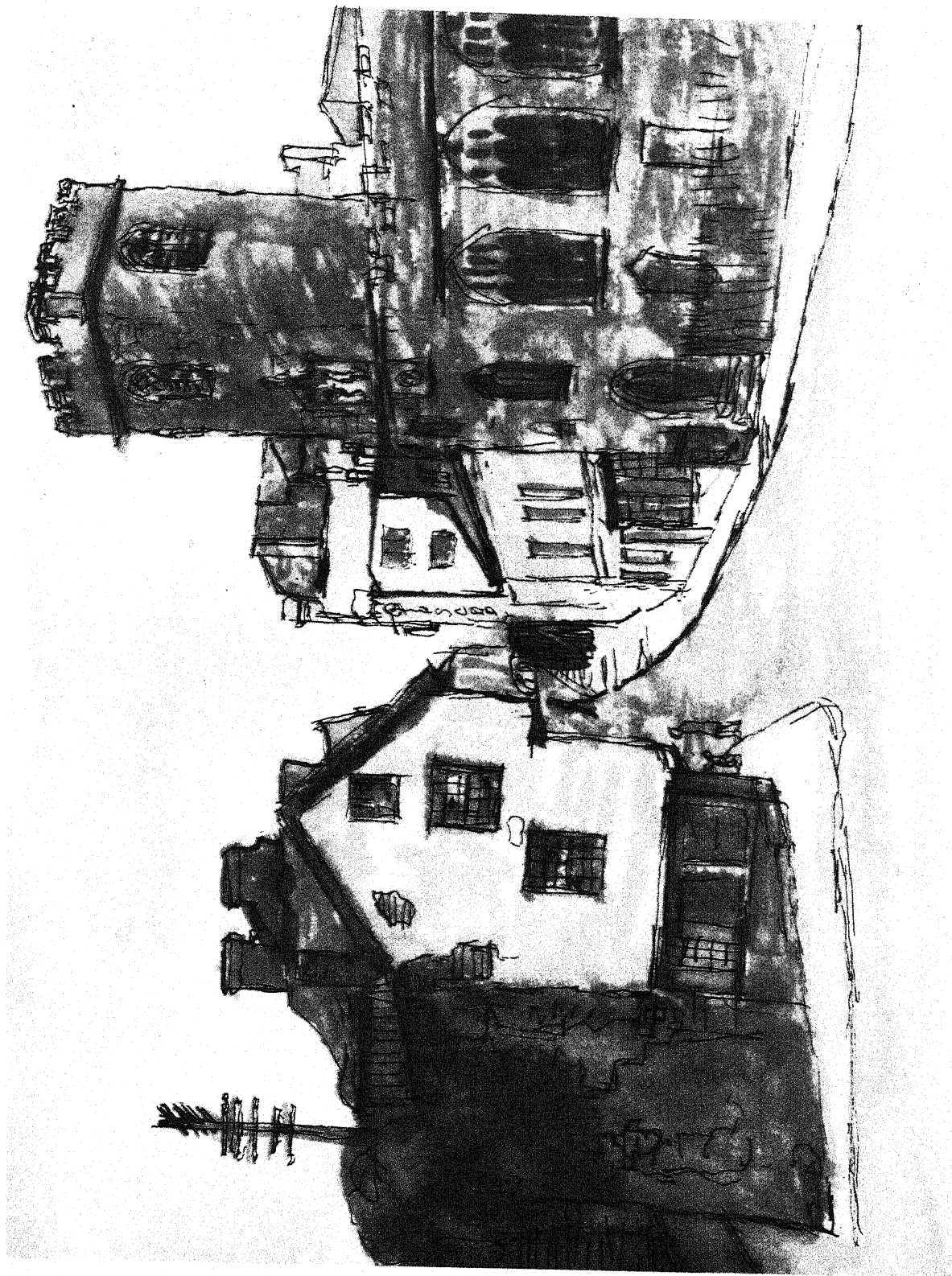


ST. MARY STEPS, EXETER

Claud Rogers

Of the numerous red-stone churches which are a speciality of Exeter, St. Mary Steps is one of the smallest (100 seats) and most picturesque. It lies in a depression at the bottom of West Street, where the West Gate used to stand—the porter had a room under the chancel aisle—and beyond its east end Stepcote Hill rises abruptly and lends the name by which the church is distinguished from the other St. Mary's. The visitor, entering by the south door at the base of the embattled tower, might pardonably suppose that the 'Steps' were the steep flight immediately confronting him. When he has mounted this stairway and reached the floor of the church, his feet are level with the top of the porch.

The historians of the city have usually shown themselves indifferent to this fifteenth-century building, yet it has beauties, such as a painted oak screen, as well as peculiarities. Its most famous feature is the sixteenth-century clock in the tower, worth going some way to see and waiting some time—fifty-nine minutes, if need be—to hear. In a frame charmingly decorated with emblems of the four seasons, Henry VIII sits between two supporters, all of them carved and coloured. The King holds a sceptre, the attendants are armed with javelins and hammers; and, to mark the passage of time, each supporter drops his hammer on to a bell at his feet while His Majesty, at every stroke, leans forward and bows. From the first, however, the group has been locally and perversely known as 'Matthew the Miller and his two sons, in memory of the occupant, a very punctual man, of a mill in Cricklepit Street, just over the way.



DORSET

Artists

THOMAS HENNELL, R.W.S.

A. M. HIND, O.B.E.

BARBARA JONES

EVE KIRK

S. S. LONGLEY

HARRY MORLEY, R.W.S.

E. B. MUSMAN

WALTER E. SPRADBERY

THE forty-four paintings done in Dorset depicted towns and villages, countryside and sea-side, hotels, mansions, and cottages, farms, barns, churches, harbours, and a gipsy encampment. Variety is not everything, it was only one of several main preoccupations of the recording artists, but the achieving of it in the county group was a source of satisfaction. Dorset, so its admirers claim, 'has everything'; it certainly has a great deal to offer, and some of its notable features—old camps and barrows, abbeys and bleak uplands, the whole county town of Dorchester—are missing from the completed and not incomprehensive list summarized above.

Then there is Hardy's Wessex. But this, already so documented and drawn, was not well suited to the aims of the scheme; the signs of Hardy to be found in the pictures, the references to him in the notes, are very few, a mere acknowledgement of an influence seldom absent, never long forgotten. It was a temptation to make concessions to the novelist; nevertheless, it was resisted, we held on our way, and it so happens that the group contains several drawings which exemplify particularly well the ideas pressed, together with a list of likely subjects, upon each artist.

There is Miss Eve Kirk's view of Swanage—a not very interesting place rapidly expanding in a setting of wonderful beauty—and there are the cottage porches at Canford Magna, discovered as well as drawn by Miss Barbara Jones.

'And keep an eye open for any characteristic of a district or an era, and endangered by neglect, "local improvements", adaptation, by-passes, and so on.' To every artist, patient or impatient, diffident or assured, a closing advice was offered in some such words. The cottage fronts at Canford produced, in their small way, a perfect example of intelligent interpretation of that advice. None of the consulted books had mentioned them, no kindly, helpful resident had written to recommend them. The artist saw them, recognized their peculiar and picturesque appropriateness to all the terms of her commission, drew them; and, not content with even that, never rested until the name of John Hicks, in gnarled twigs of selected lengths, had been nailed together among the minor artist-craftsmen of the Victorian age.

TITHE BARN, ABBOTSBURY

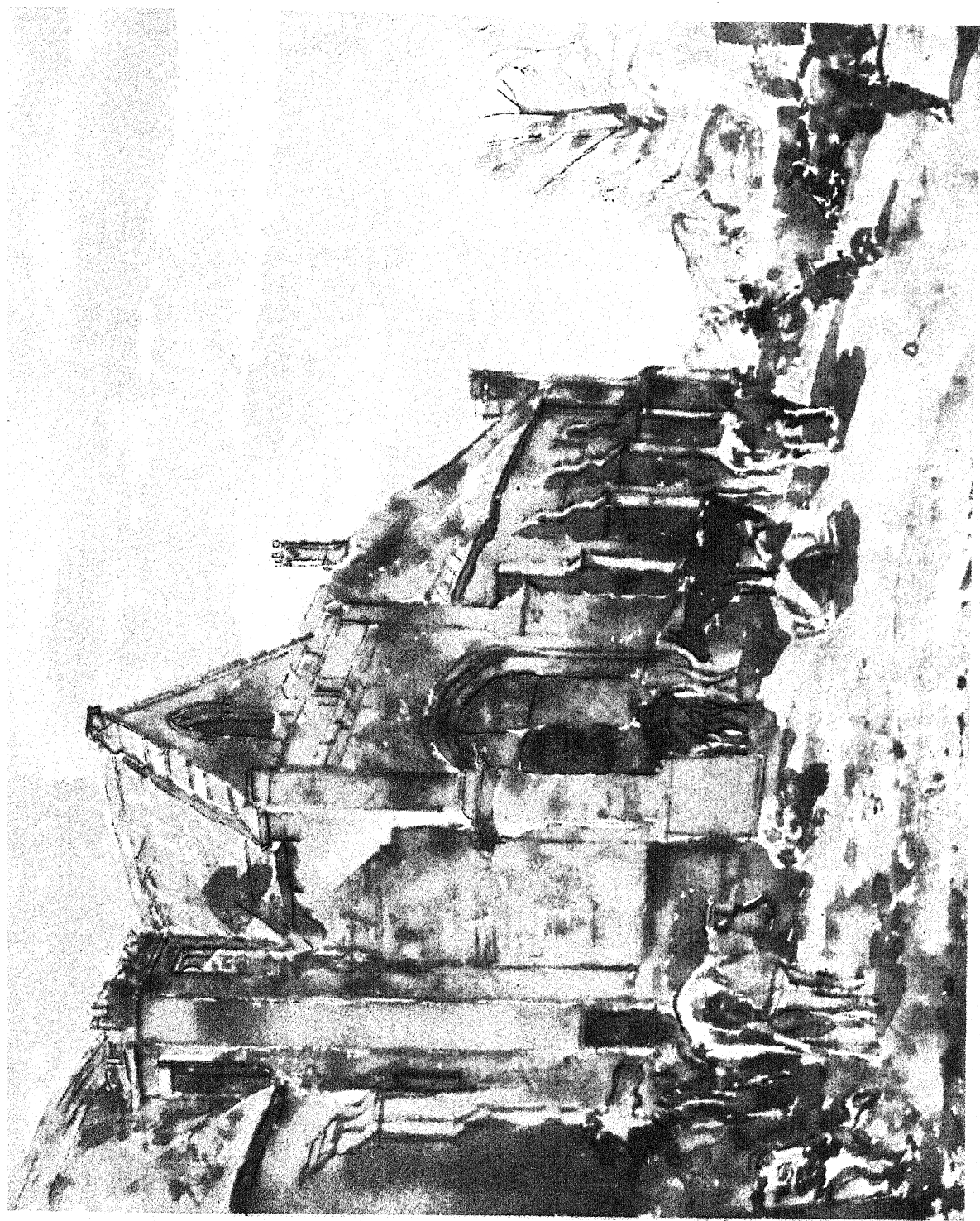
Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

Orcus, steward of the palace of Canute, is said to have founded the monastery; another account traces the sanctity of the site to a much earlier occasion, a personal visit by St. Peter. But even of the fourteenth-century abbey hardly anything now remains except the famous barn bounding the southern side of the monastic precincts.

So many old barns have competed for the distinction of being the largest in England that their measurements are by now precisely recorded. Abbotsbury's barn is $282\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length and $37\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth. No other existing barn in the kingdom covers so big an area, but less than one-half of it is still roofed and used, and the championship, though remaining in the county, goes elsewhere.

The wonderful barn, made of rough ashlar, yellowish in tint, from neighbouring quarries, is here seen from the north, with its curved porch capable of admitting a high-heaped wagon. There is another curved porch, and in each of the long side-walls there are twenty-two bays between buttresses. Only the roof timbers are new, and the inner cross wall contrived from stones from the open half. The ecclesiastical character of the building is common to many tithe barns (see Great Coxwell in Berkshire, Vol. I) and indicative of their makers. In some early guide-books the Abbotsbury barn is called a granary, and it must have served as a receptacle for much more than tithes. The great tithe barns, if intended for tithes only, would be more frequently found whereas, in fact, they tend to vary in size with the size of the monastery and its agricultural property—often very extensive.

Even John Hutchins, the county historian, can do little more than point to Abbotsbury's barn. It is something to see with one's own eyes, close to; and then, after clambering up the slope on the south side, to sit and look down upon and listen to.



TITHE BARN, WYKE

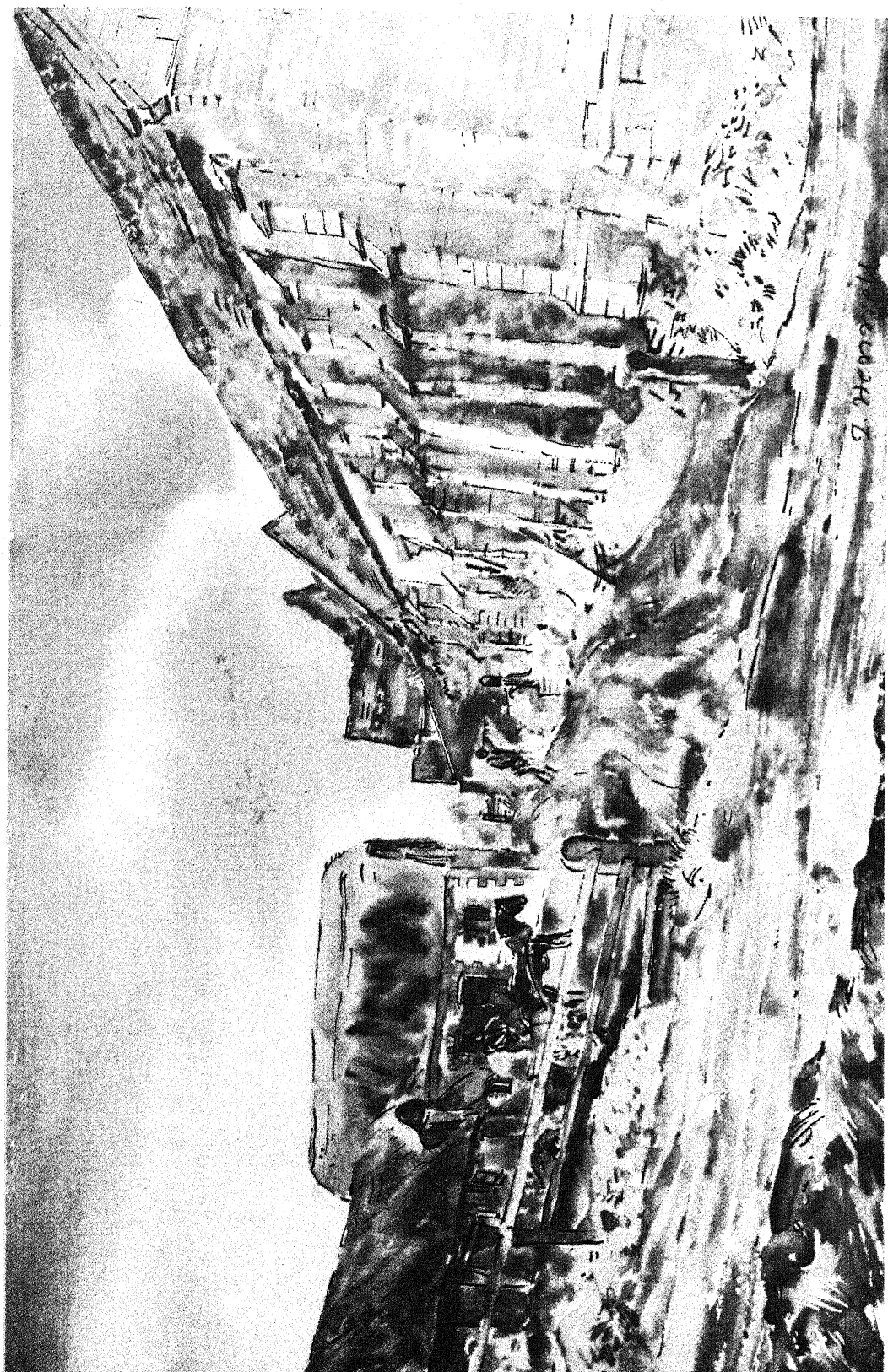
Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

In the preceding note allusion was made to old barns, their dimensions, their claims to supremacy. There have been many pretenders; not a few false champions have been supplanted by others with better but still insufficient titles. The tithe barn at Wyke is 268 feet in length. There are broader and higher barns but, pending a new challenge, it is the longest barn in England which is still complete and still in daily use.

There may have been a monastic establishment at Sherborne in the seventh century; the diocese was founded in the eighth; and the local belief that the barn is a thousand years old should not be smiled away. Obviously monastic in origin, it was the scene, in 1942, of a Service of Rogation-tide held at the far end, where the roof changes to its third and highest level, to ask for blessing on the crops. Formerly, crops were blessed from field to field.

Little being known of the barn's history, and that little being scattered among various and sometimes rare and obscure publications, it may be as well to assemble the scraps. In 1145 a Bull of the Pope Eugenius III confirmed to the monks, on their application, some 25 towns and 4 fisheries, including (among others much farther afield) the town of Wyke. The farm-house seems to have become the Abbot's rest-house; we have already seen a similar retreat at Meare in Somerset. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries Sherborne Abbey, with much of its property, was given by Henry VIII, or more probably sold, to Sir John Horsey, who resold it to the parishioners for £230. The Horseys, a power in the district, living at Clifton Maybank, seem to have been replaced, at least as far as Wyke is concerned, by the Harveys—Eliab Harvey (brother to the discoverer of the circulation of the blood) and his two sons. Eliab was probably the rebuilder of the farm-house, in its present form, in the middle of the seventeenth century. The story droops again till 1824. By this time Clifton Maybank had passed to Winchester College and Wyke to the Marquis of Anglesey, and the two owners made an extensive exchange, one result being that the tithe barn now belongs to the College.

Dorset has thirteen Winterbournes and eight Tarrants. The Wykes number three or four only, but afford capital sport. This particular one should be stalked in ground divided by the railway line three miles west of Sherborne.



WEYMOUTH

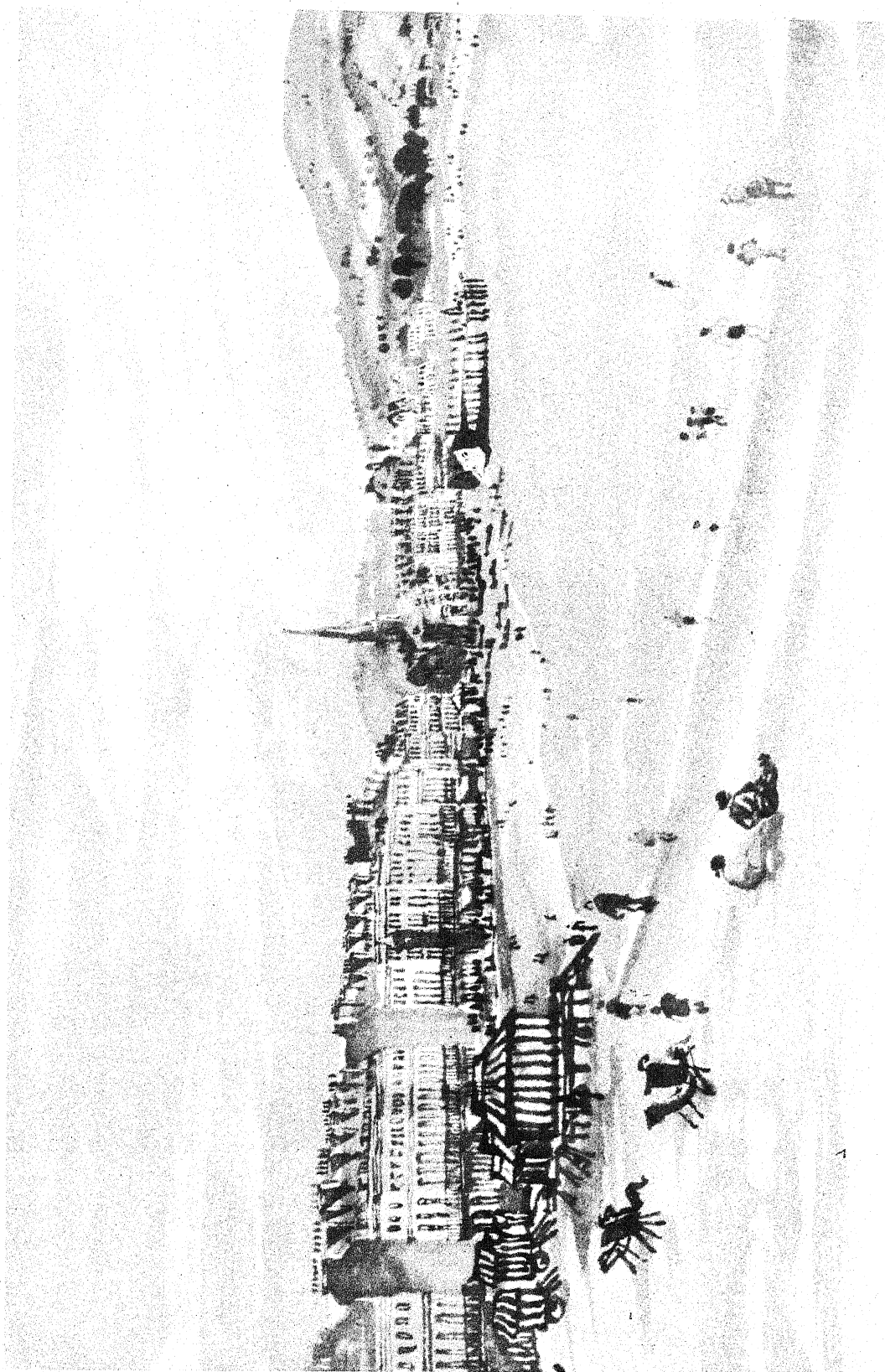
Eve Kirk

George III, on the recommendation of his medical advisers, took the cure at Cheltenham in 1788, thereby making the fortune of the town. Twelve months later it was the turn of Weymouth to profit by His Majesty's disorder. During a long reign, a ruler cannot be invariably popular; but the King's hold on the country's affections was never more simply disclosed than on that sunny drive through Berkshire, Wiltshire, and Dorset. It was a triumphal progress—arches, banners, streamers, cheering crowds, and loyal addresses at every town, girls strewing flowers at the entrance to every village.

Weymouth itself had the more difficult task of maintaining, as well as displaying, enthusiasm. Moreover, though it may not have known it, it was being observed by the sharp eye of Miss Burney. Familiar as is the description she sent to her father, it bears repetition.

'Gloucester House, Weymouth, July 13:—The loyalty of all this place is excessive; they have dressed out every street with labels of "God save the King": all the shops have it over the doors; all the children wear it in their caps—all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors in their voices. . . . The bathing machines make it their motto all over their windows; and those bathers that belong to the royal dippers wear it in bandeaux on their bonnets, to go into the sea; and have it again, in large letters, round their waists, to encounter the waves. . . . Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of his Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his royal head under the water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up "God save great George our King".'

Had Miss Kirk sat a few feet farther back or turned a little inland, she would have shown on the left of her picture the hotel now occupying the site of Gloucester House; but then she would have had to include also a distressing building which adjoins it and mars the roof-lines of the old Esplanade. It was across the sands of her foreground that the Royal Machine jerked and swayed, from some such coign as the nearest striped hut that the conductor of the hidden musicians, his loyal baton raised in warning, peered and calculated on that July morning, 1789.



SHAFTESBURY ST. JAMES

Eve Kirk

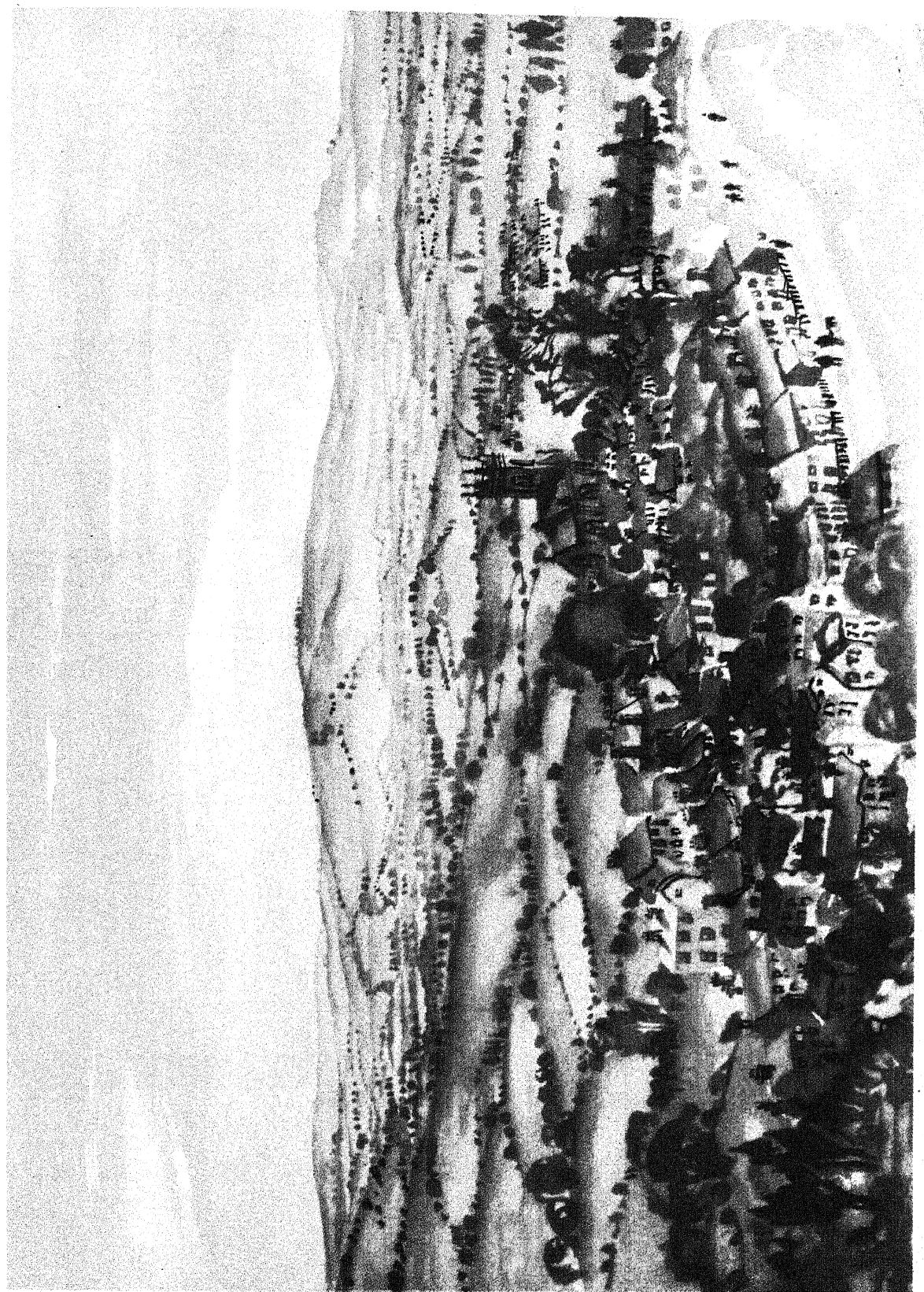
The old town of Shaftesbury is precariously balanced on a steep and narrow ridge. No railway has managed to get anywhere near the place; a few roads somehow arrive, but only one which is not breathless and spent. A site at once so grand and inconvenient immediately, and rightly, brings monks to mind.

The Abbey has gone, but the Abbey (or Park) Walk remains, a welcome stretch of level ground. Here Hardy's Jude, having clambered up to 'Shaston' for the first time and being still a little early, was led on to admire the view until, retracing his steps, he found that school was over and Sue had gone. Here, too, sat our artist, looking down at and across the low-lying parish of St. James's, once a separate village but now incorporated with the borough.

One of the best in the *Highways and Byways* series, the county volume was written by the most famous surgeon of his day, Sir Frederick Treves. His description of the view and Miss Kirk's picture of it might have been done in co-operation, yet nearly forty years divide them:

'Away to the South the valley of meadows is shut in by the bank of the chalk downs. The nearest height is that of Melbury Hill, three miles distant, and to the West are Hambleton, the Shillingstone and Okeford Downs, Bell Hill, and Bulbarrow. . . . As the foot of the hills is approached the pasture land ends in ploughed fields and patches of corn. The trees become fewer; the oak is changed for the fir, the dell of ferns for the clump of gorse, until at last, as the side of the slope is reached, there is nothing left but the close-cropped grass.'

If, by the time another forty years have passed, some unanswerable case has not been found for marring the view, the people of Shaftesbury will be lucky.



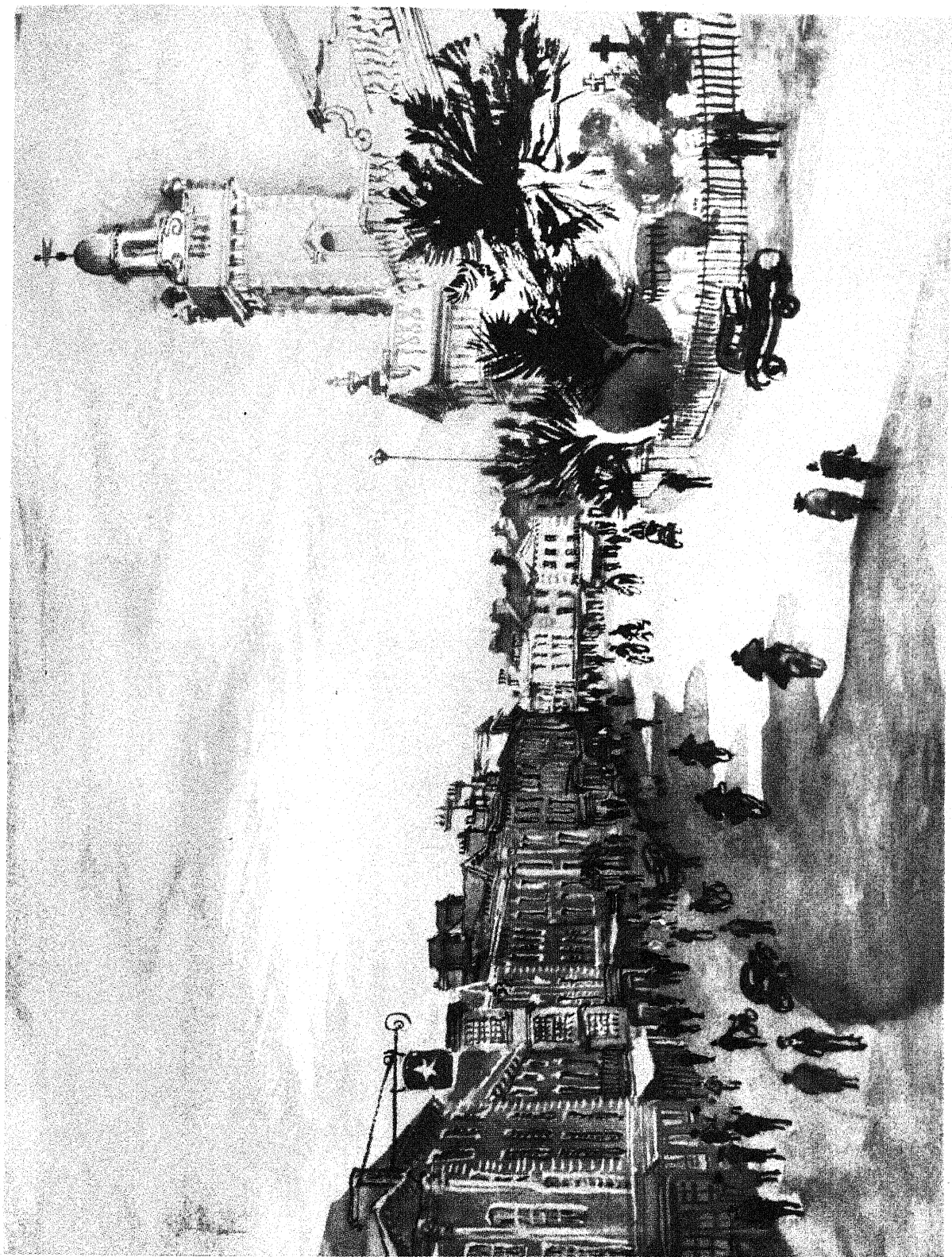
BLANDFORD

Eve Kirk

Blandford is not for Jacobeans. They will find there only one or two houses which survived 4 June 1731, when the fifth and worst of the conflagrations in its history destroyed not merely Blandford but two adjoining villages as well.

The provinces then were full of good architects, often languishing for lack of a fire. At Blandford was the firm of Bastard & Co.—two brothers, John and William, who showed themselves capable of producing one of the most elegant of all our Georgian country towns. They had, and may have profited by, opportunity to study neighbouring work by Archer at Chettle and Vanbrugh at Eastbury, but they had already qualified for their task by being born, within a year of the Revolution of 1688, into the building trade. In the course of thirty years they created the new, the existing Blandford. It was clearly a well-to-do place; large mansions in parks were near to it, but there was no resident nobleman to lend it the flavour of feudalism. The houses are small, or medium, or at most good-sized; not one is of imposing dimensions, and even in the beautifully appropriate Town Hall one may seek in vain for a trace of ostentation. One of the pedimented houses on the left is said to have been built by the ageing and bachelor brothers for their own use; it still contains some admirable decorations of the period. Along the street there are the inevitable shop-fronts where once were Georgian doorways, but even this problem has been solved with reasonable success in Blandford. Only at Coupar House, north of the church—one of the handsomest of all and now the home of the British Legion and allied associations—is a lovely façade outraged by an excruciating front door.

On the rising site of the burnt-out church the Bastards erected, in eight years, a new SS. Peter and Paul's of red brick and stone, in the urban style of the time. It presides, with grace and splendour, over the whole town and approaches. William Bastard seems to have designed a small spire for it, 21 feet high; but when, some years later, this was to have been added, a shortage of funds led to change of plans and even of control, and a wooden cupola was set on the tower as a temporary, but still enduring, substitute. During the war and subsequent to the painting, the railings were taken for scrap and have not yet been replaced. The view from East Street towards the forum is otherwise unchanged.



APPROACH TO KITCHEN, EASTBURY PARK

Barbara Jones

Our host on this occasion is George Bubb Dodington, to whom we were introduced at West Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. Said to have been the son of a Weymouth apothecary, he had an uncle who was a Lord of the Admiralty; and this uncle, dying a bachelor, left his large fortune to his nephew. George Bubb took over, besides his uncle's name, arms, and money, the beginnings of Eastbury, an immense mansion commissioned from Vanbrugh as a better, if not a bigger, Blenheim. It took twenty years to build and was finished in 1738. Its new owner, rising with it, was far from finished. Prominent in the entourage and intrigues of Frederick, Prince of Wales—George II's difficult son, George III's father, Handel's malevolent persecutor—Dodington was in his element in the most corrupt period in English political history; he dodged and switched about; even in the exact pages of the *D.N.B.* his writhings can scarcely be followed. He seems to have been a more than usually fraudulent Treasurer of the Navy. On the accession of George III his services were recognized and he became, two years before his death, the first and only Lord Melcombe.

For the last twenty-four years of his life he lorded it at Eastbury. 'He was not to be approached', noted a contemporary, 'but through a suite of apartments, and rarely seated but under painted ceilings and gilt entablatures. . . . He slept in a bed canopied with peacocks' feathers . . . his bulk gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade. . . . His favourite prose writer was Tacitus.' Those last six words, like the man himself, are not entirely negligible. Johnson could not be bothered with him, Pope dipped a couplet in one of his milder venoms; but Fielding, Bentley, Voltaire, Edward Young, James Thomson were among those who enjoyed his company as well as his table. The poets, if not always at their best, were uniformly attentive:

While with your Dodington retir'd you sit
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit,
By turns relieving with the circling draught
Each pause of chat and interval of thought;
Or, through the well-glazed tube, from bus'ness freed,
Draw the rich spirit of the Indian weed

Belated and—like all connected with Dodington—involved legal trouble over the uncle's will led to the demolition of the vast mansion, 1775–95. According to one appropriate if uncertain story, much of the material was sold by a dishonest bailiff during the owner's absence. Of the 'turrets and wings that went I know not whither', nothing remains but the kitchen wing, a colonnaded loggia, a few statues and stone acorns. The archway to the kitchen court carries, like a *panache*, two Scotch firs, self-seeded in the nineteenth century. Such, in Vanbrugh's time, was a tradesmen's entrance.



Entrance to the Bunker Hill Monument
Boston June 1892

THE BLACK BEAR, WAREHAM

Barbara Jones

The Black Bear stands at the edge of the town, where one of the containing rivers, the Frome, is bridged by the main road on its way south. The inn's age is not more, or not much more, than 200 years, but that is sufficient to have given it long service as a stopping-place for the London coaches. It still has its yard, and the entrance to it, at the back; with its old bar inside and its old frontage on the street, *The Black Bear* has suffered unusually little adaptation, and is an excellent specimen of a medium-sized, early Georgian inn.

There must, at one time, have been a great school of plaster and zoological modellers, still represented by innumerable outsize figures of horses, lions, bears, swans, dragons, eagles, harts, cocks, lambs, bulls, unicorns, and antelopes. Bruin himself is of plaster, a shining black. There was a shameful morning during the war, at a time of allied occupation, when he awoke to find himself scarlet.



"Black Boy" Whiskers Dog

ST. MARTIN'S, WAREHAM

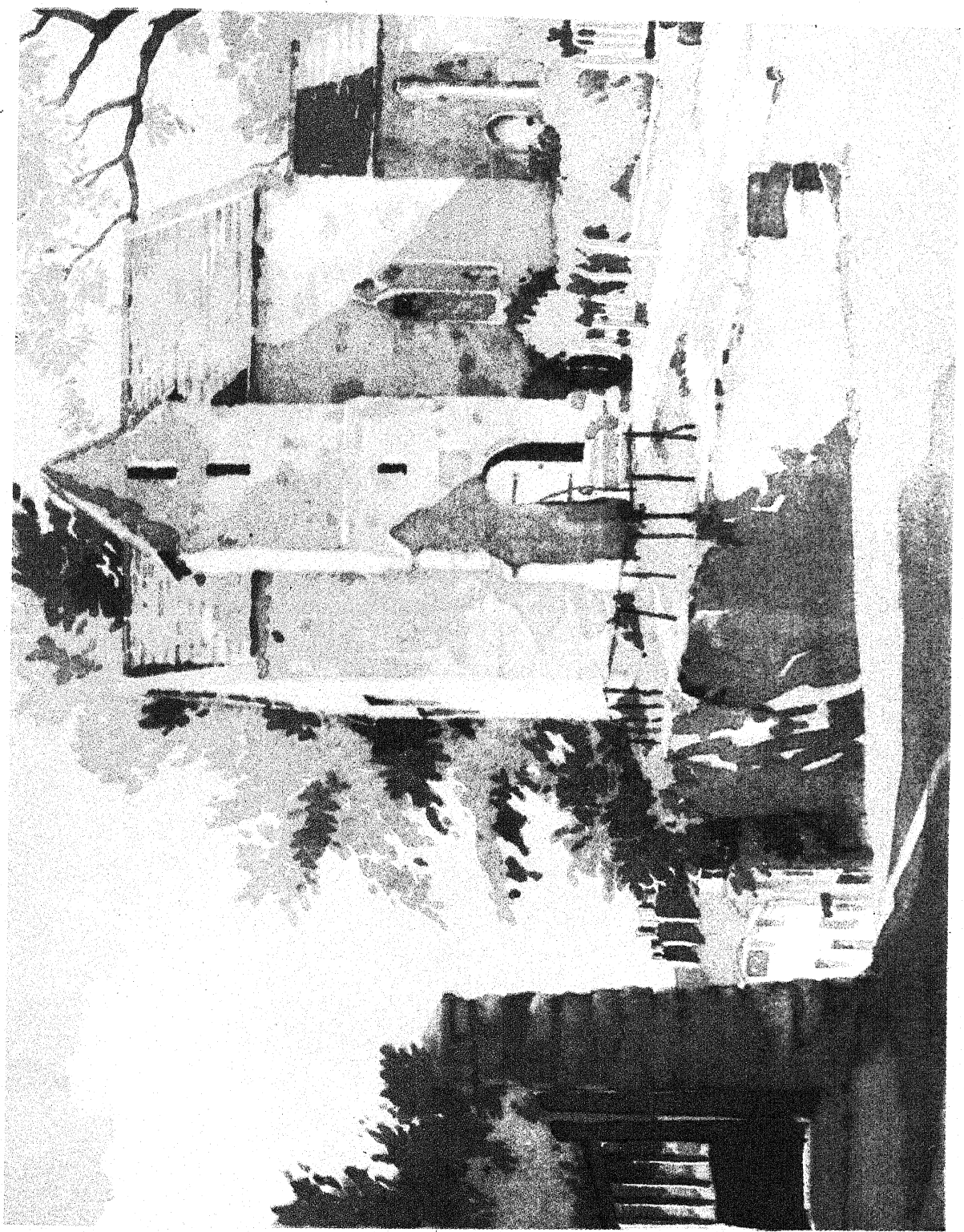
S. S. Longley

An abbot of the late seventh century is credited with the beginnings of the first church on this site, on the northern wall of the town. He was about to sail for foreign parts and, while the ship waited in Swanage Bay for a favourable breeze, the good man had nowhere to say his prayers. The English climate, so much maligned, relented and the abbot sailed before the building could be completed, but even in its roofless state it was recognized and respected by the storms, so that shepherds from the adjoining fields would hurry to its open walls and stand dry through the heaviest downpour. There had been time to construct a projection above the altar and this, the old chronicler tells us, foiled the less reverential birds.

The existing church shows signs of the work of the tenth or eleventh, as well as of several succeeding centuries. The wall-paintings, dating from the early twelfth century, have been revealed by Professor E. W. Tristram. Such beauties have to be seen; there are other points of interest and mystery better suited to description. Thus, the church is diminutive. It has no pews; from the chairs, one deduces that the congregation is not expected to surpass eighteen, nor could many more be accommodated. In 1736 it was closed for worship, though marriage and baptismal services continued to be held there, and it remained closed for 200 years; the timbers are still grey with mould. After it had been shut for fifty or sixty years, it was chosen, for reasons now hard to guess, as the resting-place of a local doctor and his wife who had died, he 'of an apoplectic fit', she 'of a typhus favour'.

It is, though, another monument which now magnetizes the eye; which seems at the first quick, amazed glance, as one inserts oneself through the south door into the atmosphere of extreme venerability, to fill the northern half of the grey building with its immense new whiteness. Nor is its size the supine effigy's only astonishment; there is, across the floor of the primitive church, an immediately proclaimed likeness, an unbelievable yet undeniable encounter. Here lies, carved by Mr. Eric Kennington in stone, T. E. Lawrence in Arab dress, a *kaffye* round his head, a camel's saddle beneath it, a whip beside him, the hilt of a curved dagger gripped in his hand; in attitude a Crusader, in trappings a Saracen.

Lawrence knew, and was well known, in Wareham. His cottage was at Cloud's Hill, a few miles away.

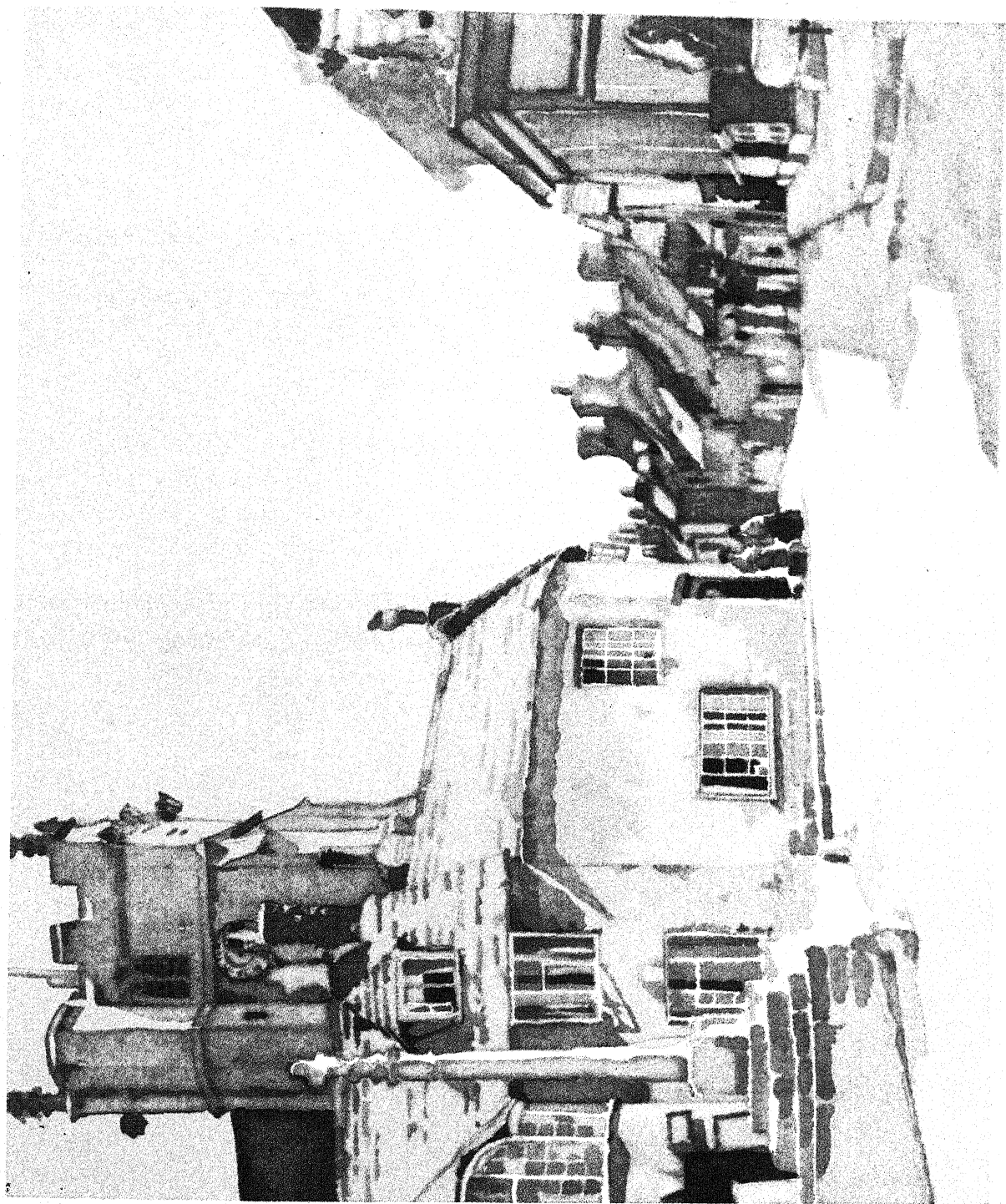


WEST STREET, CORFE

S. S. Longley

In renown, as in site, the village of Corfe is dominated by the ruins of the famous castle towering above it. It is often alluded to as Corfe Castle, and doubtless arose as an appendage to it, and declined with it, though more slowly; for Defoe (who may well have refreshed himself at the inn which welcomes us to-day) speaks of 'a large Market-Town, call'd *Corf*, and from the famous Castle there, the whole Town is now call'd *Corf-Castle*, it is a Corporation, sending Members to Parliaments'. More recently, it has even been compared to an aged spaniel, past work, gazing up at its owner; but the author of that comparison lived in London.

The ancient village, built and roofed with grey stone, is full of charm and, in spite of the disturbance of the Swanage road, of peace. Its other road, the quiet one, is seen here from The Square. The graveyard of the church (St. Edward King and Martyr) is hidden, a smooth, unencumbered lawn, with the tombstones standing round the edge, like soldiers forming a hollow square; both church (St. Edward was murdered in the Castle in 978) and churchyard are well kept and of exceptional beauty; yet no one can resent the old house which spoils the view of them. Of the three or four probable explanations of the stone cross, the right one turns out to be the Diamond Jubilee.

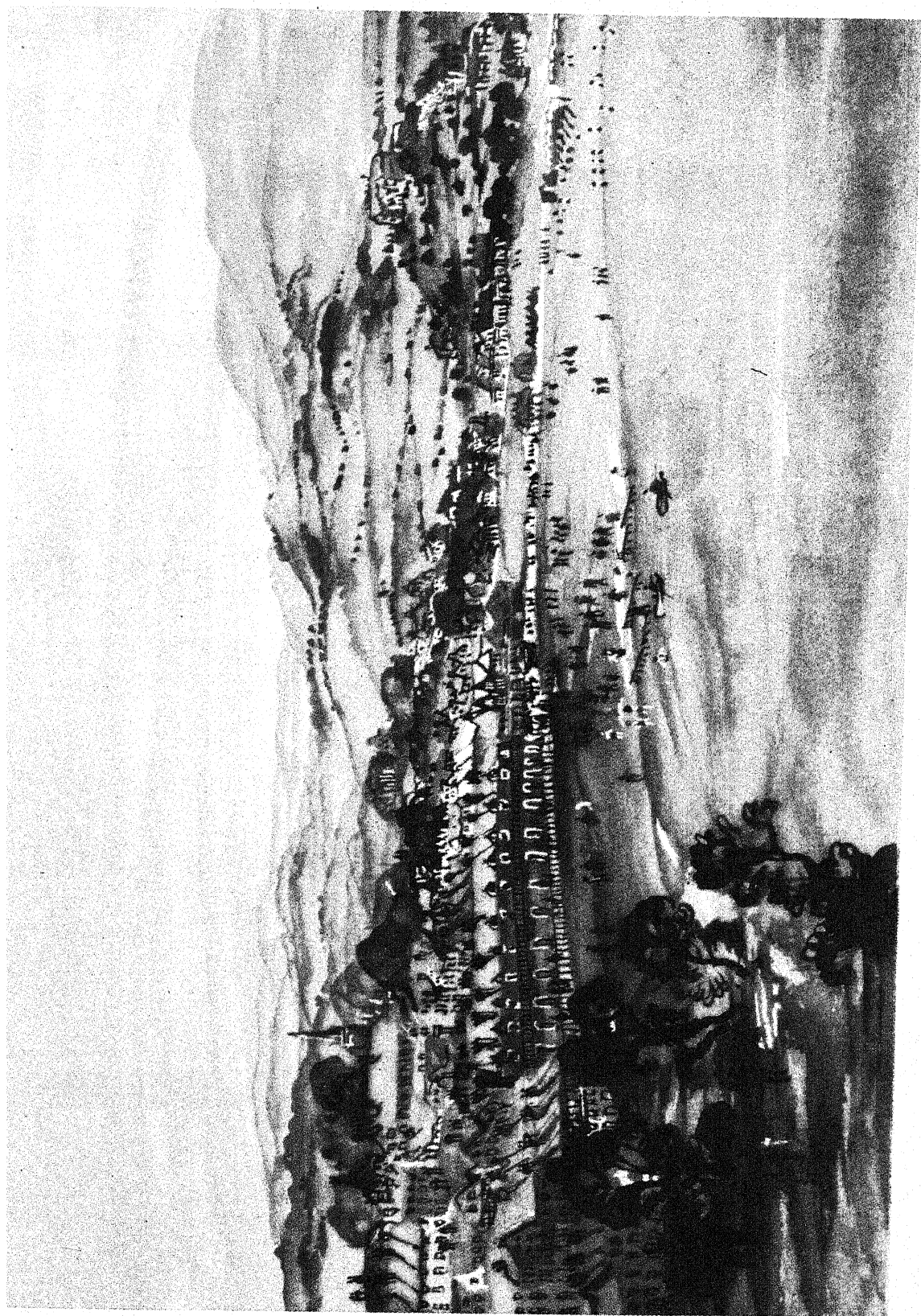


SWANAGE

Eve Kirk

Swanage stands on a bay less imposing than Weymouth's but no less, perhaps even more, beautiful. However, no royalty came its way since James I hunted deer in the neighbourhood; it had no luck in catching the eye of the eighteenth century or avoiding the eye of the nineteenth; and it has been recorded for the sake of its setting rather than itself. It is growing so fast that even the setting cannot be taken for granted.

To get the fine view shown here, one must clamber up to a point near the Grosvenor Hotel and look north and west at the hills hiding Studland and Poole and stretching to Corfe and Wareham, slopes as beloved by the walking tourist as they are exciting to the geologist. This is the Isle of Purbeck, whence came much of the stone used in Salisbury, St. Paul's, and other cathedrals, in countless churches, and (until recently) in the London pavements. When, to meet the needs of the expanding Swanage, iron posts were planted at the ends of alley-ways and elsewhere, the inhabitants sometimes noted with wonder that they were marked 'St. Anne's, Soho', or 'St. Martin's in the Fields'. It is assumed that the contractor or carrier from Swanage, finding a London street already 'up' and awaiting his Purbeck stone, sometimes returned with a souvenir.



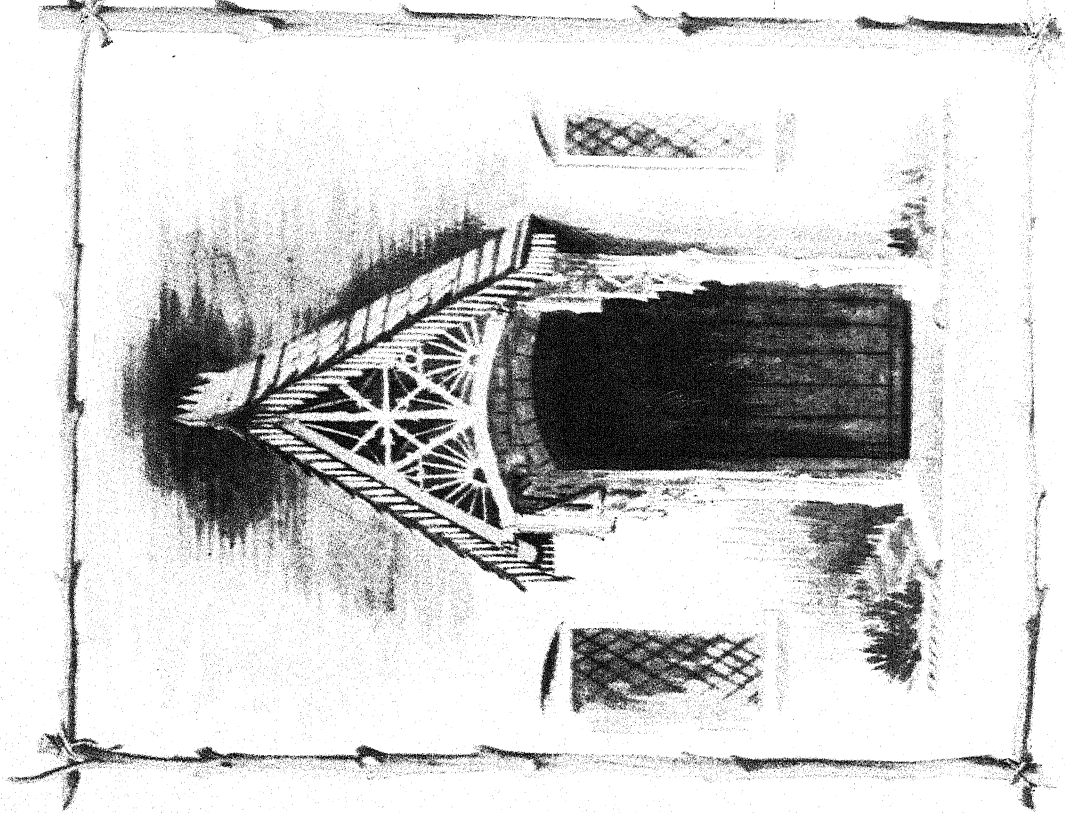
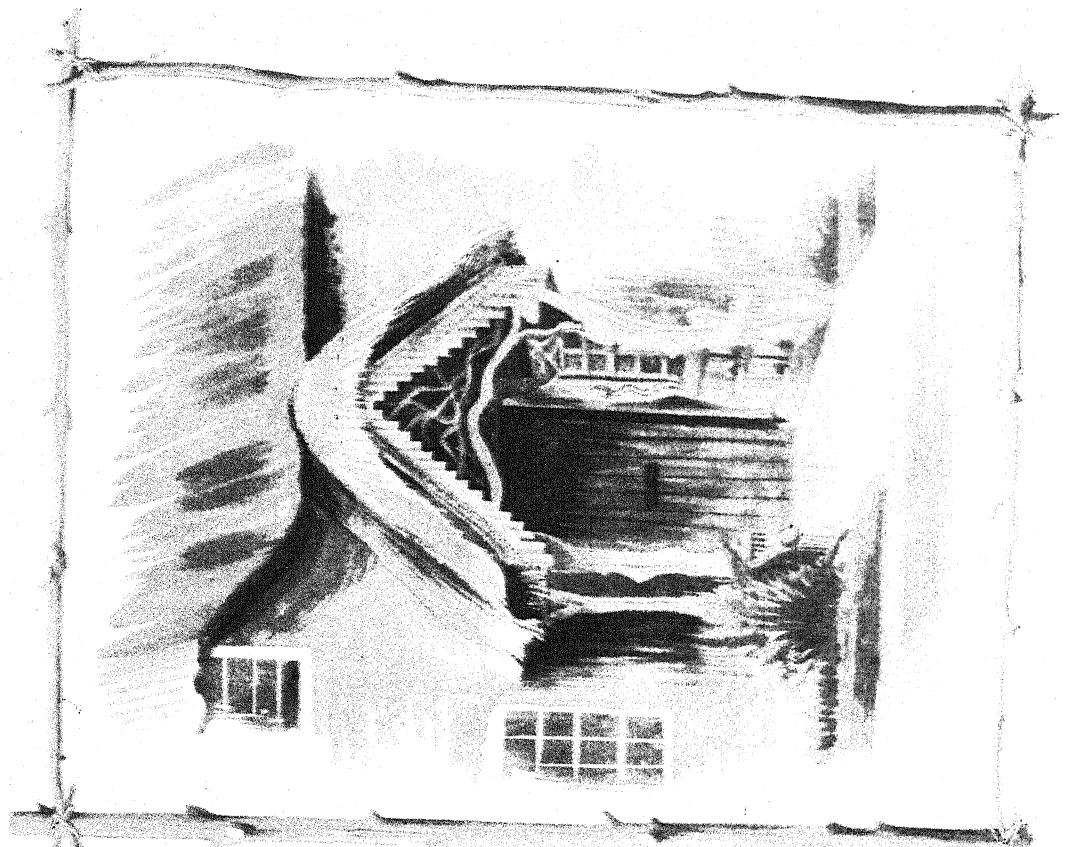
COTTAGES, CANFORD MAGNA

Barbara Jones

On inheriting title and property in 1852, Sir Ivor Bertie Guest began by making a number of alterations to the big house, then presently turned his attention to the village. It was to be a model village, in manners as well as appearance, and so the public-house was replaced by a school and a mortuary chapel. That was in 1866; between 1870 and 1872, two rows of cottages were built for the estate workers, at a weekly rental of one shilling. In private landau or public wagonette, visitors to Bournemouth would drive over and find edification in the spectacle of an honest peasantry being almost visibly uplifted.

The rustic porches are a later embellishment, the work of a thatcher, John Hicks, 'a small man with a long whiskered face who lived at Kinson, three miles away. . . . Each porch was the result of many weeks' work, beginning with a twisted branch or knot, nailed up and left while Hicks disappeared for days together to collect oak boughs of suitable shape for his idea. . . . Obviously he took immense pains over it, as no wood has been pared down, and the exactness of diameter and curve is remarkable, with even knots and projecting twigs deliberately arranged.' Most of this work was done for two groups of four cottages apiece; each group has lost one cottage and now consists of three. At first, as can be seen from the porch on the right, taken from his earlier group, he was faithful to his thatching. 'All these three porches have some part strictly geometrical and some part filled with carefully chosen but quite unsymmetrically writhing branches.' Their little adornments and variations (no two porches are the same) are too numerous to describe; but the economy of wood and the economy of nails must be noted. Everything is as tight, firm, and snug as it was on its first day, sixty years ago.

The porch on the left belongs to the later group: no thatch, a stricter geometry, a greater elaboration of the side-pieces, but still the little conceits and exuberances. Hicks's cottage work dates from 1883 to 1898. Sometimes, in old gardens, one can still rest on wooden benches constructed, though more clumsily, by craftsmen sharing his ideals and working for patrons of his generation; but, until a better is discovered, Hicks may be accepted as the most gifted exponent of a minor, and a vanished, Victorian folk-art. In an article written and illustrated by herself and printed in the *Architectural Review* for April 1944, the artist has caught up all that is left of the story of John Hicks. From her admirable account come the passages quoted above.



HAMPSHIRE

Artists

BERNARD ADAMS

GEORGE BISSILL

A. C. BOWN

RAYMOND T. COWERN, A.R.W.S.

FERDINAND GRAY

L. ROME GUTHRIE

THOMAS HENNEL, R.W.S.

VINCENT LINES, R.W.S.

FREDERICK MAGER

W. P. ROBINS, A.R.W.S.

THE Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry composed their rivalries and, like the linked figures in an outfitter's advertisement, stood in united and non-cultural guardianship against recording in Hampshire. They did not bar the whole county, and forty-seven paintings were eventually completed—a respectable total in the circumstances. But from beginning to end there were areas—anyone can guess where they lay—in which the work of recording was impossible, as well as others where it was only just, or only sometimes, possible.

Though, in fact, the group includes drawings made in all parts of the county except the vicinities of Southampton, Portsmouth, and Aldershot, most of the work took place inside a central and almost equilateral triangle, Petersfield–Odiham–Andover. It is a large triangle and, whatever the reader may feel, the artists suffered little from a sense of restriction as they worked their way through the lovely, unexploited villages so rich in character and tradition. True to form, we abstained from recording the best known of these, Gilbert White's Selborne and Jane Austen's Chawton. Mr. Line's view of Buriton hardly amounts to a weakening, for Gibbon has not, like the two authors just mentioned, become the focus of a cult or the inspiration of pilgrims. For the same reason, we should have been glad to have included Boldre, the home for so many years of White's contemporary fellow naturalist, fellow clergyman, the Reverend William Gilpin. But Boldre is within four miles of the Solent.

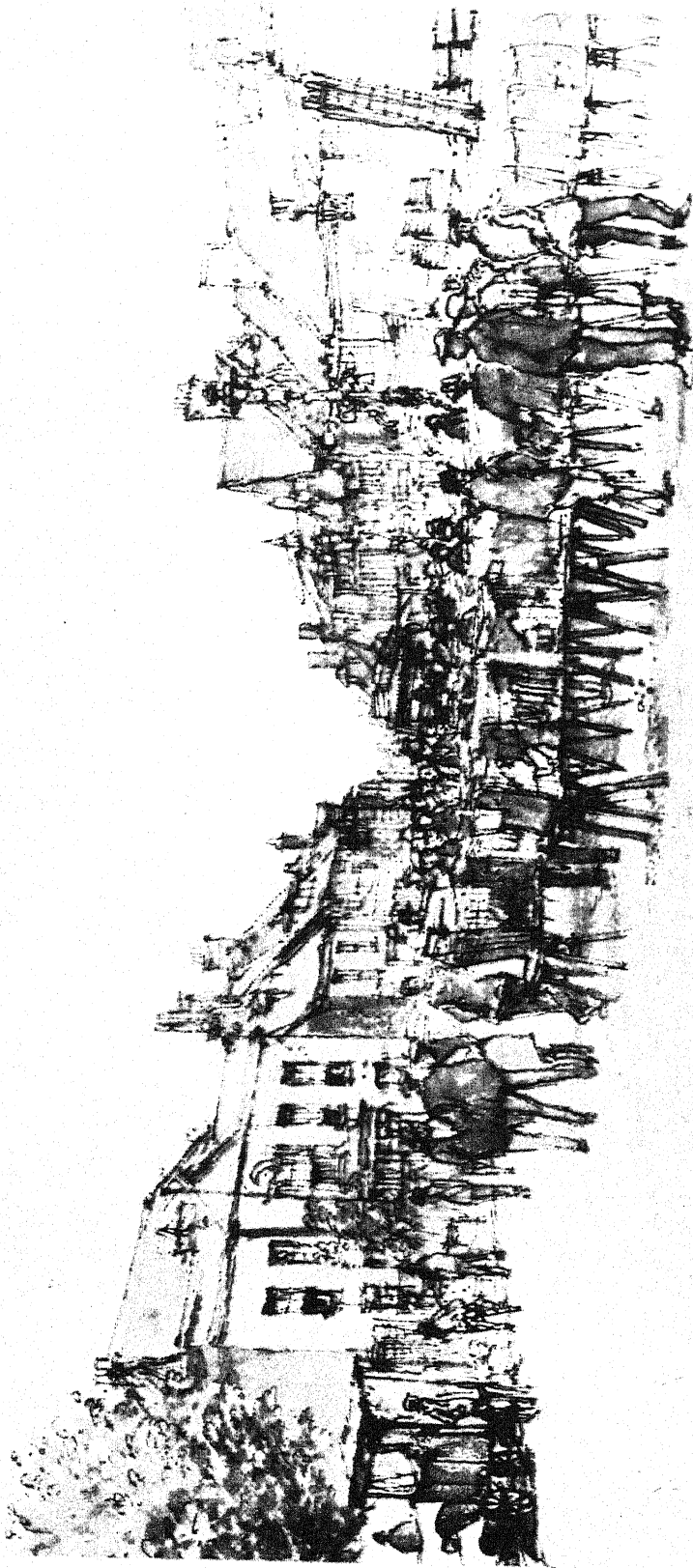
With perhaps the single exception of St. Cross, nothing of 'importance' will be found in the pages which follow; on the other hand, these volumes have not anything to show more expressive, as a group, of the life of rural communities in England. Readers will see, in particular, how happily the centres of Froyle and Buriton compose themselves into a picture. Though these are the only two examples here offered, the county is full of others no less satisfying. The spectacular things in Hampshire are, for its size, comparatively few; the number of delights to which guide-books give no clue, the number of discoveries to be made, is unusually large.

MARKET PLACE, RINGWOOD

Raymond T. Covern, A.R.W.S.

An important cattle-market lies out of sight on the left, behind the church of SS. Peter and Paul. The scene portrayed here is the street market, with the stalls grouped together in an open space, the usual practice in country towns. The arrangement shown at Newmarket in Suffolk, with stalls lining the two sides of the street, is more common in London than the provinces.

So far, Ringwood has escaped the degradations undergone by neighbouring areas of the New Forest—dreadful developments whose first, barely perceptible signs did not escape the notice of William Gilpin a hundred and fifty years ago—and remains an old and pleasant country town. If the fate of the two eighteenth-century residences on the left of the market-place is not entirely assuring—one occupied by the Ministry of National Insurance, the other empty—the old buildings opposite, surrounding the *Red Lion*, are still happily and commercially employed. Probably the newest feature of the picture is the fountain or drinking-trough whose high, iron post, hung with nine notices hortatory, menacing or merely directive, has a look of carrying (if only one could get near enough to read it) a plaque commemorating one of the Jubilees.



Ringwood Market. R.T. Gower - 1941.

STOCKBRIDGE

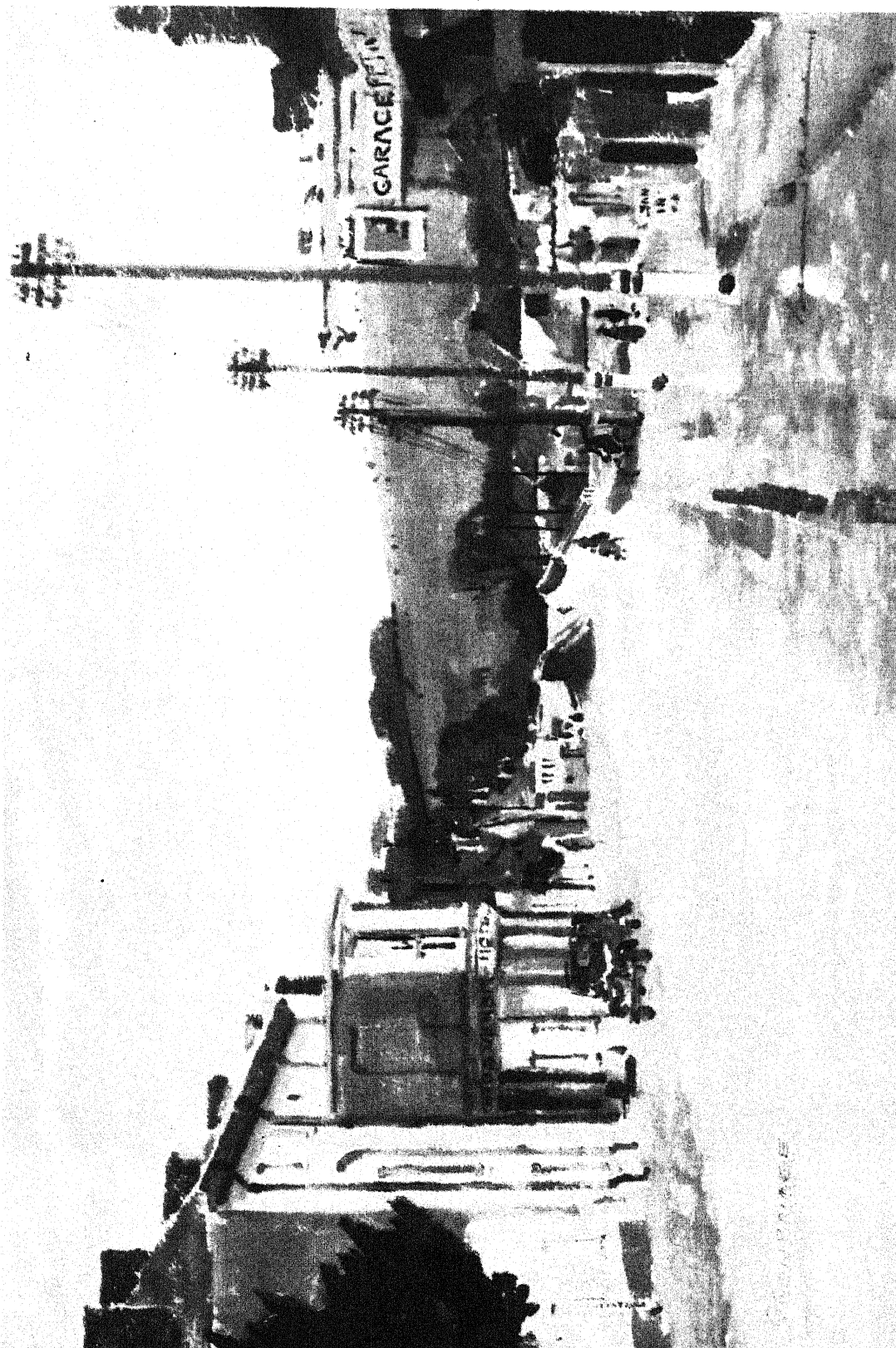
Bernard Adams

At the west end of Stockbridge runs the Test, and five tributaries, as limpid and lively as their parent, pass under the main street. Here, or in the direction of Houghton, two miles away, is 'capital trout-fishing'; and the Houghton Fishing Club, perhaps the most famous and exclusive assembly in the dry-fly world, has its headquarters in the beautiful old room over the projecting porch (1822) of the Grosvenor Hotel.

Compilers of guide-books have a happy knack of amassing information without forfeiture of innocence. The 1898 edition of Murray's *County Handbook* declared that there was 'nothing to delay the tourist unless he be a brother of the angle', yet half the adult population of the country would then have set Stockbridge very high on a list of places they wished to see. It was, and had long been, a little Newmarket. Gibbon was at the races there in 1759, and 'was not displeased with the sight of our Olympic games'. A century later John Day and his son, the local trainers, had upwards of 100 horses in their stables, with the Duke of Beaufort and the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings among their owners. Kate Day married Tom Cannon and became the mother of 'young' Tom, Mornington, and Kempton Cannon; and her husband, when his riding days were over, succeeded to her father's establishment. He became proprietor of the racecourse and also of the Grosvenor Hotel, where he died in 1917. His portrait, painted by Harry Hall in 1867, hangs in the lobby.

When he was old and failing he used to sit, it is told, in the club-room over the porch and watch his long string of horses going by. As great a trainer of jockeys as of horses, he had been in his youth no less renowned in the saddle; he had looked between the ears of Amphion, Isonomy, Ormonde, Bendigo, Robert the Devil, Shotover, and Pilgrimage. George Lambton's engaging autobiography is full of stories of the man whom, he says, Fred Archer considered the most beautiful and finished of his rival jockeys. 'There was a tremendous race for the Two Thousand between Galliard and Goldfield, Archer and Cannon riding. It looked much like a dead-heat, but Archer and Galliard had it by a short head. I asked Archer after the race if he thought he had won. "I don't know whether the horse won," he said, "but I know I beat Tom; he sits back when he finishes, and I sit forward, and you know that may just catch the judge's eye."'

Steele wooed the electors of Stockbridge but, having failed to send 'an apple stuck full of guineas', as promised, to the bailiff's wife, was advised to keep away.



ST. CROSS HOSPITAL, WINCHESTER

Ferdinand Gray

St. Cross is in so little danger of neglect or ignorant injury that the acquisition of this water-colour may well be considered a luxury if not an act of defiance; it would be hard to find a place where tradition and custom meet with more honour. By strange chance, however, the lovely quadrangle seems to have been ignored by the great recorders, even by Turner, and though there are in our museums many old drawings of St. Cross, most of them are of details—a doorway, a handle, a carving, tracery—or at best obey that favoured title ‘distant prospect’. A novelist (Trollope, *Barchester Towers*) has recorded St. Cross more fully than any of the painters.

Mr. Gray’s picture shows the north transept of the flint church, now in its eighth century, and the ambulatory, some 300 years younger—the Brethren’s wet-weather walk, built of brick, stone, and flint. The long upper story is the old infirmary; its end window gave on to the church.

All relevant guide-books offer their accounts of the twelfth-century foundation, and there is no need to relate here the long, romantic story still visible and tangible in the black gowns of some of the Brethren and the plum-coloured gowns of the others, and in the ‘Crutch’ Cross of St. John of Jerusalem which adorns them all. But since people who know nothing else about St. Cross have heard of its hospitality, they may like to know that, amid the austerities and shortages of our era, it has been clung to and prevails.

‘Not a stranger, from the days of King Stephen to the present hour, on presenting himself at that wicket, but was, and is, entitled to receive bread and beer. Accordingly, the horn, a genuine vessel of the good old times, no glass or crockery of these artificial days, was produced, and the eleemosynary bread; and we ate and drank, and praised great Harry de Blois, and the porter, that the bread they gave was good bread, and the beer good beer, for, sober itself, it would keep all who drank it sober, so that even a teetotaller, though a kind of creature unknown to De Blois and his times, might taste it with a conscience, and no weary wayfarer need dread its bewildering him on his journey’ (Wm. Howitt, *Experiences*).



Dis

Frederick Henry 1921

San Francisco, California

ST. THOMAS STREET, WINCHESTER

Raymond T. Cower, A.R.W.S.

Once it was known as Calpe Street; and then it lost the church from which it took its present name, though the churchyard still stretches behind the railed wall on the left. Made up of such events, the history of the thoroughfare is not sensational. Just outside the orbit of the Cathedral Close, and some way from the site of Wren's Royal Palace (which Charles II did not live, and Anne could not bring herself, to complete), St. Thomas Street has had a quiet existence. The cupola at the end, the wooden turret, surmounted by leaded dome, gilt ball and wind-vane, overlooks the High Street and marks the old Guild-hall or Town-hall, still adorned with the statue of his sovereign given by George Bridges, seven times member of Parliament for the city—'Anna Regina Anno Pacifico 1713'.

Closer inspection of the houses shows that the recording was neither premature nor unnecessary. A few continue to serve as residences, the rest are occupied by a tailor, a political agent, solicitors, auctioneers, and accountants, and one is the County Court office. The open space beneath the Guild-hall has long been walled in and now shelters a bank; but the side door, in St. Thomas Street, remains, and so does the twisting wooden staircase, and the aroma of inky blots and parchment bonds which must once have pervaded the great court or chamber and is piously preserved in a three-ply warren of spaces for typists.



R.T. Croydon . 1941 .

BEECH AVENUE, LASHAM

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

On 7 October 1941 there appeared in *The Times* a letter in which Sir George D. Jeffreys, writing from the House of Commons, drew the attention of the editor and the public to the siting of an aerodrome and the consequent threat to a famous avenue of trees. 'The Ministry', he complained, 'no doubt anticipating local opposition, kept their project secret until their plans were complete, and now say that neither an alternative site nor a change of lay-out is possible.'

The same considerations of national security which had influenced the Ministry restrained Sir George from identifying aerodrome or avenue; but by the middle of the morning a number of people seemed to know that Lasham was the scene, and by the afternoon post a letter was on its way to the artist. Before his answer came, he and his hard-working bicycle were well on their way to Hampshire.

The avenue, which follows the boundary of the constituencies of Basingstoke and Petersfield and of the parishes of Lasham and Herriard, was planted by George Purefoy Jervoise, great-great-uncle of the present owner of Herriard Park. He put the trees in the ground in 1809, to celebrate the Jubilee of George III, anticipating that event by a twelvemonth. In view of the precarious state of His Majesty's health this optimism (it can hardly have been error) suggests, perhaps, that there was a formal opening of the avenue in 1810. In any case, the rejoicings were of brief duration. Within a few days of the fiftieth anniversary of his accession the death of his favourite child, Princess Amelia, completed the old king's derangement. The year of his Jubilee was the year, also, of his final mental collapse and the appointment of a Regent.

Despite the efforts of Sir George Jeffreys, four-fifths of the trees—remarkable for uniformity and beauty—were cleared away, leaving two short lengths totalling about a quarter of a mile. Interest and value have thus accrued to the drawing; but if anyone had on that score congratulated the artist, he would have met with destruction as drastic as the avenue's. The aerodrome has been acquired by a private company.



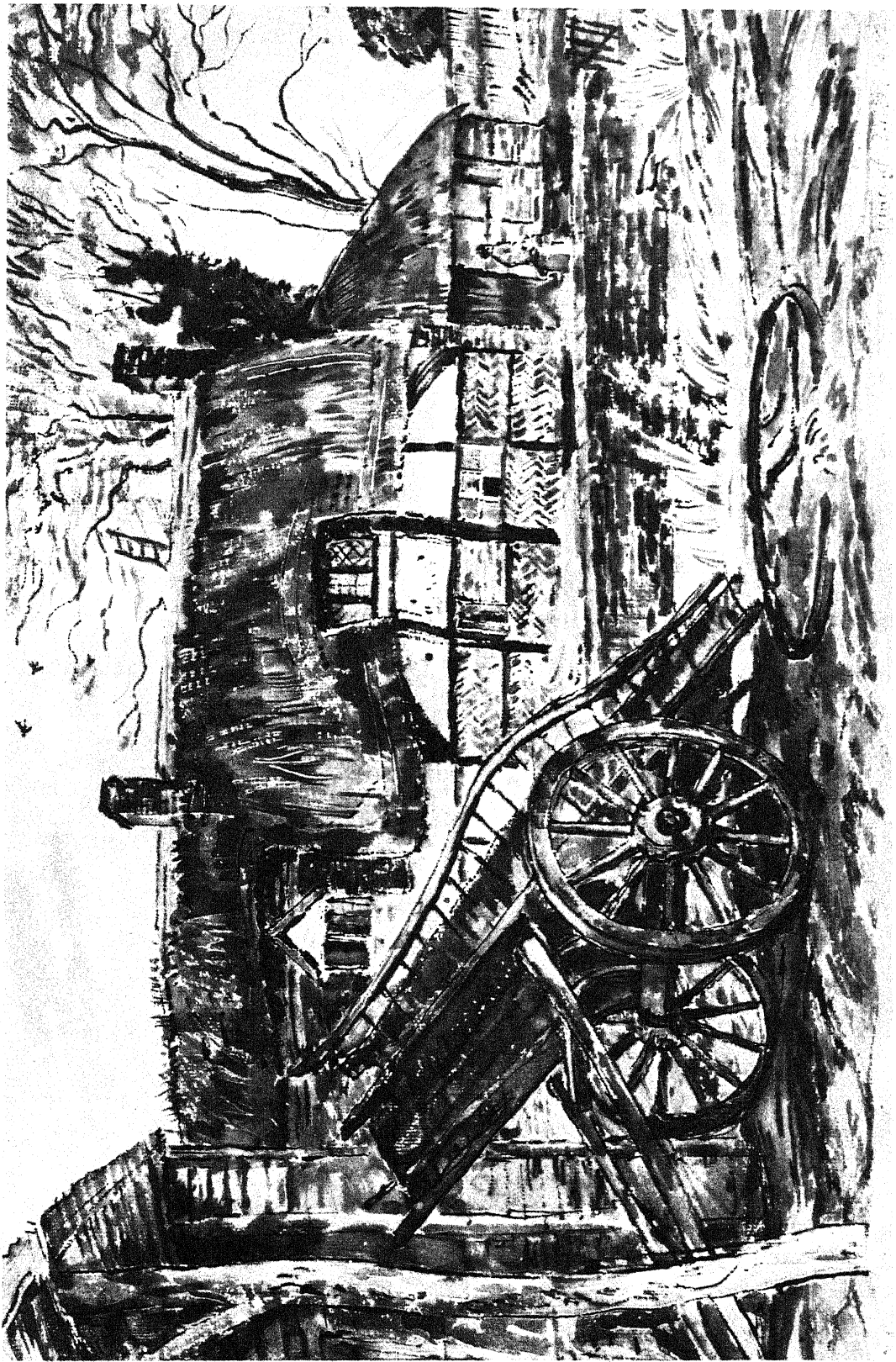
T. G. M. M.

OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE, FARRINGDON

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

On the herring-bone brick-work, the timber frames, and thatched roof Mr. Lines has supplied the appropriate comments, and there is little to be added to what he tells us. Only the barn or shed on the near side of the road, to the left of the picture, has in departing changed the scene. After ceasing to be the school, the old house was for a time a corn store. From the dangers implicit in that it was rescued, and is now a residence.

Gilbert White of Selborne (3 miles away to the south-east) must have known it well. From 1761 to 1785 he was curate of the ancient church of All Saints, Farringdon (it was spelt Faringdon then), and when he retired the publication of his *Natural History* was still four years, his death only eight years, ahead. Just after his death the Reverend John Benn became Rector (1797), and with the village of Chawton—no farther than Selborne but in the opposite direction—Farringdon forged yet another link with our literary history. The Austen family came to know Farringdon well, and Jane's letters (although, it is true, she does not mention the school-house) are full of references to the village. Here is one, in a letter written at Chawton on Thursday, 6 June 1811, and addressed to her elder sister Cassandra, then staying at Faversham: 'It was a great distress . . . that Anna sh^d be absent, during her Uncle's visit—a distress which I could not share.—She does not return from Faringdon till this even^g—& I doubt not, has had plenty of the miscellaneous, unsettled sort of happiness which seems to suit her best.—We hear from Miss Benn, who was on the Common with the Prowtings, that she was very much admired by the Gentlemen in general.—I like your new Bonnets exceedingly, yours is a shape which always looks well.'



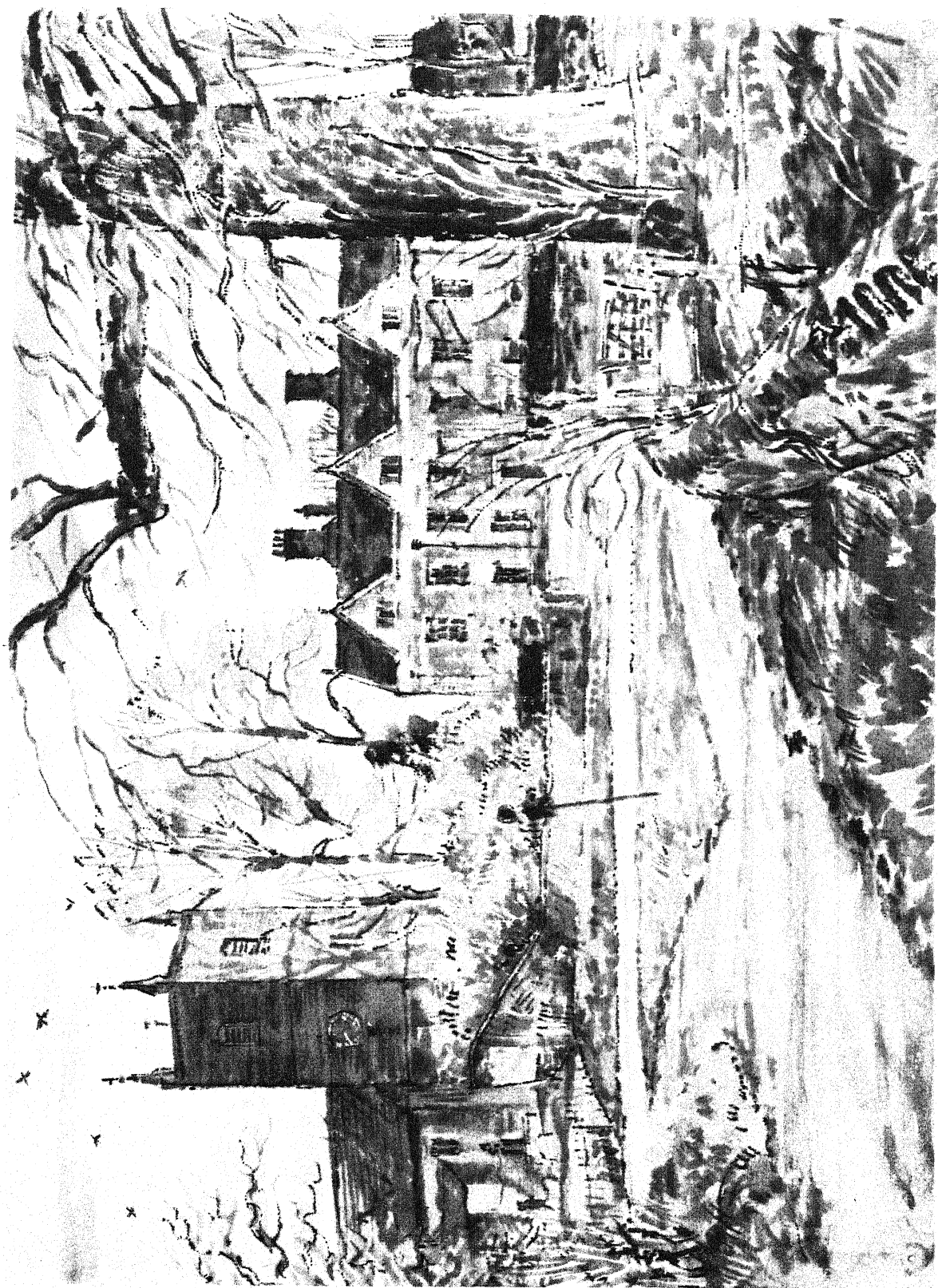
CHURCH AND HOUSE, FROYLE

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

Given a good church and, adjoining it, a good example of the big house, and any village has made a distinguished start. Many Hampshire villages are fortunate in this respect—Froyle, Chawton, and Buriton (shown later) are three in one small area.

St. Mary's was built of stone in 1340, became a predominantly brick edifice with a tower in 1722, and underwent further extensive alterations in 1812. As a result, a fourteenth-century east end is joined to an eighteenth-century west end by a nineteenth-century nave; yet all these changes of date, materials, and conceptions have produced a pleasing whole. There is a gallery, and there is a fine display of framed, heraldic paintings. The most uncommon feature, however, is the sunk choir lying two steps below the levels of nave and chancel.

Froyle Place was built, on the site of a smaller and much older house, in the memorable year of 1588. Except for those in the gables, its windows have been modernized, but in most respects it remains a handsome representative of its time. In the sixteenth century it was proper that the occupants of such a mansion should have their own direct access to the church. Though much of its significance has departed, the private entrance is still there, the custom has not lapsed.

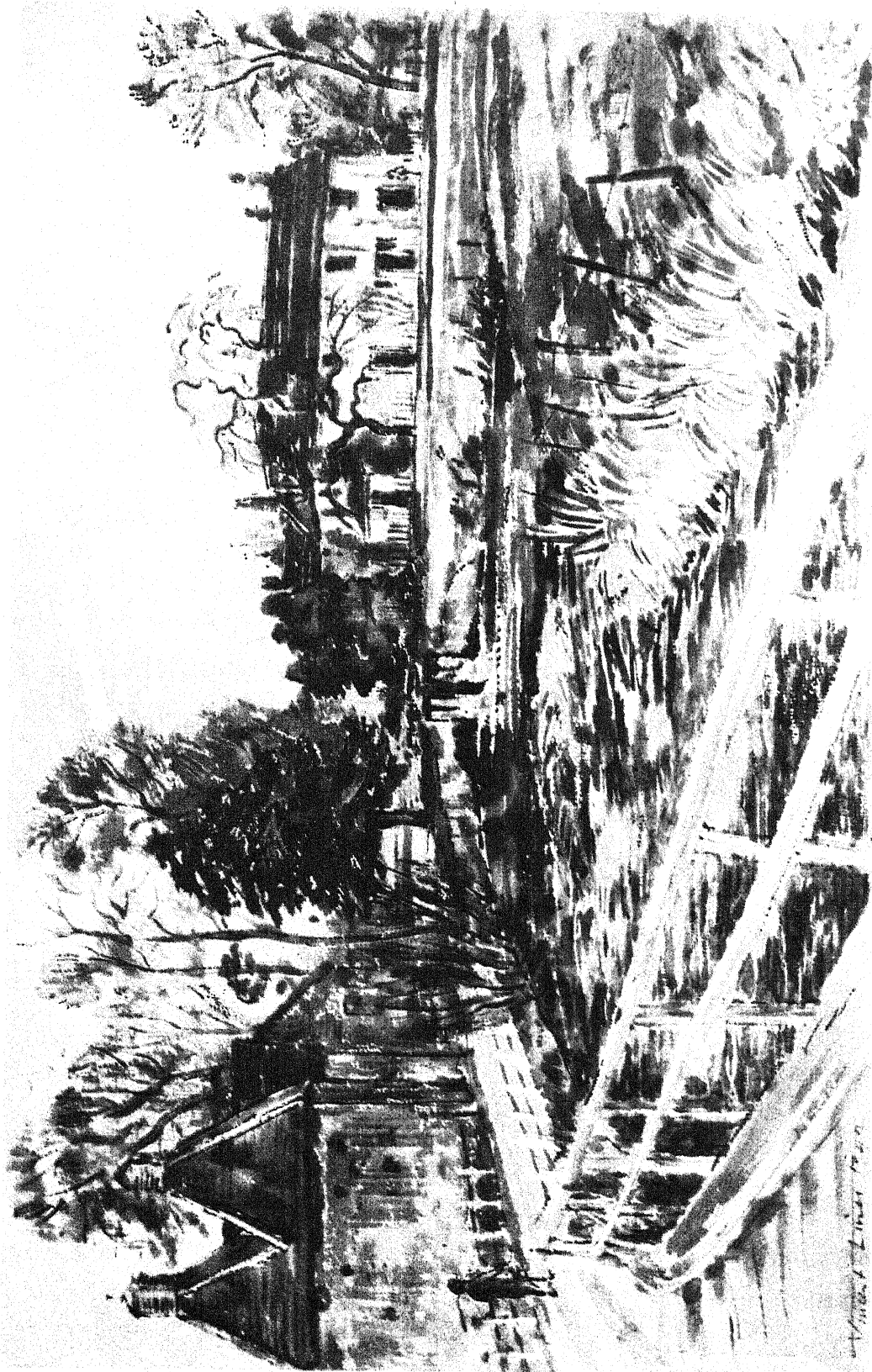


MILL-HOUSES, ISINGTON

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

Isington, near Binsted, is a very small place, barely reaching the category of hamlet. The approach on one side creeps through an exceptionally narrow, blind, and twisting lane; from the other direction the way is easier, but at the end of it stands the wooden bridge which can be seen in the left foreground. What cannot be seen here is the large board setting out the risks attendant on the passage of the rocking, reverberating planks over the waters of the Wey.

The seventeenth-century house on the right of the sluice was the original, or at least the earlier, mill-house. Later, the business was transferred to the house on the left. This, too, has now ceased to be a mill-house. Far from falling into decay it is, at the moment of writing (1948), in process of being adapted for occupation by Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery. The beauty, peace, and seclusion of the spot combine to make it, for any other owner, the perfect retreat.



St. Michael's Mission

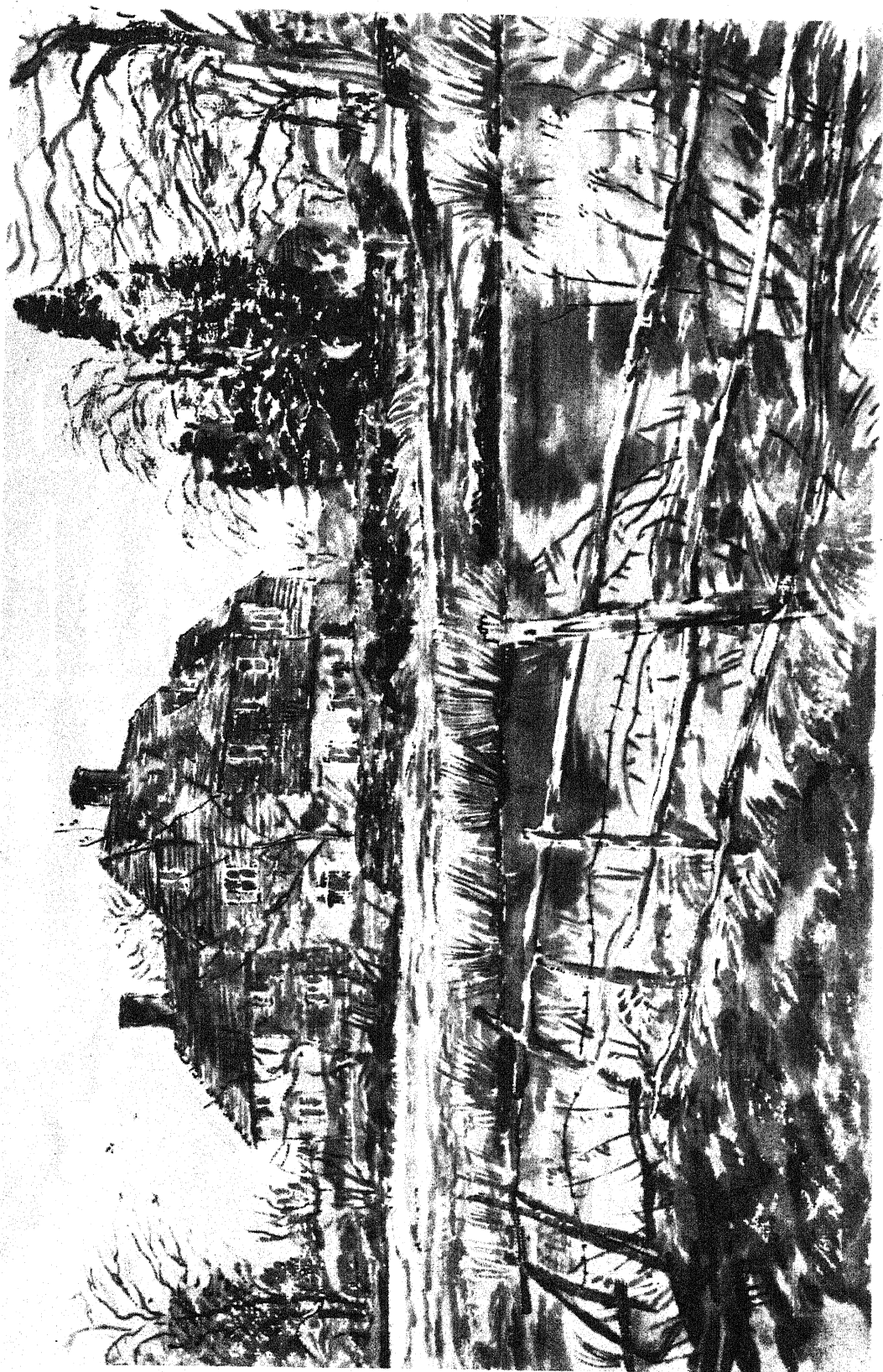
LODE FARM, KINGSLEY

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

In all old countries there are places like this—places one might pass fifty times and, because they are partly screened by trees or because their outlines and materials have found favour with modern copyists, never suspect their long history or the beauty of their weathered walls at close view.

But after one has made one's way beside the ancient out-houses and paused to admire the garden separating the house from the Oakhanger stream—a garden where the nodding flowers as well as the stone walls seem to have been tended, but never replaced, since the sixteenth century—one is more ready for the venerability of the dwelling. It is such a medley of centuries and styles—brick, timber-framed, tile-hung, &c.—that a committee of architects might pass a happy hour arguing the story of its developments, adaptations, and growth. The career of Mr. Haydon's house has been, however, not merely long; it has been regal. He believes that it began as one of King John's numerous hunting-lodges. A century later, John's great-grandson, Edward II, was using the place; if this tradition is reliable, Lode had probably continued to be a royal lodging during the intervening reigns of Henry III and Edward I. Henry VII's famous son, while still Prince of Wales, kept up the connexion, and there is a trifle of evidence to suggest that he was particularly fond of Lode—as anyone might well be.

Those great days are over. Lode has dropped out of Court circles and settled down to farming and the regular habits suited to its advancing years. The oldest part of the house is on the extreme left, where the bricks show pale against the tile-hung wall farther right.



BURITON

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

Buriton (pronounced, and formerly written, Beriton) is near Petersfield and the Sussex border. Its duck-pond, church, and manor-house form what is, even for Hampshire, a satisfactory group; and from the past emerges just the right figure to enrich the scene with distinguished associations.

From the house on the extreme left of the picture there would issue once, and sometimes twice, on the Sundays of 1758 and the following years a gentleman, a lady, and a younger gentleman; and, advancing through the opening by the gable end, they would make their way to St. Mary's. Young Mr. Gibbon, lately back from Lausanne, was now living at home with his father and stepmother. If an occasional sigh still escaped him, his new existence was not bare of compensations. Two pleasant rooms on the first floor were set aside as his bedroom and library, where he read Swift and Addison and 'breathed the spirit of reason and liberty'; his stepmother showed herself a sympathetic as well as an efficient woman; 'and from the uncleanly avarice of Madame Pavilliard I was suddenly transported to the daily neatness and luxury of an English table'. A certain amount of time, when he would have been at his desk, was wasted in conversation with callers, protracted meals, discussion of his father's involved affairs, and attendance, as the duties of her day were laid by, on his stepmother. There was also political canvassing and, worst of all, the Militia, in which he found himself a Captain. Yet he did not do so badly. Whole days were saved by his indifference to country pursuits. As he wrote to the owner of preserves on which he had inadvertently trespassed, 'I am no sportsman, Sir.'

'Since my escape from Popery I had humbly acquiesced in the common creed of the Protestant Churches' and (he was 24 years old) 'I shall continue to search for the truth, though hitherto I have found nothing but probability.' It is in this mood of well-controlled mysticism that we must think of him removing his hat as he entered the twelfth-century church. He could still save a little time by keeping, in the family pew, copies of the Testaments in Greek, wherein he followed Lessons, Epistle, and Gospel. As a boy his education had been constantly interrupted by ill health; now, in his methodical way, he was repairing the damage—that same methodical way that led him, before opening any book, to examine his knowledge of the subject-matter. He was still 24 when he 'yielded to the authority of a parent and complied, like a pious son, with the wish of my own heart' and published his *Essai sur l'étude de la littérature*, begun at Lausanne, finished at Buriton, and now 'transcribed by one of the French prisoners at Petersfield'.



SUSSEX

Artists

JACK L. AIRY
SIDNEY CAUSER
MARTIN HARDIE, C.B.E.
ALFRED HAYWARD
ROWLAND HILDER

ADRIAN HILL
A. M. HIND, O.B.E.
NORMAN JANES
CHARLES KNIGHT, R.W.S.
VINCENT LINES, R.W.S.

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., P.R.W.S.

AS we reapproach the south-eastern corner of England, the starting-point and end of our long journey, the records begin to thicken again. The coastal counties from Dorset to Suffolk were, when the first artists set out, our primary concern. This was the area most liable to invasion, and the area, therefore, from which we were most likely to be barred by considerations of national safety. Ninety-four records of Sussex were secured, a total surpassed in Greater London only.

That it is a good section as well as a large one is due, principally, to Mr. Charles Knight, a resident as well as a distinguished artist who launched the collection with an intensive, semi-continuous group of drawings such as no other contributor, except Mr. Fairclough in Surrey, ever again provided. Concentrating on the country round and between Lewes and Brighton, and working at speed in an atmosphere of suspicion or open hostility, he produced no fewer than forty water-colours of a quality which readers will appreciate without any prompting. Many of them were painted in Brighton and Hove. No places are better known. E. V. Lucas was fond of pretending that, during the last 150 years, every single Englishman of note had, at one time or another, been to Brighton, Robert Browning alone excepted. Nevertheless, full and satisfactory accounts of its history have not accumulated till recent years; artists of the past have left fewer records than might be supposed; and there are signs that the urbane splendours which have made the fortune and fame of this strip of the coast are far from safe in the hands of those who should have best reason to weigh their worth.

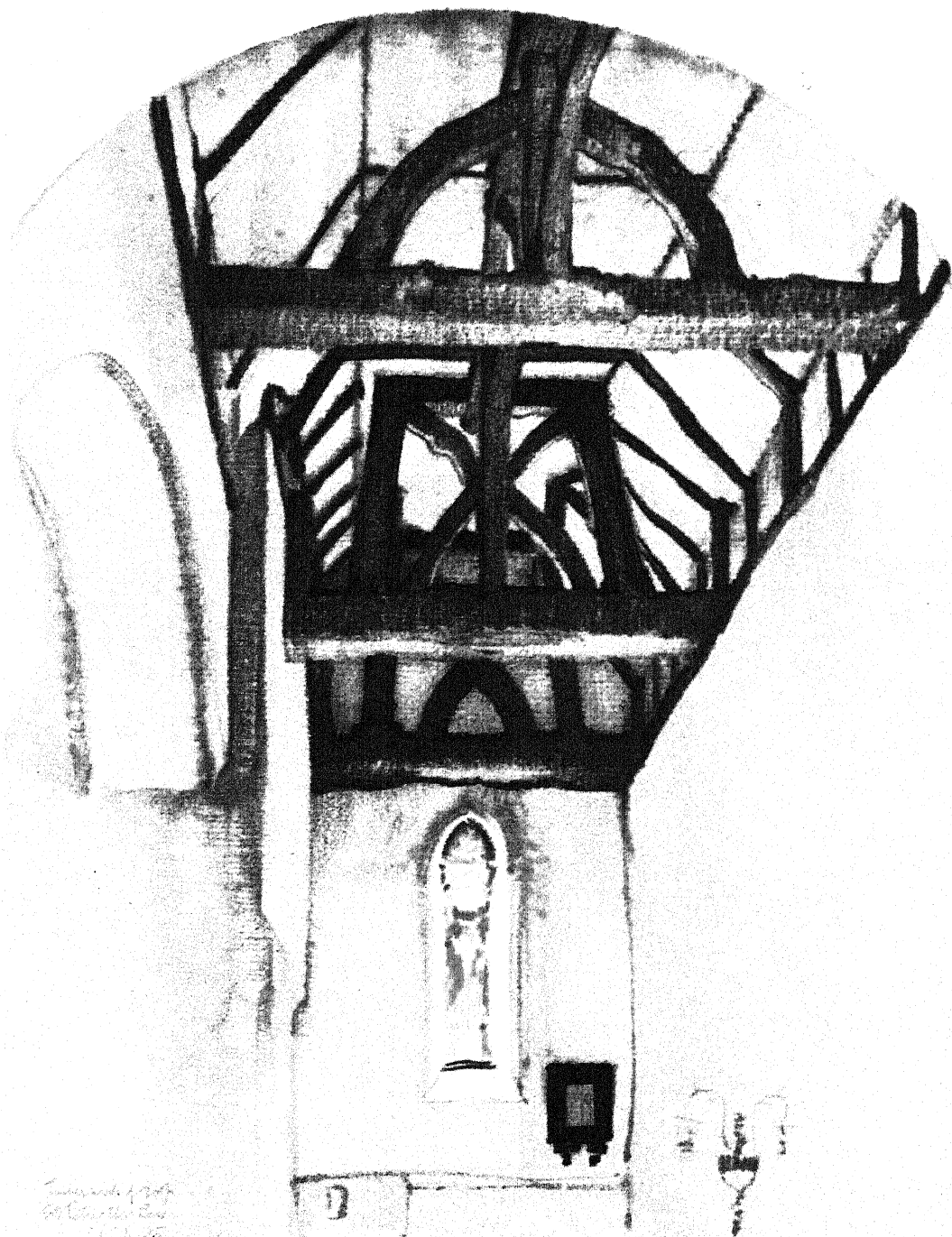
Mr. Adrian Hill worked at the two extremes of the county—Rye and Winchelsea, and from Midhurst southwards to Chichester; and the second of these areas was the scene of a group of seven pictures by the President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours who, besides giving up a holiday on Chichester Channel to the labour, gave up the results also and presented them to the collection. Mr. Rowland Hilder was, for the most part, in the country east of Lewes, and Mr. Alfred Hayward not far away, west of Battle. These artists were, with Mr. Knight, the backbone of the section; time and place kept them always near the seaboard and always under suspicion.

ST. PETER-THE-LESS, CHICHESTER

Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., P.R.W.S.

There are, in Chichester, three small churches in the same cure. One of them, St. Olave's, is so well known that a tourist searching for either of the others is liable to be assured that he has confused the names. Whereas St. Olave's receives, from both residents and annotators, as much attention as it is capable of sustaining, the church of St. Peter-the-less could bear a little more. The two buildings are very near one another in North Street, flanking the spot whereon the Romans, in their day, erected a temple to Neptune and Minerva.

St. Peter-the-less is an Early English building of stone. Its predecessor, the original church, St. Peter-sub-castro, was taken down about 1230, having only two parishioners and being judged redundant. This action appears to have been precipitate; the site had not long been vacant when the present house was consecrated. On two occasions during the nineteenth century the church was restored and (though it remains very small) 'enlarged'. But there are irregular features which suggest a complex as well as a long story, eccentricities which were certainly not created, can only have been most reluctantly left, by any nineteenth-century improver. There are rows of pews east of the arch; the arch itself is unsymmetrical. Looking west down the short nave towards the narrow window and the Gates memorial tablet, the eye is immediately caught by the curious timbers of the roof. In short, the building calls for fuller attention than antiquarians and architects, turning back to their hotels as they leave St. Olave's, seem yet to have bestowed on it. Never before (one seems safe in guessing) in its long and faithful service has it been recorded till now.



St. Michael's
Church

St. Michael's

1

MARKET CROSS, CHICHESTER

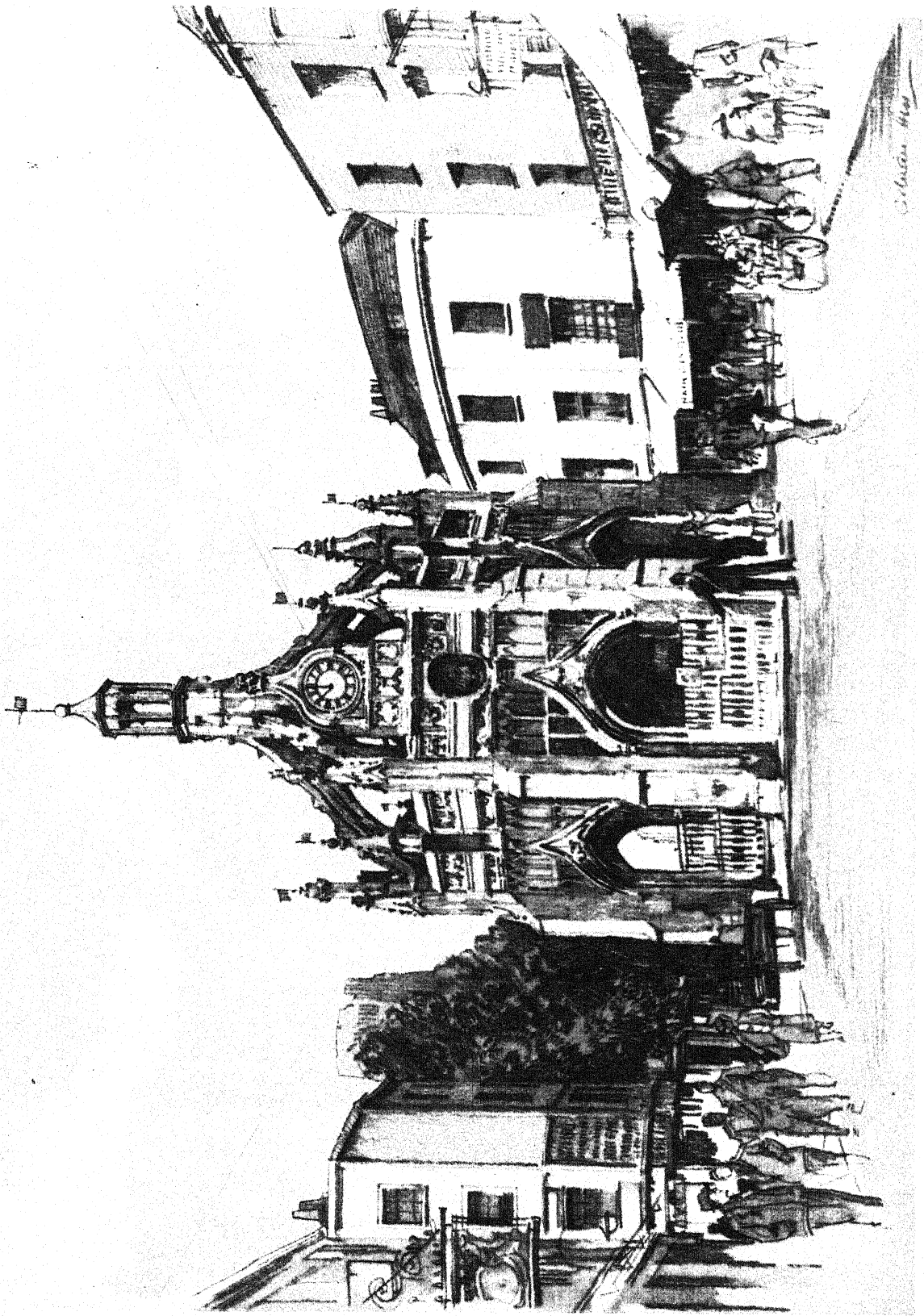
Adrian Hill

Various types of market cross have been shown in various counties, but none so large, elaborate, and ornate as Chichester's. It is, indeed, one of the most important surviving. Nearly 150 years ago John Britton observed that 'there is a degree of grandeur in the design, and elegance of execution in this, superior to any other structure of the same class in England'.

It was built by direction of Edward Storey, Bishop (under Edward IV) of Carlisle, and later of Chichester, and dates from the reign of Henry VII. In essentials it follows the fashionable pattern that was noted at Malmesbury—an open octagonal with a fan-vaulted ceiling and a central pillar surrounded by a step or seat. But in spite of the customary ecclesiastical or monastic origin of the Cross and its pre-Reformation date, the original deed contained a clause entitling poor people to sell their goods with 'no toll nor oder dutie of noo persone'. It stands at the junction of the four main streets of the city, North, South, East, and West Streets, and is seen here from East Street, a view which gives a glimpse of a unique feature, the cathedral's separated campanile.

The niches above the archways of the Cross held effigies of the founder and other bishops and, as leader or makeweight, St. George. These were wrenched out by Cromwell's men; either wantonly, or because its episcopal origin was still cogent, the soldiers did a good deal of damage to the structure. When, after the Restoration, the Cross was repaired, the founder's niche alone was refilled, a bust of Charles I being pointedly chosen for the purpose. The bust must have been lying hidden for twenty years or more, if it is, as it is said to be, the work of Francesco Fanelli. This one-eyed Florentine had been, so to speak, inherited by Charles I from his elder brother, Henry, Prince of Wales, and appointed 'Sculptor to the King of Great Britain'. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642 he made for Paris, never to return.

In the reign of George I the clock was presented by Dame Elizabeth Farrington. In the reign of George II the Cross was again repaired. The lantern has been criticized. At some unspecified date before 1800 it replaced the earlier finial, a rather cabbage-like bloom, illustrated in James Dallaway's *History of the Western Division of the County*.

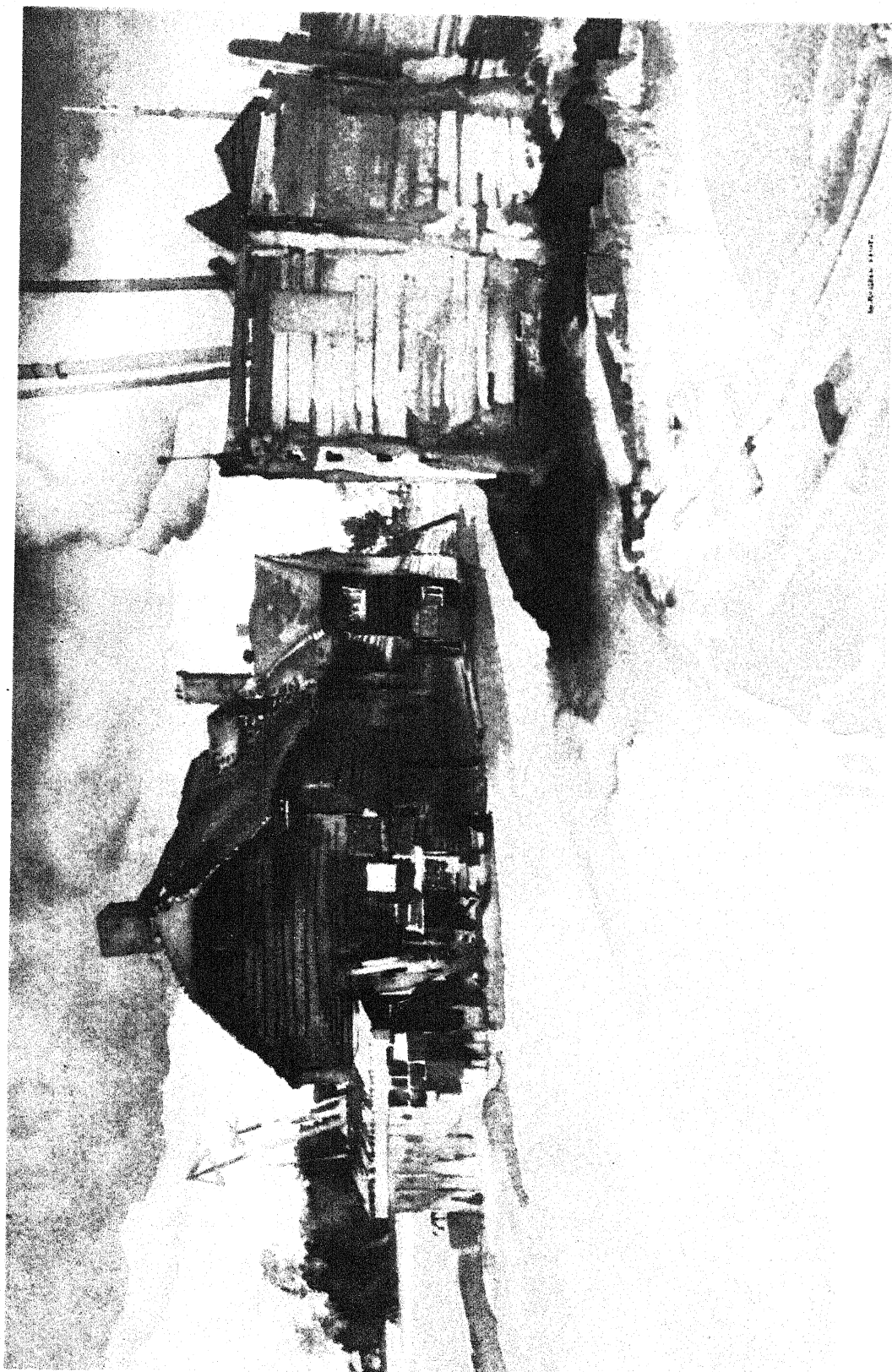


DELL QUAY, CHICHESTER

Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., P.R.W.S.

The waterways of Chichester are varied and complex, and include river and canal, creek and channel, harbour and port. Local readers will not need and others will not seek an account of them, and for our purpose it is enough to say that Dell, standing near the north end of the eastern ramification of the anchorage or harbour, was for long the port of Chichester.

It is about a mile from the city and must always have been something of a *pis aller*. Now it serves chiefly as a landing-stage for the owners of pleasure craft spending a holiday on Chichester Channel, and even in this capacity it is disintegrating. Already the palisade on the right has fallen down and the nearer of the buildings on the left has collapsed, its site now providing a small extra wharf for painting and running repairs. Dell's pretty inn, *The Crown & Anchor*, keeps its form and its clients, and a long if increasingly gentle career still stretches, no doubt, into the future. But it seems that one can say with safety, without even lowering the voice, that Dell will not again be called as once it was called a 'principal depot for landing goods'.



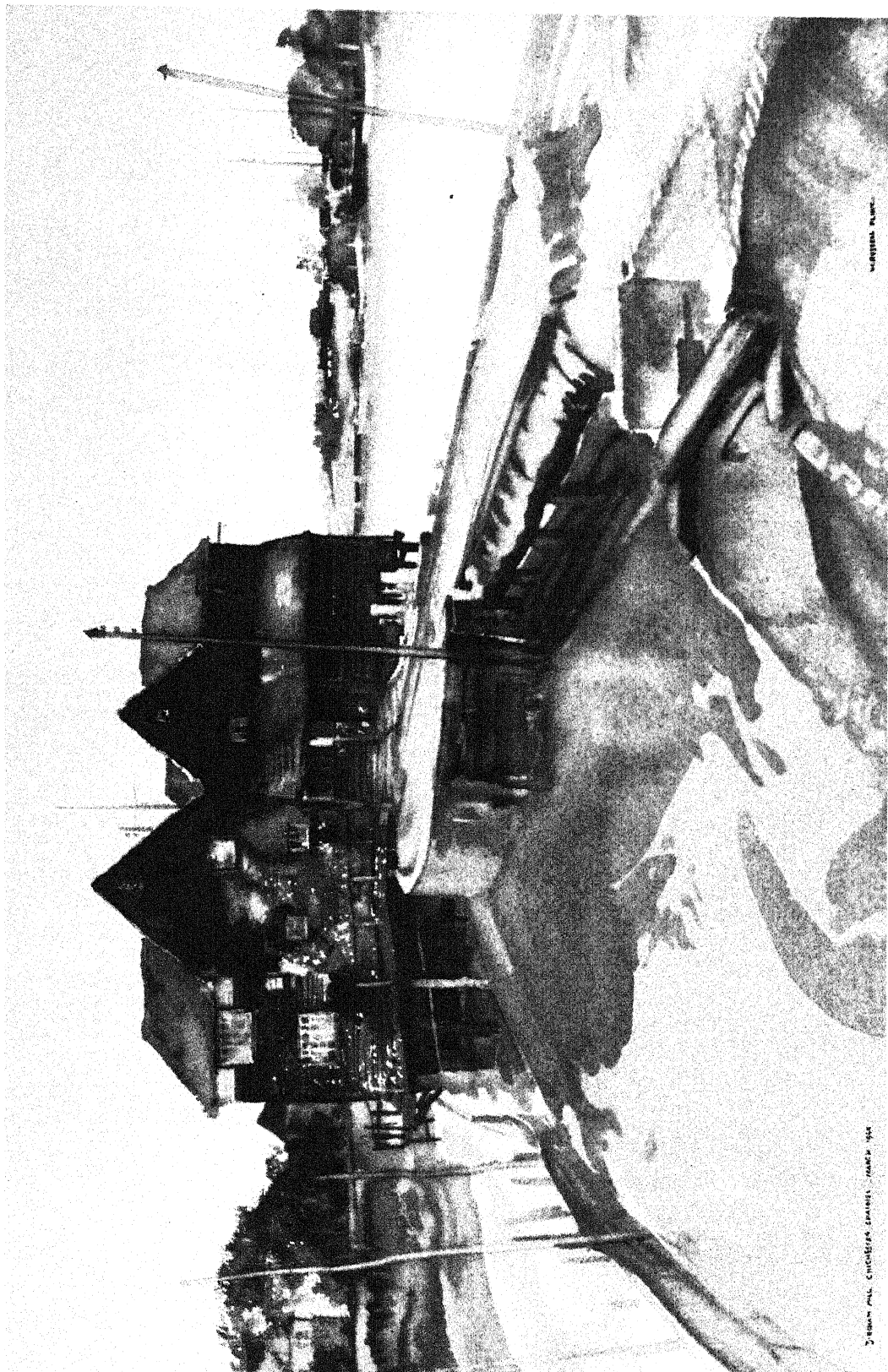
MILL, BIRDHAM

Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., P.R.W.S.

Birdham, on the same arm of the long inlet, is a mile or so south of Dell. It is a very 'old' place, it had a mill in Domesday. Birdham, like Dell, was once loud with traffic, busy with barges ascending and descending the Arundel and Portsmouth Canal. With its mill long silent and its approaches silted up with mud, it seemed to be going the same way as Dell, and rather faster.

Its recent adventures show how rash even the most obvious prophecy, such as the one just vented on Dell, may prove to be. A few years ago Birdham might have been described as frail if not senile. Now it has become a favourite centre for the yachtsmen of Chichester Channel. The old mill is the active office of their organization; on the quiet surface of the water one may see, any fine week-end, two or three hundred tethered craft, from canoes to motor-boats, from slim, eager sailing-vessels to stout water-caravans disinclined for motion and rented for that reason. The bed of the anchorage has been dredged, and the surrounding water-front is disputed by the owners of the vessels, their gear, and their parked cars. A little farther back, building (or preparations for it) provides additional evidence of Birdham's return and of its intention of remaining.

Already, in a very short space of time, this water-colour has begun to acquire an historic, over and above its intrinsic, interest and value. The old mill, or at least this side of it, is unchanged; but an air of purposefulness has stolen into the scene and has made, and will go on making, subtle alterations, each of them barely perceptible but adding up in time to something considerable, something different.



STATION MAIL CHICAGO SPAIN. MARCH 1904

STATION MAIL

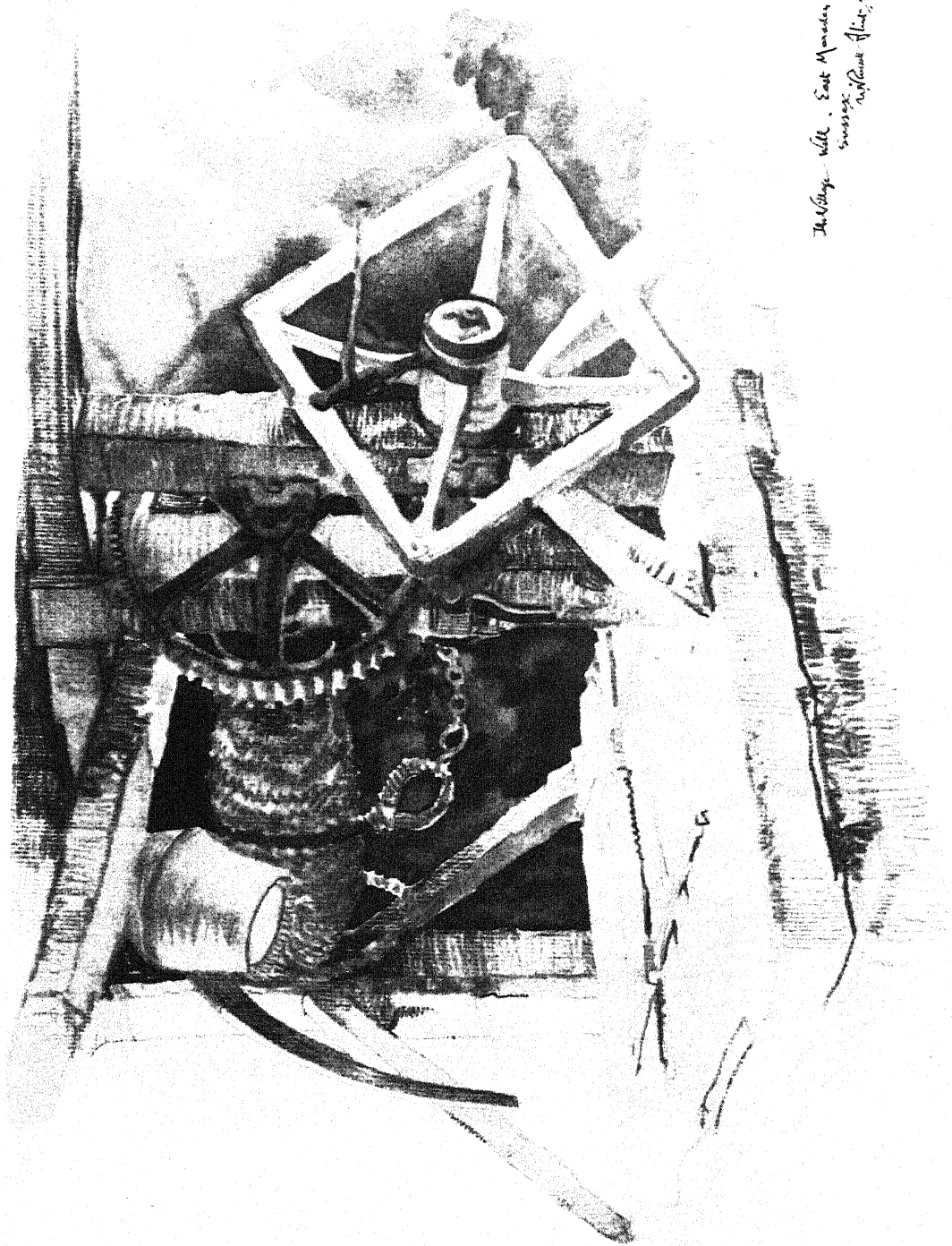
WELL, EAST MARDEN

Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., P.R.W.S.

Until 1924 the villagers of East Marden (half-way, for a crow, between Petersfield and Chichester) drew their drinking-water from this old well near the church. The water, said to have been delicious, was remote. To lower the empty bucket and bring it up full was a task occupying twenty minutes. In such circumstances the case for teetotalism must have called for novel presentation.

Since the low brick wall surrounding the well is climbable by even small children, there was a locked cover; each household had its key.

Eight gnarled, wooden posts support a conical, thatched roof, the general effect being highly decorative. But the principal object of interest is that which forms the main feature of the drawing—the square wheel. Difficult and technical explanations of its shape can be obtained from some of the older inhabitants, but they put them forward with no great confidence and move on with relief, and as soon as possible, to the claim that the wheel has not its like anywhere.



Talbury Hill, East Morden,
Sussex. R. P. Allen. Nov. 23-9-60

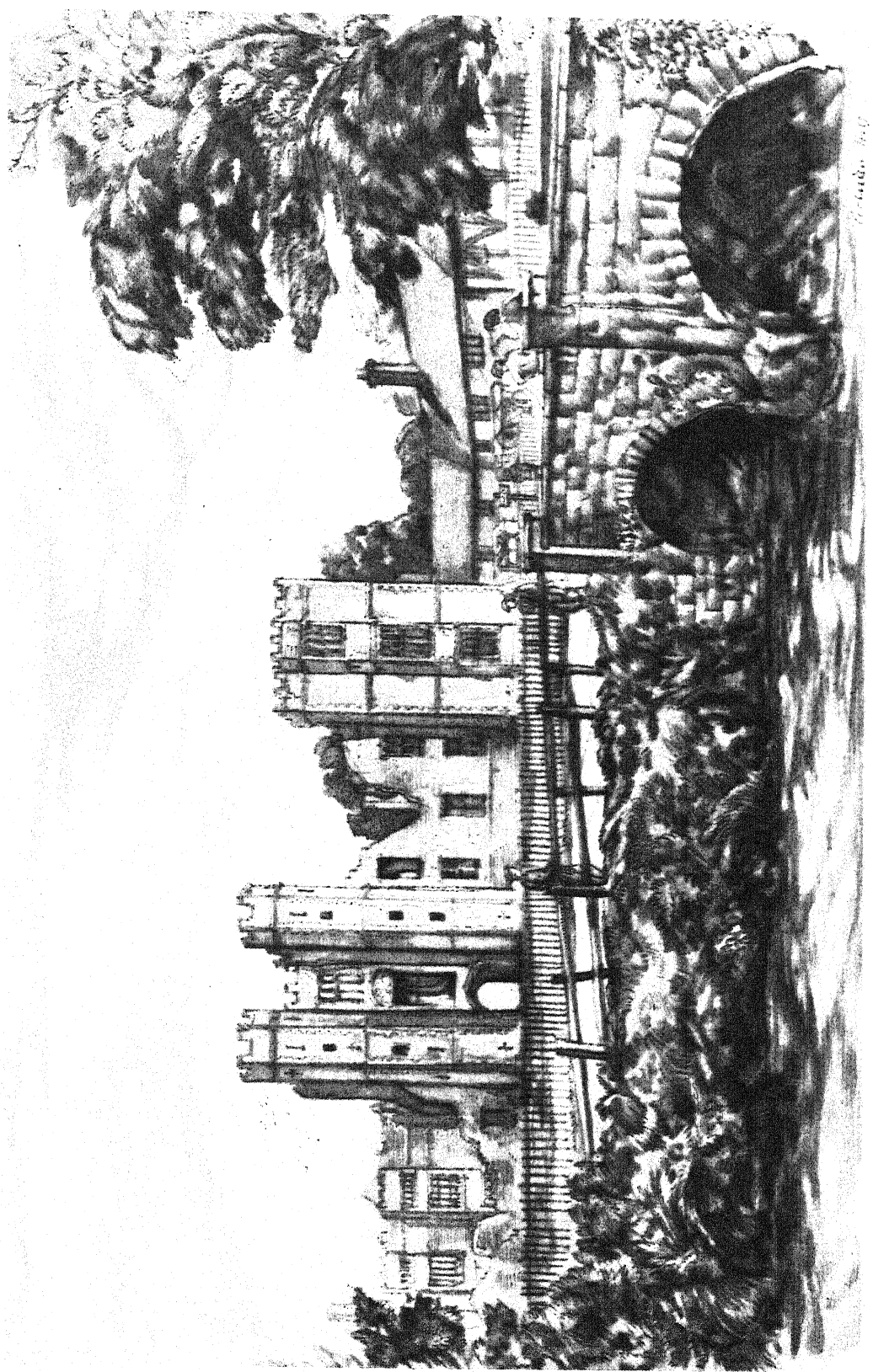
COWDRAY RUINS, MIDHURST

Adrian Hill

From the main street of Midhurst a gateway gives on to a causeway running for 500 yards between watermeads and leading, bare and straight, to the great ruin waiting beyond the bridge. The house was built about 1530 by the Earl of Southampton and was one of the largest and most splendidly furnished mansions in the kingdom. By marriage it passed to the Earls of Montague, eight of whom occupied it until, in 1793, it was devastated by fire. For 150 years it has stood preserved and never rebuilt.

In the summer of 1591 Queen Elizabeth was a visitor. She did not arrive until the evening, and after her long ride she seems to have gone to bed early, though not before undergoing a welcome as elaborate and rehearsed as the transformation scene in one of the pantomimes of old. By contrast, breakfast next morning was operatic in scale; 3 oxen and 140 geese were consumed by the company. Riding out into the park, the Queen was greeted by a nymph who sang to her and then handed her a cross-bow with which she shot 'three or four deer carefully brought within range'. After dinner, she mounted one of the towers and enjoyed the spectacle of sixteen bucks 'pulled down with greyhounds' on the lawn. That was on Monday, 17 August. The programme for Tuesday was no less active and agreeable, and 'that evening she hunted'. She was in her 59th year.

The ruins are in no danger, and the recording was made to illustrate the progress of the Great House. Examples of baronial castles have been shown in Suffolk, Yorkshire, Wales, and elsewhere; at Stokesay, in Shropshire, we have seen the fortified manor replacing the fortress. Fortification was no longer considered necessary by the noblemen of the sixteenth century, it would also have aroused royal displeasure, but a certain militarism in appearance was still fashionable. Cowdray's residential quadrangle was fronted by a gateway which could hardly have been more formidable if sieges, parleys, terms of surrender or asylum for princely refugees had been a daily possibility. The gateway and quadrangle of Cowdray are, though much larger, similar in plan to those at Moreton Old Hall (Cheshire), but the difference in appearance, due to difference in local material, disguises the resemblance. Compare, more generally, the earlier Herstmonceux, at the end of this section.



ST. MARY THE VIRGIN'S, SOMPTING

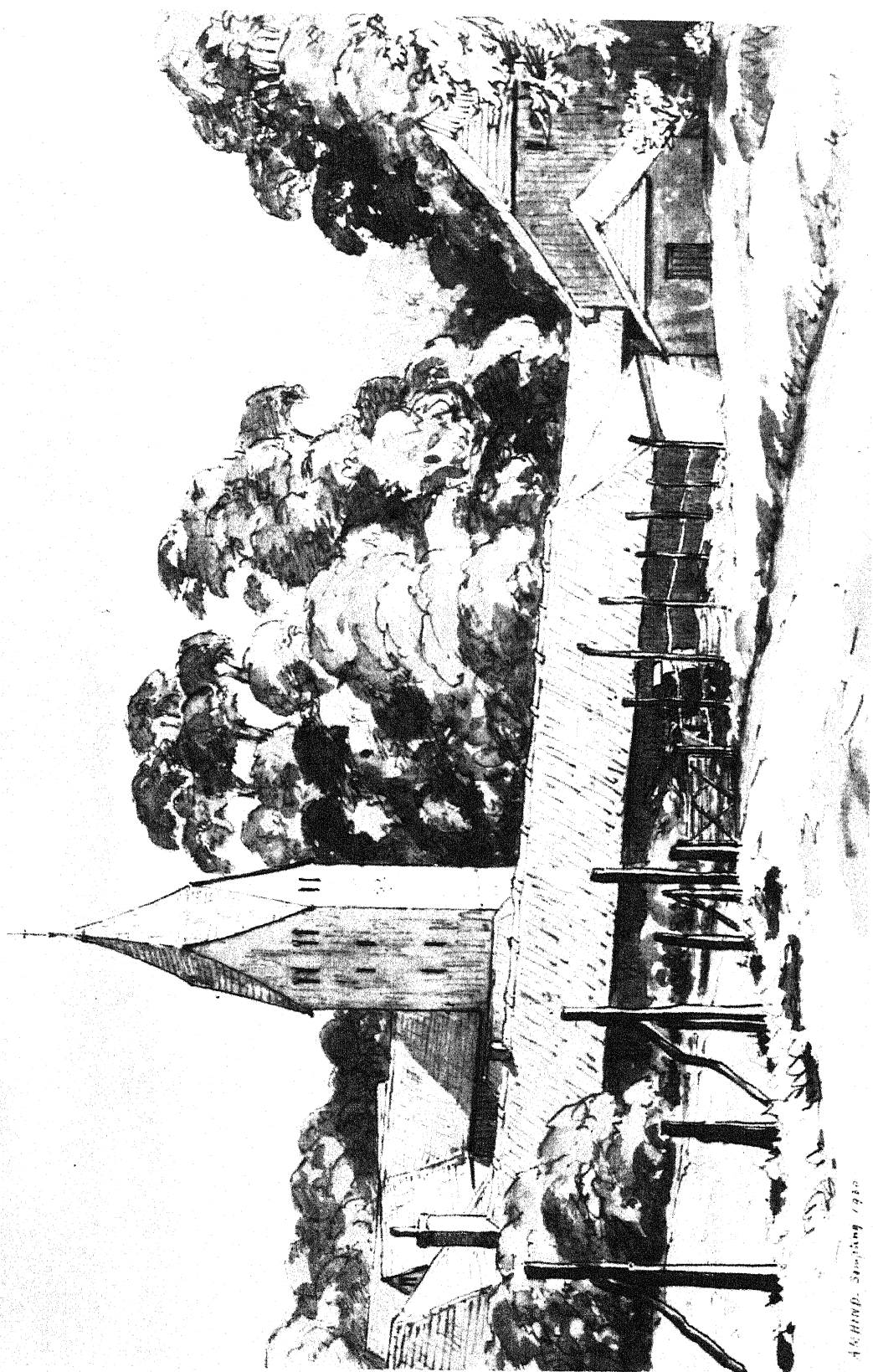
A. M. Hind, O.B.E.

In the tower-arch of the church at Sompting, two miles north-east of Worthing, examples of Anglo-Saxon sculpture may be seen, and the tower itself is late Saxon, or slightly earlier than the Norman Conquest. A few Roman bricks occur in its walls. They may have found their way from the ruins of villas near Cissbury Ring.

It is, however, the roof of the west tower that secures for the old church a mention or a picture in large and serious tomes devoted to ecclesiastical architecture. The following description comes from none of these; it is taken from one of those pamphlets sometimes displayed on sale to visitors to churches. Though no one grudges the modest coin, these publications are often dear even at sixpence. Sompting's is a model of its kind, lucid, concise, and informative, the work of Mr. P. T. Jones:

“The *tower*, which is lofty in proportion to its area, is of a type not uncommon in the Rhineland, though it has no parallel in this country. Each wall is terminated upwards by a high-pitched gable, and from the summits of the four gables rise the ridges of the steep pyramidal roof, the faces of which are continued downwards so as to fill the spaces between the gables. The same peculiar arrangement is found at the Rhineland churches of Andernach, Coblenz, Laach Abbey, Liège (St. Bartholomew's), and Cologne (Holy Apostles'); and from its resemblance to certain kinds of martial head-covering this style of tower-roof has been named the “Rhenish helm”.

The Rhenish helmet must have fitted as tight as a bathing-cap; the top of the tower has the smooth, the streaming, the unexpectedly diminished look of the head of a diver lifting through the surface of the water. The church, as already indicated, has been drawn before, usually by architects. Mr. Hind shows it in its setting of farm buildings and of elm-trees hiding a distant view of the Channel.



A. HIND. Snowy Day 1912

HANGLETON MANOR, NEAR PORTSLADE

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Sir Philip Sidney was seized of the estate and it seems likely that the present building, or a good deal of it, was in existence when he died in 1586. The property, which lies between the sea and the South Downs, passed to his daughter Elizabeth, later Countess of Rutland, and was subsequently owned by Bellinghams, Buckhursts, and generations of Sackvilles.

Many external features have disappeared or been altered or replaced. Some mullioned windows remain, but the Tudor chimneys have gone, and the wall which was beginning to rise when the water-colour was being painted has now been completed, separating the patchwork back of the house from the beautiful survival on the left.

As a typical old manor-house of its county, Hangleton Place (to give it its former name) finds its way into most guide-books. Commentators, a frivolous race, almost all refer to the indoor screen carved with the Commandments and a curious rhyme, but ignore a much more notable feature, the pigeon-house in the garden.



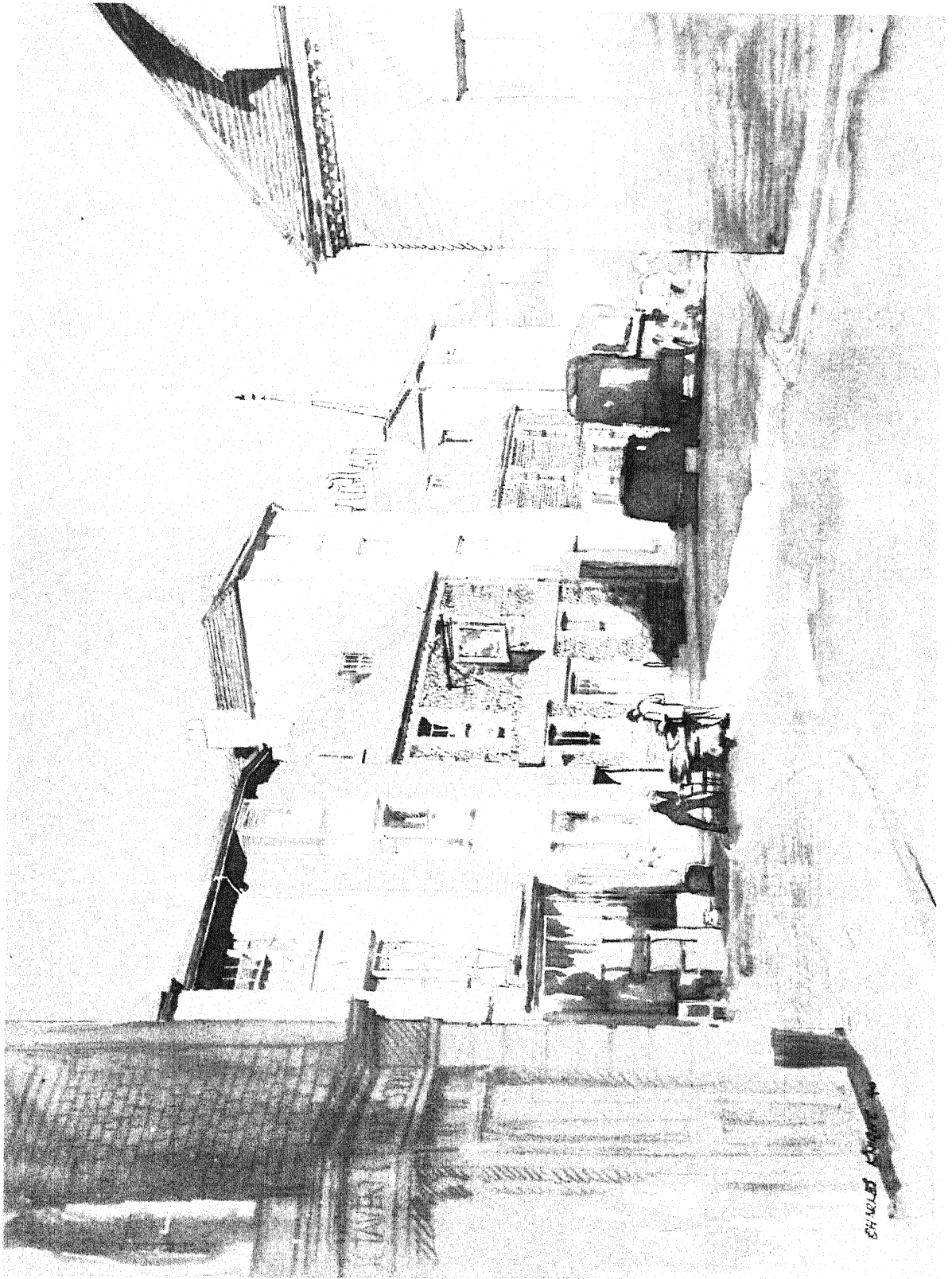
BRIGHTON PLACE, BRIGHTON

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Brighton Place borders an area of lanes and alleys where the only traffic is the pedestrian; he can pause and shop and loiter without a thought of kerbs, lights, and crossings, and he can talk without shouting. Here, beyond reach of flood, above sea-level, is a Brighton which has more of George I about it than of George IV. The subjects of George II might well, had they been so minded, have described *The Druid's Head* as 'quaint'. At the time when his successor mounted the throne, Brighton still consisted of 'six principal streets, many lanes, and some spaces surrounded with houses'.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, the lower parts of the fishing town were severely and repeatedly damaged by high-water encroachments. At the end of that century a new Brighton, patronized and sponsored by the King's son and heir, began to rise. Consequently, not many seventeenth-century buildings remain; such as they are, they owe their survival to their position on rising ground and to their failure to be caught up in any of the plannings of fashionable architects from London.

In the agreeable medley of Brighton Place, *The Druid's Head* attracts, and merits, attention. It has stood (with occasional but discreet reconditioning) for 250 years, the favoured and convenient meeting place of carriers from the surrounding country. Behind their horses or, more often, their internal combustion engines, they still come here to exchange gossip and packages—a good, quiet spot with a good, quiet inn with benches outside whereon, in sunny weather, the dust of travel may be washed very pleasantly from the throat. The house is of knapped flint and brick beneath a tiled roof. Beyond, next door but one, stands another house similarly two-storied, attic-windowed, but with a mansard roof and fronted with cobbled flints. It is, in Brighton, a more common type of building than *The Druid's Head*, and its method of construction forms the subject of the following page.



3-9 PORTLAND STREET, BRIGHTON

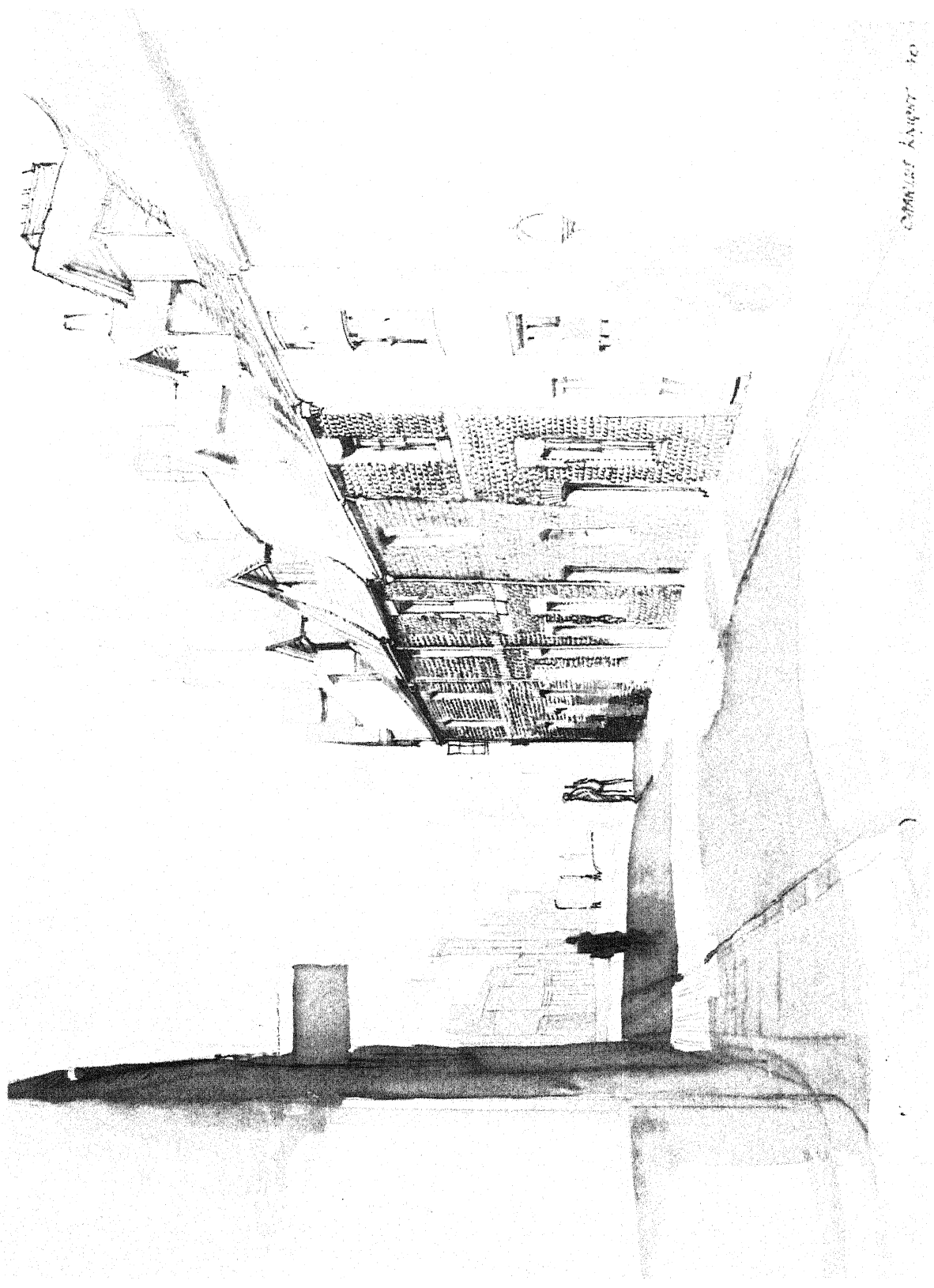
Charles Knight, R.W.S.

As a result of the inundations mentioned in the preceding note, measures of prevention and recovery were constantly necessary—building of groins and breakwaters, rebuilding of houses and harbour—and the finances of the inhabitants were so reduced that outside help had to be provided. Driven to economize, they found in the familiar, rounded stones of their shingly beach a limitless supply of building material.

Like cobbles, the stones are untreated, uncut. The work in which they are used is known as boulder-walling, and is often tarred, presumably to prevent the percolation of damp through the lime mortar joints. A few bricks round the windows and over the doorways complete a pleasantly solid and simple effect.

In this part of Brighton (the Church Street area) there are still a number of these cobble-fronted houses; indeed, examples may be found over a wide area, and with widely varying dates of construction. The medium was evidently popular as well as serviceable, since it may be seen in more fashionable streets built long after the economic distress had been forgotten. Yet when, for one reason or another, these houses disappear, they now go for ever. Already a large car park and cinema occupy the other end of Portland Street.

It has been thought that readers may like to be reminded, from time to time, of the circumstances in which these pictures had to be produced. Mr. Knight found the spy-scare at its height. 'I had sometimes,' he wrote, 'to work surreptitiously, making up a drawing out of lots of small notes—even resorting to walking past my subject again and again. In Portland Street, two policemen were fetched to "deal" with me. They were very understanding and appreciated that I was doing a right and proper job; but, as they said, "they", the neighbourhood, did not like it. "How long will you be?" they asked. "About ten minutes," I replied. However, after less than five minutes they were back. "We think you had better pack up, if you can; they are gathering round the corner," they told me. I stopped work (I was only standing up with a sketch-book) and the policemen kindly saw me to safety in the main street.'



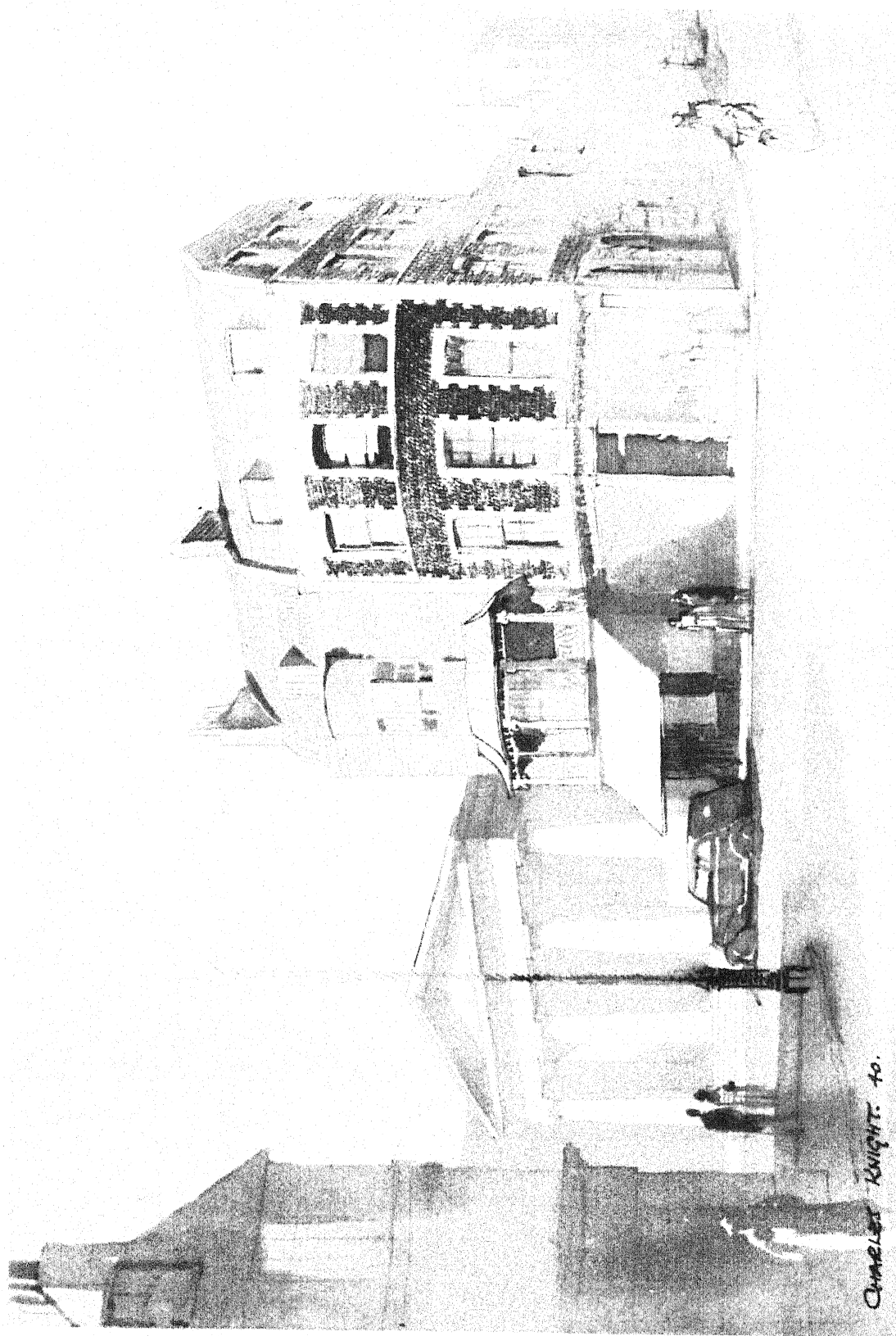
CHARLES KNIGHT 18

23 & 24 NEW ROAD, BRIGHTON

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Messrs. Crabb & Son, wine merchants, occupy one of the largest and most important of the remaining cobble-fronted houses; it stands at the corner of Church Street and New Road. The business was established in 1808; the house existed in 1790 and that may be taken as its date. The wide bow front, with its large, brick-surrounded, cream-painted windows, suggests a private residence; and indeed it is reputed to have been built to accommodate the Court retinue.

No. 23, the adjoining house—Messrs. B. & H. Drury, theatrical stores, established 1840—has a later frontage. It may possibly conceal an older structure; but George IV himself is given as the landlord in the earliest existing deeds of the premises, and there seems no need to hunt for further evidence of the date. Like its neighbour, it was at first a private dwelling; and very pretty it must have been when a doorway of the period supported the iron veranda and the two narrow bow-windows projecting from the brick wall. The very strong resemblance of No. 23 to houses in Richmond Terrace which are known to have been built by Amon Wilds sen., in or about 1818, has convinced Mr. Anthony Dale that it, too, is old Wilds's, and 'his best house in Brighton'.



CHARLES KNIGHT. 40.

SHOP IN POOL VALLEY, BRIGHTON

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

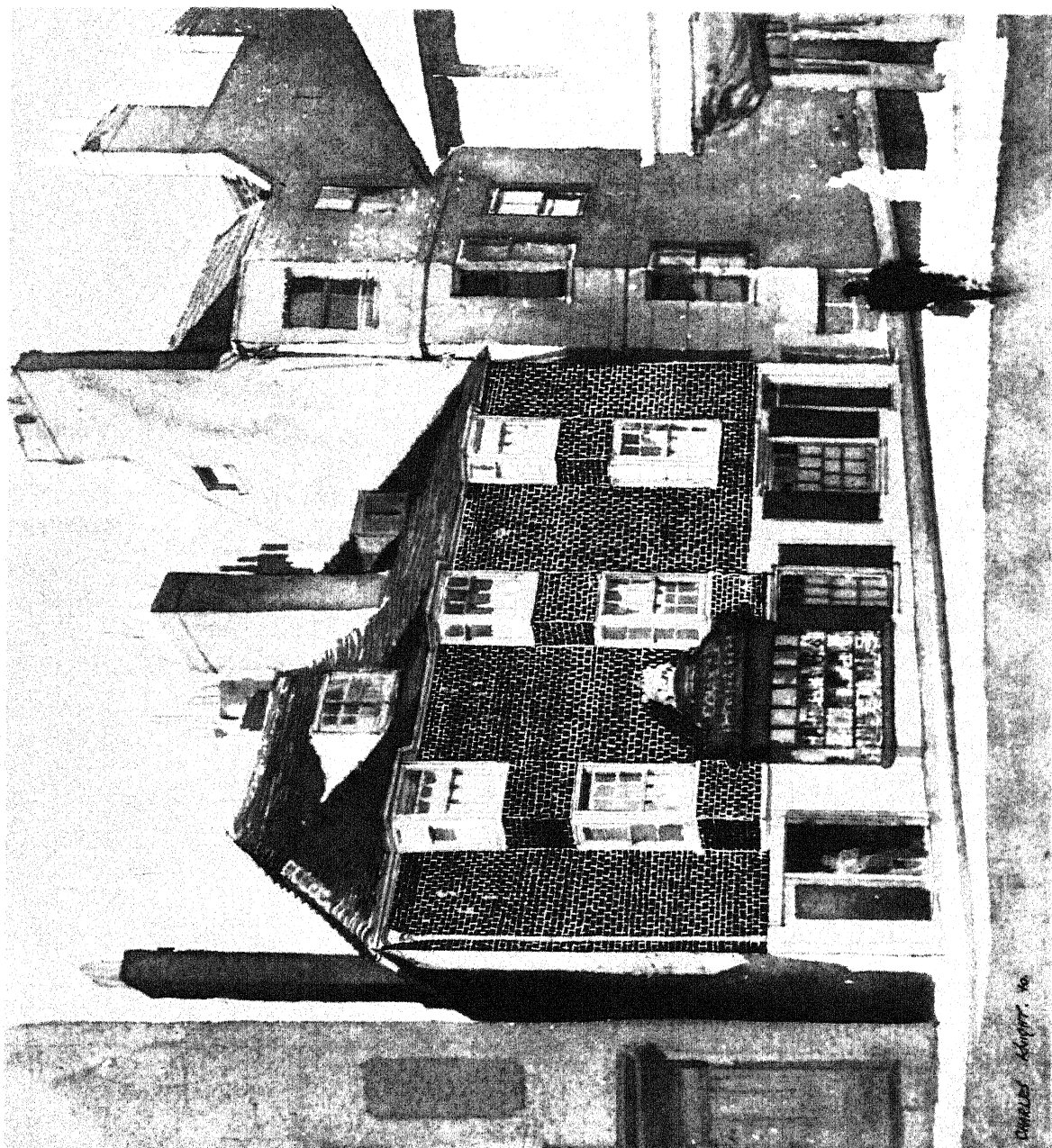
Rising in the Downs north of the town a stream called the Wellesbourne had the habit, when it got to Brighton, of spreading into pools. There was a spot just east of the Royal Pavilion where the water would collect and, after heavy rain, overflow and swamp the Old Steine. In 1806 the Prince of Wales (he was not Regent before 1810) shared with his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, the cost of diverting the stream to an underground culvert.

Pool Valley was another of these damp spots, a depression where the water would lie caught up between the Steine and the stiff shingle of the beach. It was, however, occupied well before, and liable to inundation well after, 1806—a tremendous storm in July 1850 flooded it to a depth of 6 feet. For these periodical submersions a continuous one has now been substituted, beneath parked buses and cars.

The subject of the picture, standing between Pool Passage (room for one) and what was once 44a Pool Valley, dates from the last decade of the eighteenth century. It was originally two houses, and did not become a bun-shop until 1856 when Mr. Cowley, 'by authority, fancy bread and biscuit maker', moved from his premises in Prince Albert Street. One of his descendants, a Miss Cowley, married the present owner, Mr. Pine.

The front of the house is covered with black, glazed, interlocking, 'mathematical' tiles, on which Mr. John Denman has been kind enough to comment:

'I have seen them in other parts of the country, particularly at Canterbury, and Ringwood (New Forest). There are many examples at Lewes, and in Brighton . . . especially Patcham Place. Some are red, some buff, as at Ovingdean Hall and Ringwood, and often they are black glazed, when they reflect the blue of the sky from the irregular bedding, and consequently changing faces, with wonderful effect. They were in varying length 9" x 4½" by about 2" to 2½" high, with a splayed tail-piece which turned up behind the overlapping tiles, and this tail-piece was holed and nailed to boarding or battens beneath the tiles, being afterwards bedded in mortar to match the brickwork. It was a very ingenious invention whereby old timber structures could be faced with the "new look" of Flemish brickwork which had then become the vogue, and enabled the owners of old timber structures to emulate the Squire with his sash-windowed, brick-faced dwelling—in fact, English snobbery at its best. I imagine they were first used about 1780.'



Charles Kupper, No.

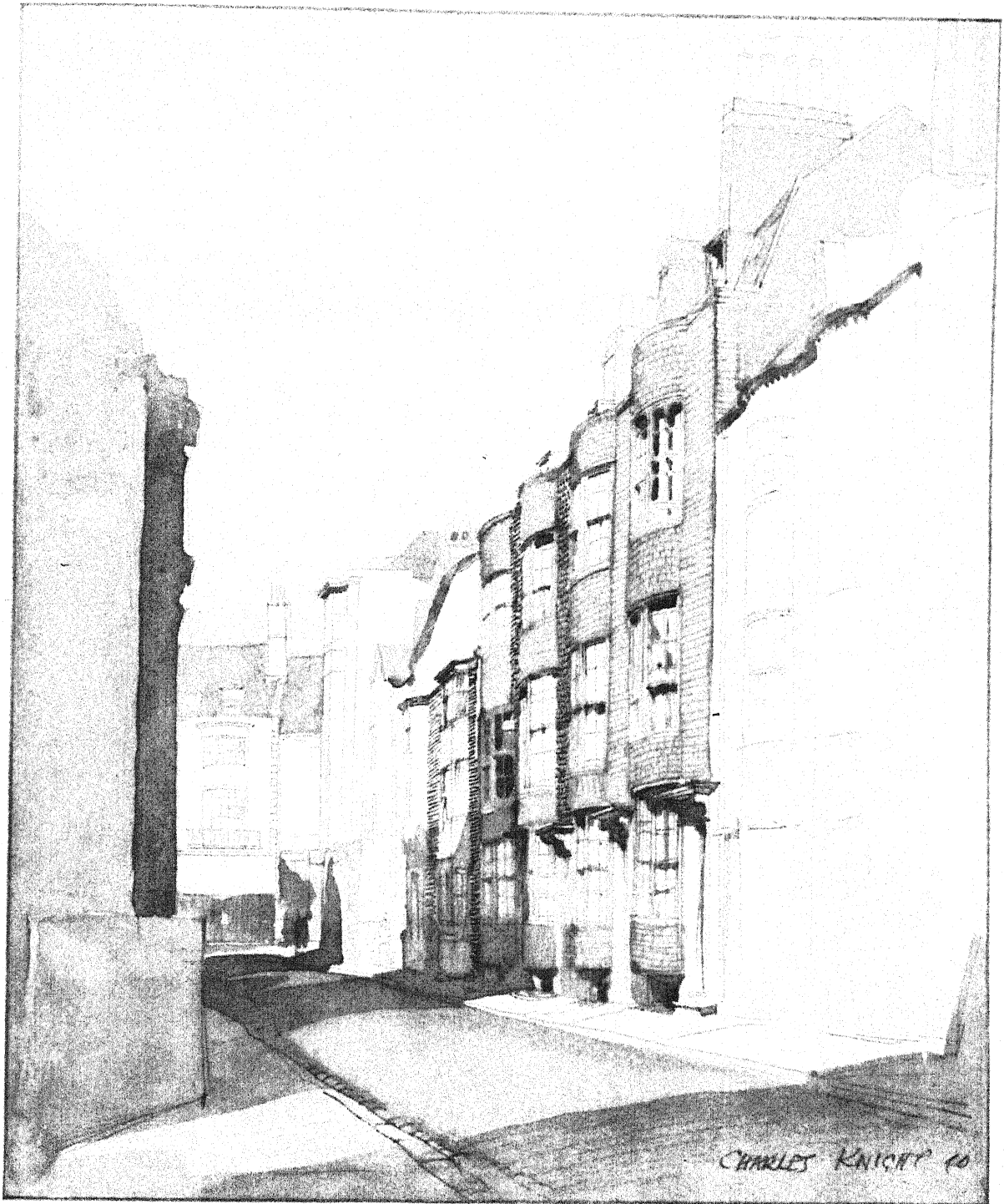
3-12 CHARLES STREET, BRIGHTON

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Dr. Richard Russell of Lewes, who had written a book, in 1754, on the tonic and remedial properties of sea-water, sent so many patients to Brighton that he ended by following them up and moving there. The town began to grow, but at no sensational rate. In 1772, all the area east of the Steine, where Charles Street runs down to the sea front, was still green and empty downland. The history of what we now think of as Brighton began exactly ten years later when 'in the year 1782 his late Majesty George IV, then Prince of Wales, and twenty years of age, paid a visit to his illustrious uncle the Duke of Cumberland. The visit was repeated in the following year, when so much attached became the young prince to the rising town, to its thymy downs and clear sea, that he signified his intention of making it the place of his summer residence. This determination of His Royal Highness decided the fate of Brighton.'

Though Horsfield is too discreet to say so, there was, as well as those aromatic herbs, Mrs. Fitzherbert. Her house was destined to become the local headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association, and from the first it seems to have resounded to the cries of virile and high-spirited youth. Young Mr. Barrymore took a pair of horses up her staircase, and had to summon blacksmiths to get them down again. Outside on the Steine, now a busy roundabout, Prinny stalked the groves made loud by the mallets of his builders, aimed his single-ball firearm at the flustered doves, and 'lowered the tops of several of the chimneys of the Hon. Windham's house'.

As a minor contributor to these tremendous doings, Charles Street arose in the last years of the century. 'These mansions have bow-windows in front, bulging out with gentle prominences, and ornamented with neat verandahs'—the description (from *The Newcomes*) of a neighbouring street fitted, like a glove, every street for miles. The continued employment, at one point, of cobble-fronting, is worth noting. We can see, from Mr. Knight's drawing, how Charles Street must once have appeared. But again (as at Portland Street), had he faced the other way, he would have been compelled to give us a preview of what, already and far from beautifully, it is becoming.



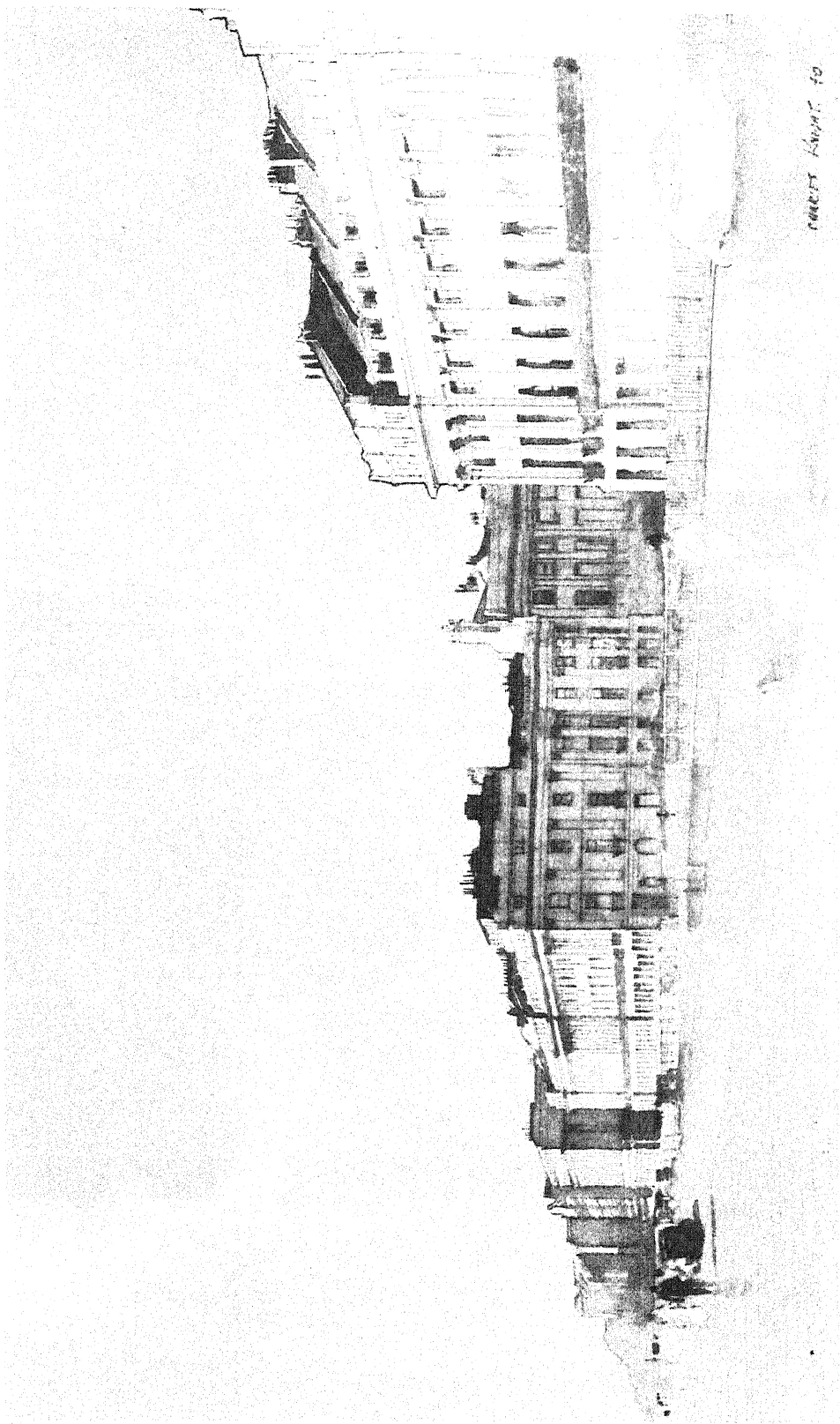
BRUNSWICK TERRACE, HOVE

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Finally, here is Hove, here is 'Brighton' fully arriving forty years after the Prince Regent's first visit.

In the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, the population of Brighton increased five-fold, and Hove was pressed into residential service on the most lavish model of the times. Horsfield, writing in 1835 and mindful of past calamities, described the esplanade as territory 'stolen within a few years from the domain of Neptune'. A less responsible, a less polite writer might have added that the trident was studded with plums for the constructors of the sea wall, for the roadmakers who led 'the King's Road' along the top of the wall, for the architects and builders of two-and-a-half miles of squares, terraces, and crescents straight out of Regent's Park, and for the volunteer speculators who screened every yard of advance. Regent's Park had already been represented by Nash, and in 1830 Decimus Burton exhibited, at the Royal Academy, his designs for Adelaide Crescent—a commission from Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, the astute purchaser, in 1820, of a large slice of land once let out as a sheep run at six shillings an acre.

But Brunswick Terrace, one of the chief links between the old Brighton and the new Hove, is a little east of Adelaide Crescent, and thus a little earlier, and it had different authors. Charles Augustus Busby settled in Brighton in 1821 or 1822. Already marked as a coming architect, and recently returned from an American tour, he was only 34; his decision to live in Brighton shows, if proof be needed, how brilliant, exciting and lucrative its opportunities must have appeared. He went into partnership with a local firm of builder-architects, Wilds & Son, Amon and Amon Henry Wilds. Their design for the Brunswick Square area was hung in the Royal Academy of 1825; and in spite of the strength of the opposition, the renown of competitors working all round them, their Terrace was considered 'the most imposing range of buildings in Brighton—forty-two magnificent houses, fronting the sea, adorned with handsome Corinthian pillars' as well as the customary cast-iron balconies and 'palisadoes'. The terrace is in four parts, each designed as a unit. The eastern end of the eastern quarter has been demolished in favour of a block of flats of so wildly inappropriate a nature that, as manifestation of certain maturing plans for making Hove more 'convenient', it may prove to have been the salvation of the finest water-front in England.



ROBERT L. HUNT, 40

PERCHING FARM, FROM FULKING

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Farms and farming hamlets shadowed by the Downs succeed one another all the length of the Southdown Underhill Road; the scene shown here is so typical that a tourist, even with the picture in his hand, might have a job to identify it. Perching Farm and the village of Fulking lie west of Poynings, and it is hard to say for how many centuries the ground has been tilled and grazed. There was a medieval manor here, but its site, marked by a mound, was a few hundred yards from the existing farm.

Bigger and better motoring thoroughfares have so far protected the old road, and still it winds its gentle way beside the Downs and offers a series of memorable views. Of it Mr. Knight supplied a semi-continuous record—twelve watercolours painted at intervals along the 25 miles between Milton Street, north-west of Eastbourne, and Edburton, north-east of Worthing. It is possible to include only one of them, but with this token drawing, taken from the western end of the stretch, the imaginative reader will be able to form for himself an impression of a valuable and charming exercise in planned recording.



HIGH STREET, LEWES

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

The main street of Lewes is one of those thoroughfares of which England's towns are full and her people much enamoured. Steep, narrow, and congested with opposing traffic trying to force a way through the meagre channel left by parked vehicles, it is further distracted by signal lights and by policemen who have learned that the problem, if soluble at all, calls for a flexible opportunism beyond the reach of automata. It is a handsome old street unusually rich in things worth seeing if, for reasons given, not always easy to see. Nor can they be easy to draw, except on Sunday mornings. The drowsy peace of a protracted Alert no longer comes to the rescue of artists.

On the right, facing the old inn *The White Hart*, stands the County Hall, a building in white stone erected in 1812 to the design of John Johnston. The Council of that time, making itself the direct purchaser of materials and employer of labour, kept the cost down to £10,000, and for this sum obtained accommodation for Criminal and Nisi Prius Courts, an office for the Clerk of the Peace, a magistrates' room, storage space for the county records, and a corn-market. There were also the internal embellishments (four statues by Mr. Hopper; a scene from *Richard III* painted by Mr. Northcutt, and another canvas by Mr. Matthew Brown showing General Elliott at the Siege of Gibraltar), but there is doubt if these were included in the total. It is a seemly building. The Reverend Mr. Horsfield considered that while it 'displays the correct taste of the architect, it speaks the praise of the noblemen and gentry, by whose exertions it was raised', and the verdict of that reliable if unexciting historian brings, as usual, the matter to a close.

In 1894, long after Horsfield's day, the hall was added to, and it received further attention in 1900 and 1934. In the first of these years, at the very time when the late Georgian building was being enlarged, the Town Hall, a little lower down the street, was being reclothed in hot red brick and what is known as the Renaissance style. Nothing is to be gained by blaming the inhabitants for sharing the tastes of their generation; we might more profitably admire them for the respect and sympathy with which they, in spite of their preferences, dealt with the extension of the County Hall.

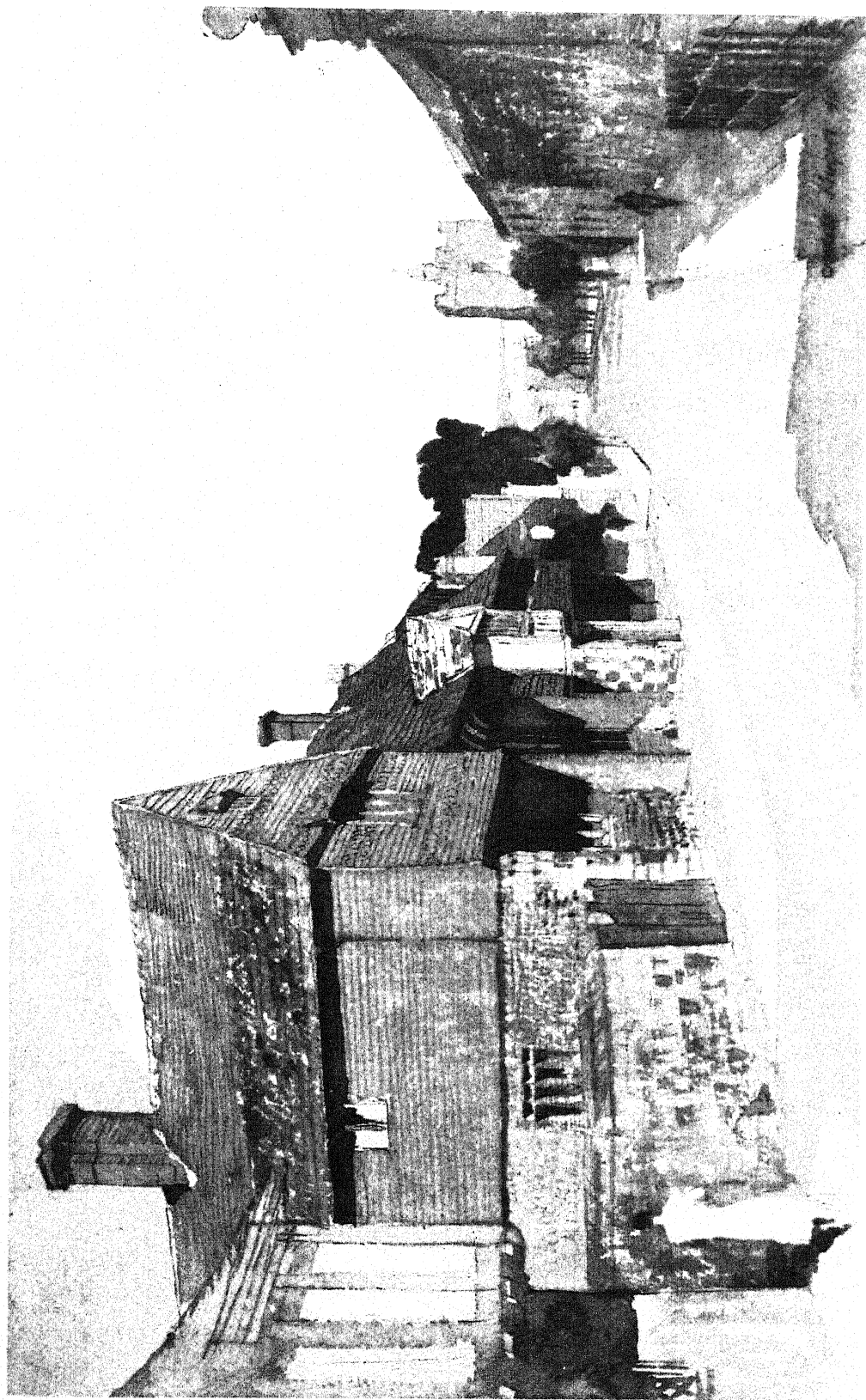
HIGH STREET, SOUTHOVER, LOOKING EAST

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Lewes, going south over the railway bridge, changes into Southover, and the charm, which had been wearing a little thin round the station, quickly reasserts itself.

The old house on the left is made up of many materials and patterns—flint, brick, hung tiles, plaster, stone, Horsham slabs, chess-board effects, half-timber, leaded panes in mullioned windows, porch, gallery, everything one can think of and all contributing to an appearance of venerability, all harmonized by time into general and striking beauty. It bears a date, 1599, but there are medieval as well as Tudor features, and parts of the building seem to belong to the 15th century. Its history, too, as far as it is known, carries us back some way past 1599. In 1537, at the Dissolution, the local Priory of St. Pancras and its surrounding property came, amongst other more glittering rewards, into the hands of Thomas Cromwell. 'The hammer of the monks', who was always willing to be Catholic or Protestant or even both simultaneously, is said to have destroyed forty acres of buildings and other amenities. His enjoyment was short, and three years later, after he had been beheaded with hideous amateurishness, the property passed to the unwitting cause of his disgrace, Anne of Cleves. A sense of rough justice or of barbaric humour may have influenced Henry in arranging this succession, yet we are possibly safer in accepting the usual belief that he wished to make some small return to a foreign princess who, unlike Catharine of Aragon, could be insulted without international complications. The house is commonly known as Anne of Cleves' House but, though she owned it, there is no evidence that she ever lived there.

The church of St. John the Baptist, farther along the street, is also remarkable for its varied styles, ranging from Norman pillars to an eighteenth-century brick tower. The whole street is a good one, rich in character and in vestiges of the past.

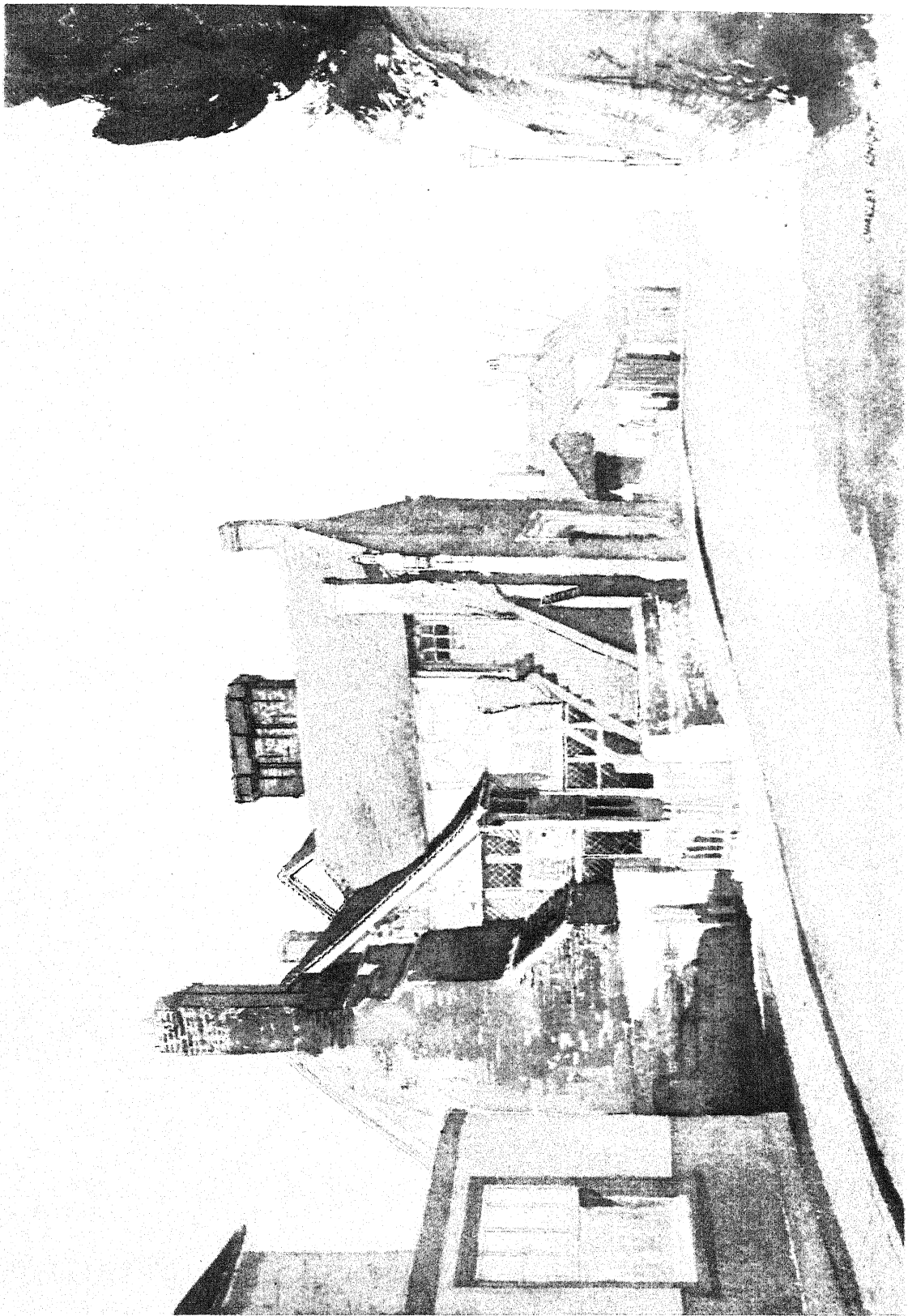


HOUSE, DITCHLING

Charles Knight, R.W.S.

Six miles to the north-west, Ditchling, also, has a house called Anne of Cleves'. It is as old as the house at Southover; mainly Elizabethan, with a brick entrance of earlier Tudor workmanship. Its early history, too, is the same, as far as it is known, for it was one of the many manors standing on the property bestowed on the Lutheran princess after the death of her sponsor—very extensive property, like all the old Priories'. There is, again, no evidence that she ever lived in it; it, again, has survived, though somewhat more adventurously than the house at Southover.

It used to be called Wing's Place, and was originally a good deal larger than it is now. Like Little Moreton Hall in Cheshire, it seemed at one moment to be done for, being divided up into workmen's dwellings. In 1936 it was reconverted and is now in good and hospitable shape, with a bus-stop conveniently beside it. In most small towns and villages it would be easily the most striking building; in Ditchling, its victory is not altogether effortless. Mr. Knight, on his native common, with plentiful and familiar material all round him, produced another of his full, semi-consecutive groups of drawings—the pond, the cross-roads, the mill, the Downs, a farm, and so on.

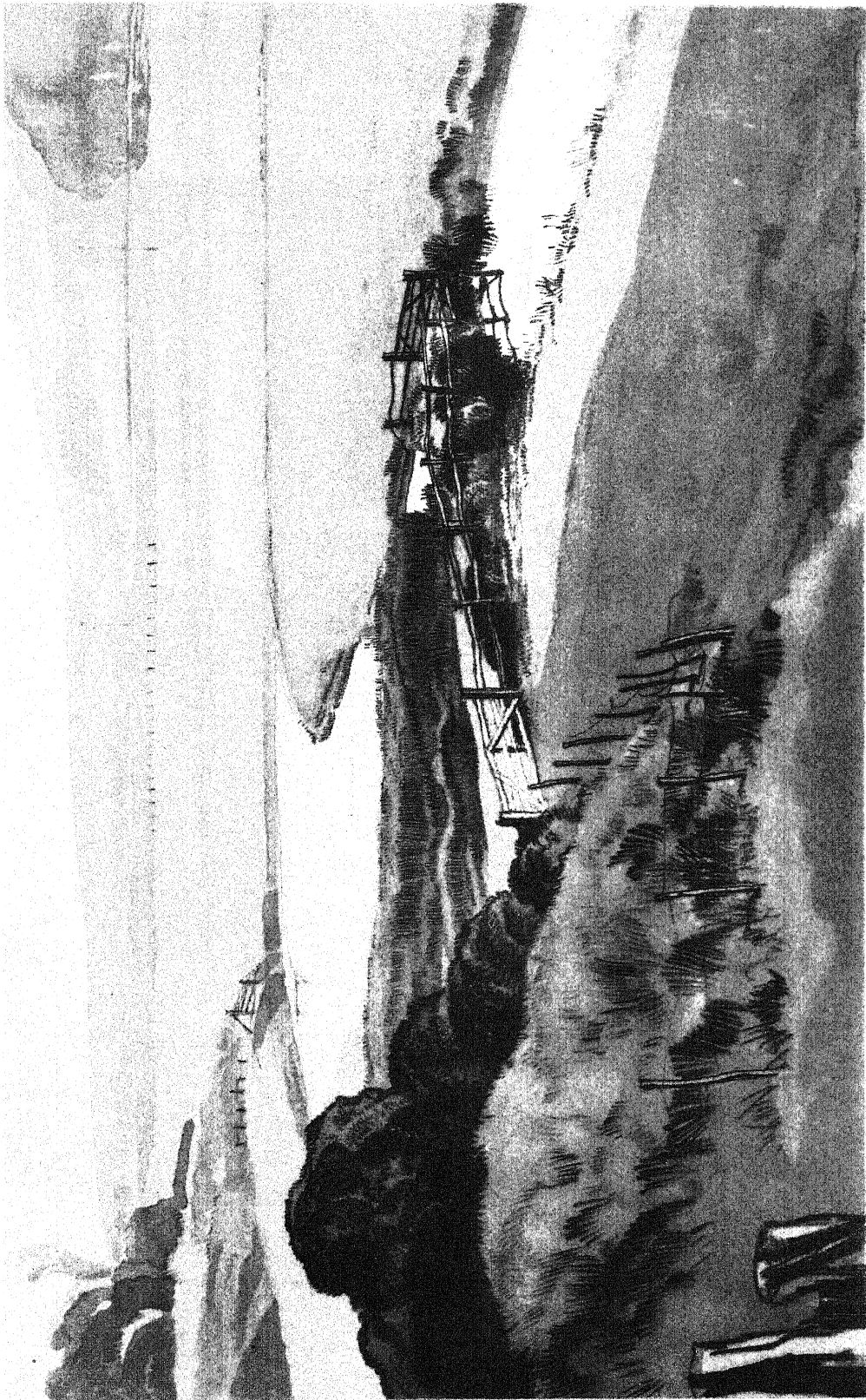


THE CUCKMERE AT LITLINGTON

Rowland Hilder

As they make their way south the little rivers of Sussex—Adur, Cuckmere, Ouse, Arun, and the rest—are apt to be confronted by a problem in the shape of the South Downs. To reach the sea they have to hunt up and down that great barrier until they find a passage. It is satisfactory to be able to report that they have all succeeded.

The Cuckmere, which does a great deal of winding, slips through a narrow gap between Alfriston on the west and Lullington (pop. 17) and Litlington (pop. 118) on the east; and then, its troubles over, it resumes its unhurried way over four remaining miles and filters into ocean, trickles through the beach, east of Newhaven. Guide-books and artists have occasionally noticed it beneath Exceat Bridge. In the picture opposite, the river marks by no more than a wriggle the crisis of its career.



LAUGHTON PLACE

Rowland Hilder

Suddenly visible in fields east of Ringmer, the tower is approached by a long, sidling, obsequious cart-track; and as the drive, if it was the drive, nears its end, a supplementary foot-bridge runs beside it, bearing tales of winter floodings. A few buildings gather into a farm, but of the main portion of the house only the tower remains. Engravings of no great age show more extensive ruins and suggest that the brick tower itself, with its buttresses and stone mullions, may not last much longer. The doors of its upper floors flap and creak in mid-air, its lower floors house hay and straw; and sheep, within and without, nibble round the foundations.

Its history may be said to acquire point from an extreme of pointlessness rare in the records of great houses. Sir William Pelham built the place in 1534. There have been Pelhams in Sussex for 500 years, for 900 in England, whither the first of them came with the Normans. Forty Pelhams lie in Laughton Church. Very old families, as we have seen again and again in these volumes, are apt to suffer fluctuations of fortune, but in century after century Pelhams held their high position. Sir John de Pelham with Sir Roger de la Warr (another Sussex man) captured the French king, John II, at Poitiers. His son, curtailing his name to Sir John Pelham, landed at Ravenspur with Henry of Bolingbroke and became the usurper's Treasurer. The brothers Thomas and Henry Pelham were Prime Ministers in the 18th century, when the family title was successively Lord Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, and Earl of Chichester.

Meanwhile the Pelhams, so consistent in the public service, had shown themselves domestically irresolute. Laughton Place got no farther than the reign of Elizabeth; used for fifty years or less, it seems to have been left to its fate when the family moved to Halland Park, three miles north. Presently Halland was deserted, too, and pulled to bits, when the family seat was transferred to Stanmer, eleven miles to the south-west. Stanmer seems, at last, to have given satisfaction; but Pelhams were never in a hurry to unpack and settle in, and when the first baron was created, in 1706, he prudently called himself Lord Pelham of Laughton, a place his ancestors had abandoned over a century before. It was not till 1762 that a Pelham felt safe in substituting Stanmer for Laughton. The buckle of the French king's surrendered sword still fills two quarters of the Chichester arms—'2nd and 3rd (as an augmentation) gu. two broken belts palewise, the buckles upwards, arg.'



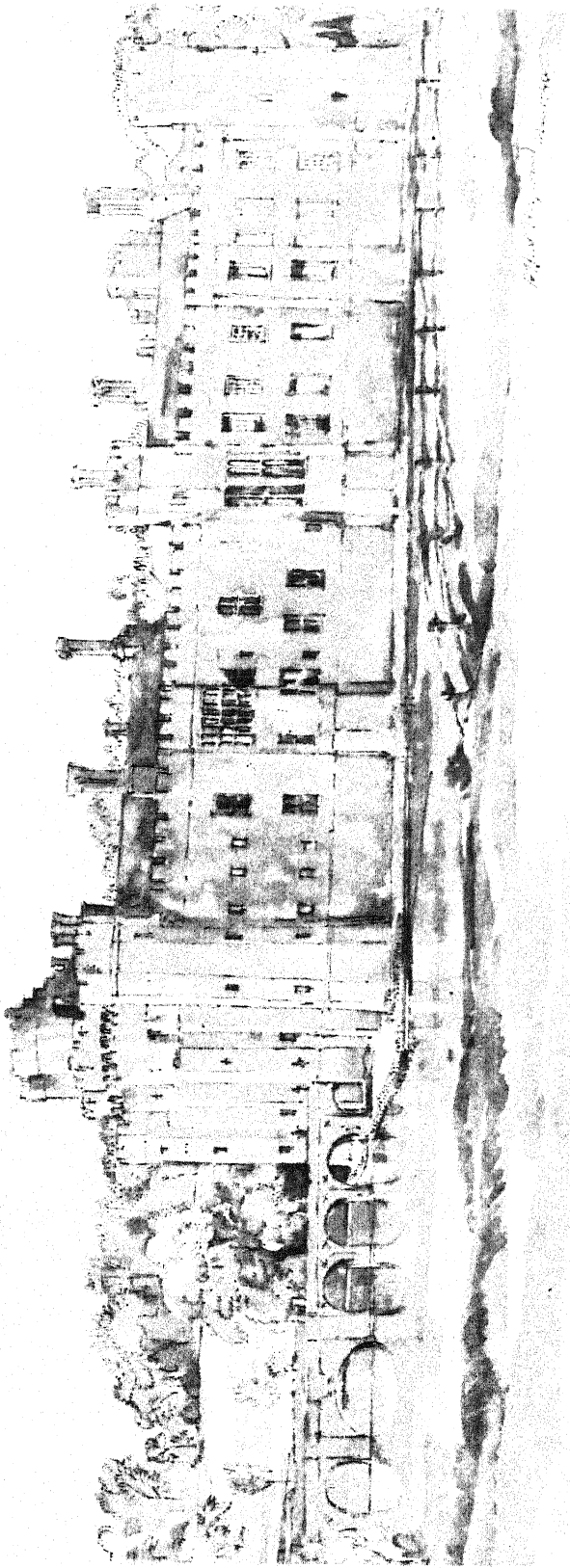
HERSTMONCEUX CASTLE, GARDNER STREET

Alfred Hayward

Even for a castle, Herstmonceux's history is peculiar. It was built in 1440 by Sir Roger de Fiennes, Treasurer to the Household of Henry VI and a veteran of Agincourt. The site selected, a bowl surrounded by higher ground, would have been derided by the old warlike barons, but Herstmonceux is a link, earlier than Cowdray, between the fortified and the palatial manor, and seems never to have heard a gun fired in anger or a bow twanged. Constructed of red brick with stone facings it forms an approximate square, some 70 yards separating the octagonal and battlemented turrets at the corners; and in the self-sufficing manner of its times it contained, round its four open courtyards, a bakehouse, a dairy, a brewery, a distillery, a confectionery, pantries, larders, laundries, cellars, offices of all sorts, a chapel, a guard-room, and a dungeon underground. A survey taken in the sixteenth century mentions 200 deer, four ponds stocked with fish, 'a fair warren of conies', a heronry of 150 nests, and varied game, in addition to the usual pigeons, poultry, and farm animals. No tradesman, no errand-boy enlivened the back-door. The occasional pedlar must have been very welcome.

It was reckoned the most regular of the castellated houses of England, and was served by seven principal and four spiral staircases. In or about 1770 the owner, the Rev. Robert Hare, finding it large for his needs, chose to strip it rather than sell it. With the help and advice of Sam Wyatt, the castle was dismantled, the furniture and the Grinling Gibbons carvings sold, and the proceeds, in material and cash, used in the construction of Herstmonceux Place, a Georgian mansion in a corner of the park.

Sir James Mackenzie described the castle, in 1897, as 'a mere shell'; only the outer walls were standing, though they, owing to the solid methods of the builders and their splendid Flemish bricks, were 'perfect'. In 1911 the ruin was bought by Lt.-Col. Claude Lowther, and he proceeded to restore it, even going so far as to buy an old wall said to have been part of Hastings Castle and to bring it to Herstmonceux for incorporation in the banqueting-hall. In 1928 E. V. Lucas could still write 'a particularly stout ruin with ivy, shrubs and even trees sprouting from it'. A new owner, Sir Paul Latham, completed the work so thoroughly that the castle now houses the Observatory from Greenwich, or as many of the astronomical staff as can be accommodated. Without influence and preparation it is not to be seen by the public, even from a distance.



KENT

Artists

S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.

E. M. CLARK

CAROLINE M. EDISS

W. FAIRCLOUGH

MARTIN HARDIE, C.B.E.

THOMAS HENNELL, R.W.S.

ADRIAN HILL

G. W. HOOPER

BARBARA JONES

VINCENT LINES, R.W.S.

H. S. MERRITT

AUBREY WATERFIELD

NEARLY 900 pages have passed since we set out in London, and now, our long journey ended, we return to the Home Counties. Much else, besides these volumes, is linked up by Kent—memories, fears, precautions, difficulties, and again memories. It is true that, since the Danes, our principal invaders—William I, Henry IV, Edward IV, William III, and sundry Stuarts—have all landed elsewhere; and true, also, that in 1939 and the following years the county, though sorely tried, was seldom a main target for the enemy, and that the towns which suffered most—Plymouth, Coventry, Bristol, Hull, &c.—all lay outside its borders. Yet the habits of centuries are hard to unlearn; and the always slender Straits have, by the inventors, been narrowed almost out of existence. From Folkestone and Dover millions of Englishmen have descried, perhaps for the only time in their lives, the menacing and mischievous Continent. Very near it looks, except when its nearness might be most comforting. Then, with characteristic treachery, it recedes from sight.

In time of war the whole kingdom is apt to feel a special affection and anxiety for the exposed, peninsular county at its south-east corner. The records of it could never be too many, but they were not easily amassed. Almost unobtainable permits were needed before an old bridge, far from the coast, could be drawn; there were large areas for which no permits were issued, to which no artist could hope to gain admittance. We did what we could when we could; the list at the head of this page is a long one because, month after month, and year after year, we went on nibbling. The twelve artists averaged only just over five drawings apiece. Thomas Hennell, resident in the county, contributed twenty-one; Aubrey Waterfield, a former resident, supplied eight. The figures of the others speak for themselves, and there is no need to amplify what they make so clear.

Almost all the recordings are of inland subjects, and most of them fall within the triangle Rochester–Canterbury–Tunbridge Wells. It is a large triangle, rich in Kent's own beautiful mixture of the familiar and the surprising.

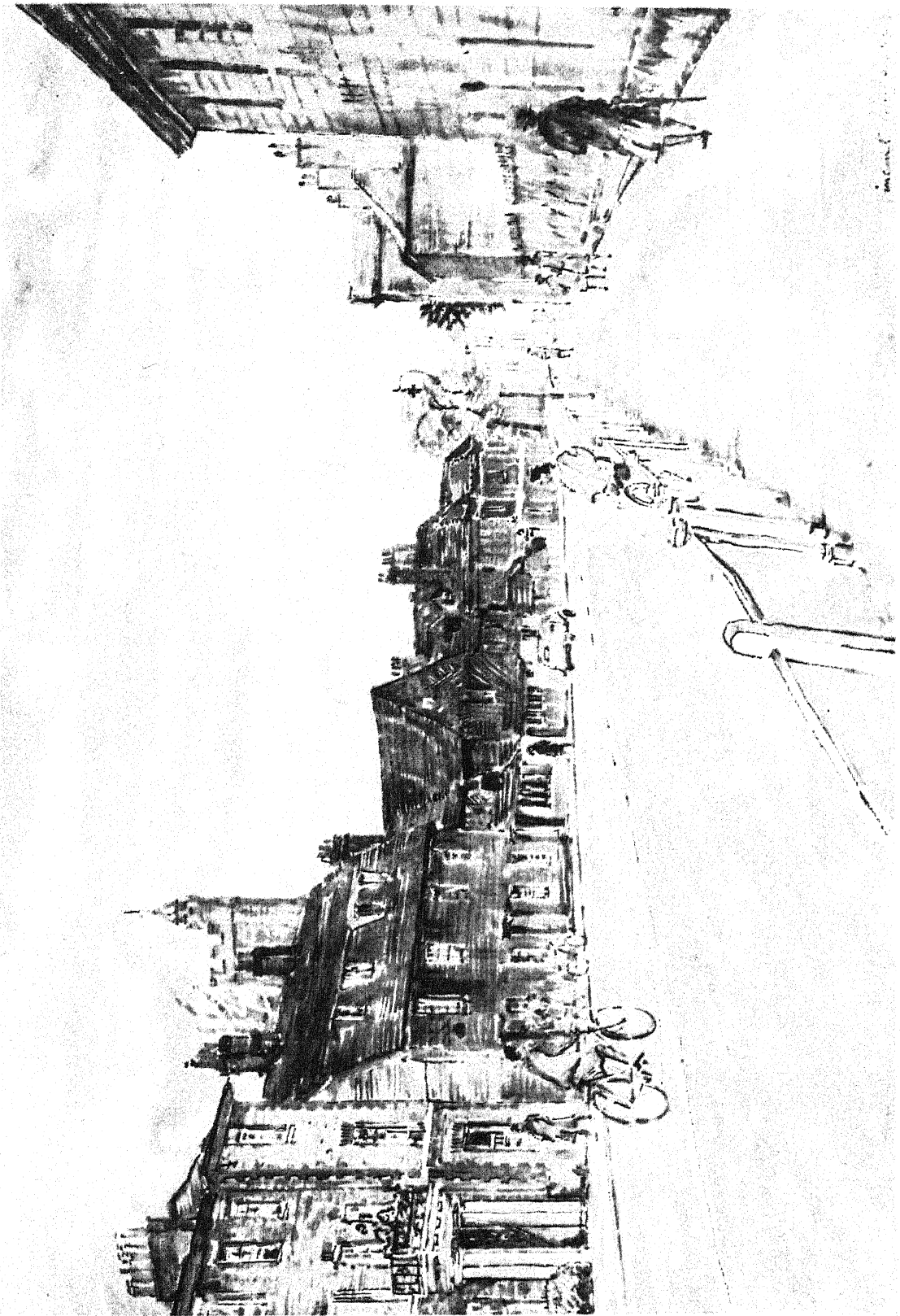
HIGH STREET, SEVENOAKS

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

If, just as the road dips and twists southwards on its way to Tonbridge, one turns for a last look at Sevenoaks, it is seen to have kept its best bit for the end. On the right, opposite the '*Royal Oak*', are the almshouses and the iron railings fronting the Grammar School, foundations in stone of William Sevenokes, a Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry V. One of the pupils of the school, George Grote, bank-manager, member of Parliament for the City of London, author of a *History of Greece* in twelve volumes, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

The parish church of St. Nicholas might not unworthily have held his remains. It is rich in mural tablets, among them a particularly curious memorial on which the pedigree of Dr. Thomas Fuller, who died in 1734, is set out as if he were a race-horse and St. Peter a stickler for the Stud Book. It is pleasant to see that the beauty of the walls has not been lost on the congregation or the tradition allowed to lapse. Ten or a dozen of the tablets, in stone, marble, or alabaster, are thirty years old or less, and several of them, even without Time's helping finger, hold their own.

For many people, however, St. Nicholas is no more than a convenient sign-post, something they look for and turn away from, an indication that, according to directions received, they are now opposite the unremarkable entrance to the most remarkable house in England. The Tudor-Jacobean building is open to the public on certain days only, but at all hours people may enter the beautiful, the posted, the no longer entirely sequestered glades of Knole's magnificent park.



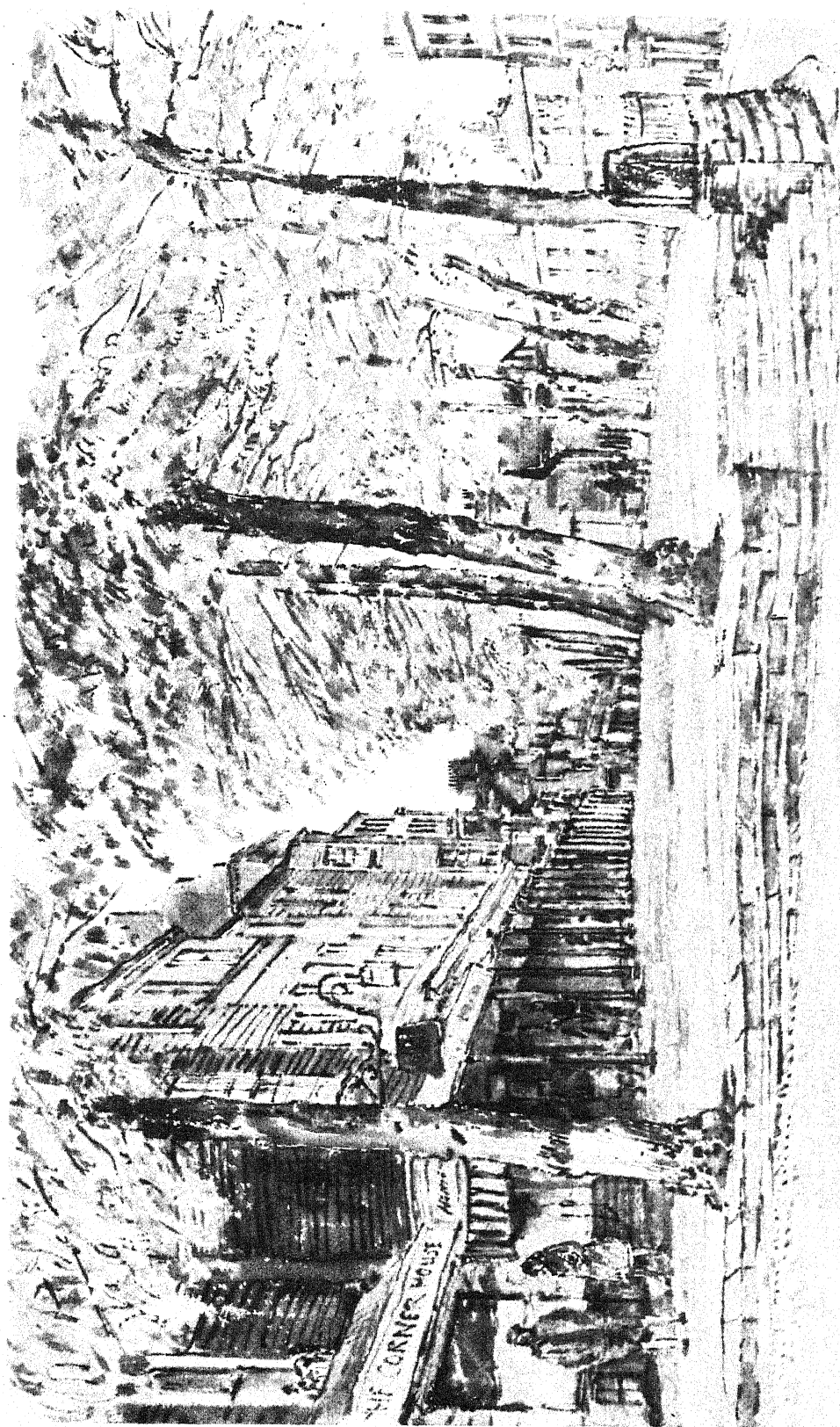
THE PANTILES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

No one is likely to better Macaulay's account of the English spas (*History*, ch. iii) but, after a hundred years, anyone may supplement it. With that excuse, dates and details have been scattered among the notes on Scarborough, Buxton, Bath, Clifton, Cheltenham, and Malvern; but the story could not be shaped and now, almost at the end, we reach one of the first of the spas to become fashionable. The chalybeate spring on which its fortunes were founded was advertised in 1606 by Lord North, a young peer lacking the constitution requisite for the times and brought very low by the Court season. He lived to be 85, but the effects of the water must have been remarked sooner, since Queen Henrietta Maria came for the cure in 1630. Tunbridge Wells was then so small that Her Majesty had to camp out on the Downs, and for the next thirty years visitors lived often in tents. Charles II and his queen continued the royal favour, and the village grew to be a town.

In 1698 Anne, still a princess, visited the spa with the Duke of Gloucester, the only one of her seventeen children to survive infancy. The weakly little boy slipped and fell heavily on the Upper Walk, and his mother thereupon gave £100 towards the cost of paving it. On her next visit she found that nothing had been done, and expressed her justifiable displeasure by leaving, never to return. In 1700, the year of the young Duke's death, the work was begun, and the promenade acquired its unusual name. A few of the original small, square tiles are still visible at one spot.

The Pantiles is 175 yards long, and connects the spring at the far end with the Pump Room, behind the artist's back and now the Regional Petroleum Office. The medley of old houses—weatherboarded, tile-hung—still rises above the sheltered walk, and it is pleasant to be able to record that the shops below are of excellent quality and their upper parts in good repair and gay, in summer, with flower-baskets. The scene, as charming as ever, is marred only by an untended gap where three or four houses have gone, and by a band-stand. Although there is, on the first floor of an adjoining shop, a pretty alcove suited to a string quartet, it has been superseded by a hall of harmony in which echoes of Gothic, Tudor half-timber, and the chalets of Switzerland all struggle for, and all achieve, supremacy.



Winter Street

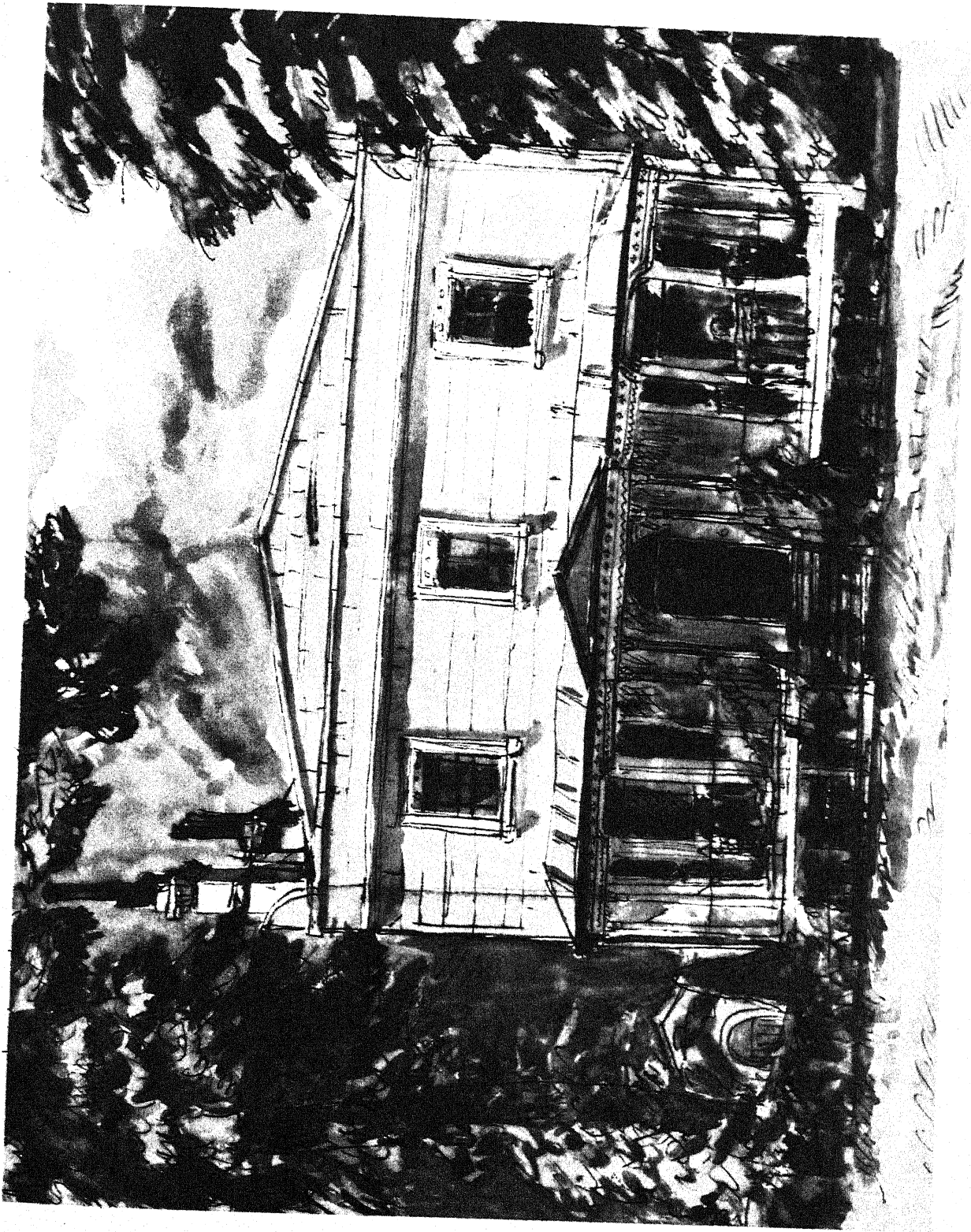
HOUSE, MOUNT EPHRAIM, TUNBRIDGE WELLS

G. W. Hooper

Not all the Cavaliers roughed it with the Queen on the Downs. Some of them found lodgings at Southborough, a mile to the north. Often, too, there were Puritans who, in spite of their regular and abstemious lives, felt no better than the courtiers and wished to take the waters. They favoured other districts, such as Rusthall on the west, and the Biblical names which, lest anyone should think they were enjoying themselves, they bestowed on these areas have persisted till to-day—Mount Pleasant, Mount Ephraim, Mount Sion. Cromwell, with good reason for regarding the place as disaffected, kept a detachment of Ironsides posted for nearly two decades on the high ground overlooking the Common, and they seem to have left a legacy of Dissent behind them.

The Dissenters have gone, and so have most of the seventeenth-century houses, and most of the invalids surrounding the little spring still pumping a gallon of steel-flavoured water every minute. Medicinally, Tunbridge Wells reached its peak in the middle of the eighteenth century. A picture, painted in 1748, shows patients chatting beneath the trees; and, even if the artist found a fortunate moment, his group is impressive—Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Beau Nash, the future Duchess of Kingston, Colley Cibber, Garrick and Miss Trasi (the singer), Speaker Onslow, the elder Pitt and Samuel Richardson, as well as sundry eminent Divines and Peeresses. But the century was growing sceptical; people began to question, and thus destroy, the efficacy of the treatment. By 1782 Lord Boyle was saying ‘We are ordered down commonly pour la Maladie Imaginaire, for the Spirits and melancholy to which our whole nation are subject’. But the place has charms other than chalybeate, and was at that moment on the frontier of a boom, a burst of building in which the older houses were replaced or supplemented by the trim residences of the Regency period, early and late. No. 79 belongs to this era, and so do many of the houses beside it and on the edge of the town across the Common.

Celebrated authors, like Thackeray and Meredith, have used the old town as a setting for stories; the thoughts of many others, such as Ruskin, have turned to it from abroad. Without much toil one might, presumably, make felicitous quotation from their works. Without much doubt one would find nothing better than the verdict of Muirhead’s *Guide*—‘pre-eminently the watering-place of the serious-minded’.

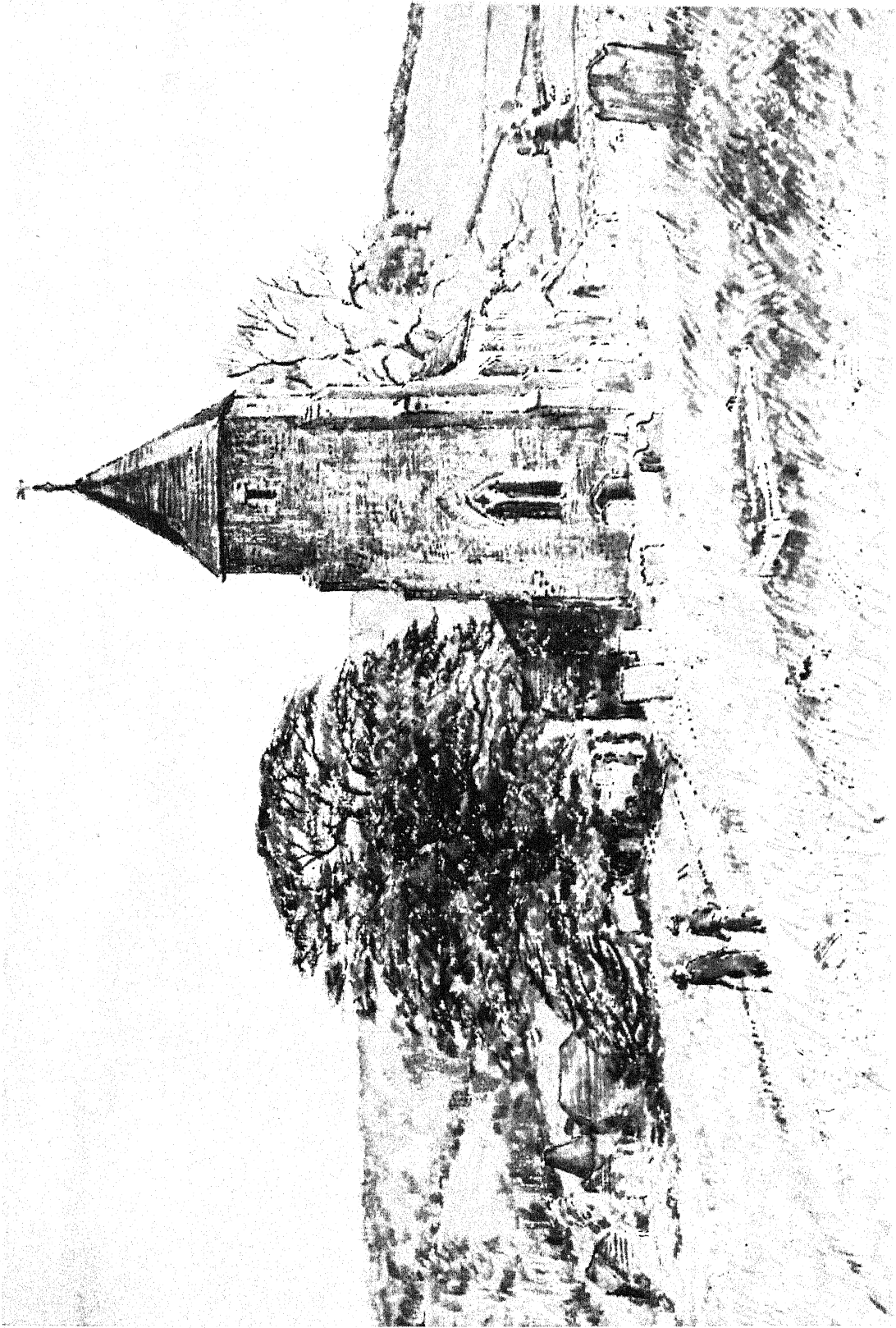


ST. MARY'S, STANSTED

Vincent Lines, R.W.S.

This Early English church was repaired in the 19th century, but the work was done with reverence and restraint and a beautiful simplicity left undisturbed. The building is of flint, except for the tiled cap to the tower. It is approached by a grassy path through a churchyard wide and embellished with some good memorials. The plain interior is whitewashed.

No remarkable history hangs on St. Mary's. It was recorded as an example—characteristically modest, lovingly tended, and in a setting which could hardly be bettered—of the village churches of Kent. It has its appropriate yew-tree, appropriately estimated to have seen a thousand Autumns undressing for the night, a thousand Springs stretching in the morning.



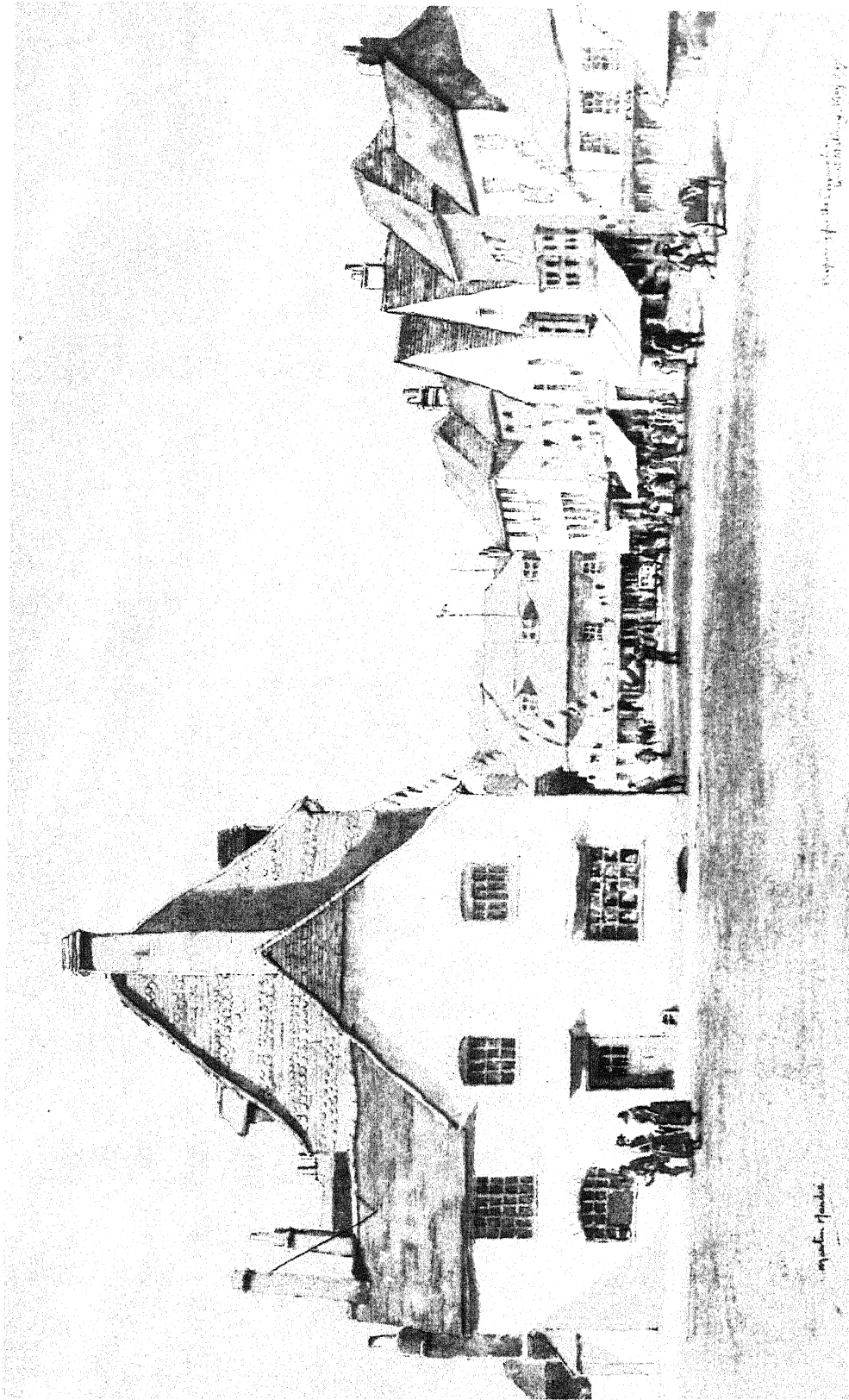
WEST MALLING

Martin Hardie, C.B.E.

This is one of those pictures which tell their own story—a view of a small country town of a type prevalent all over the country, yet varying a little in appearance from county to county.

West Malling may or may not have been planned. It grew up in spacious days, and there is about it a roominess unaffected by the marked narrowness of some of its streets. The middle of the town is still principally of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a fringe contributed by the nineteenth and an outer fringe, at present restricted by a slender green belt, of the twentieth. The centre has thus been subjected to less alteration than is customary. Since the day when the artist took up his position at the point where the High Street doubles its width, nothing has happened to the houses on the right or to the outfitter's shop with the mansard roof facing us at the end. But the nearest house has gone, the house on the left, and has emphasized, in disappearing, its contribution to the scene. The Queen Anne replacement is decorous and well behaved, but the party has been broken up.

The drawing, a gift from the artist, was made on a day in May 1937, when West Malling, like every other country town and village, was experimenting with solutions of the problem of stringing pennants from roof to roof in honour of the Coronation.



View of the City of London, from the River, 1832

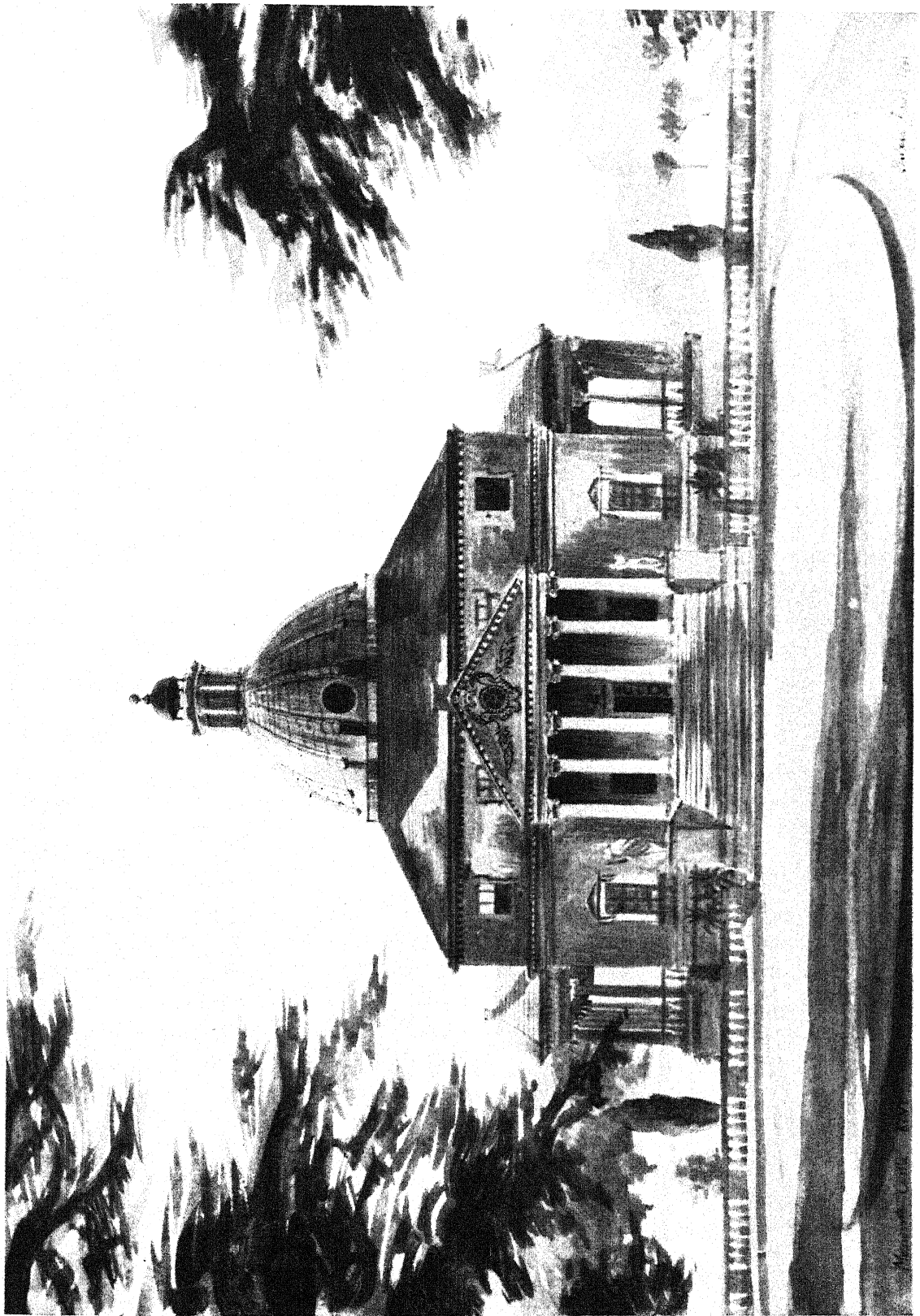
MEREWORTH CASTLE

Barbara Jones

Colin Campbell built the house in 1723 for the Hon. John Fane, later 7th Earl of Westmorland. We have the architect's word for it, else we might flounder for ever amid the plausible inaccuracies with which historians and biographers have surrounded the improbable yet actual facts of the story. Though Campbell, as far as is known, never went to Italy, he was an early and ardent Palladian, and Mereworth was the first of the Italian villas to learn, and to modify, English ways—the first of several versions of what Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell calls that 'warhorse of the Palladians', the Villa Almerigo, the Rotonda Capra, at Vicenza. It is four years older than Chiswick.

On Friday, 9 July 1752, when the mansion was in its thirtieth year, Horace Walpole drove over after dinner from Tunbridge Wells. He found the square, dome-topped house 'so perfect in a Palladian taste, that I must own it has recovered me a little from Gothic. . . . The hospitality was truly Gothic; for they made our postilion drunk, and he overturned us close to a water.' He disapproved of Campbell's rather ingenious disposal of the chimneys, curved like ribs against the dome and mounting to an aperture in the lantern, but the setting delighted him—'a wood that runs up a hill behind the house is broke, like an Albano landscape, with an octagon temple and a triumphal arch'. Just where Lord Westmorland wanted his stables the old church had stood. He had it replaced by a new church in the middle of the village. Most people to-day are stirred by its foreign beauty, but Walpole would have none of it—'a steeple so tall that the poor church curtsies under it'.

The old earl died in 1762 and the property passed to his nephew, Sir Francis Dashwood—a man of similar culture but inferior character with whom we passed some moments at West Wycombe. Finding the vicarage irksomely close, he sent it to join the new church. Ninety years later a very different type of man reigned at Mereworth, the 6th Viscount Falmouth, one of the most renowned and respected figures in the history of the Turf. Matthew Dawson and Fred Archer were the agents of his successes, but the foundations were bedded in the grass of Mereworth. Winners of 2 Derbys, 4 Oaks, 3 St. Legers, 3 Two Thousands, and 4 One Thousands were nurtured by paddocks where still, to-day, roam brood mares as beautiful, if not as celebrated, as Wheel of Fortune.

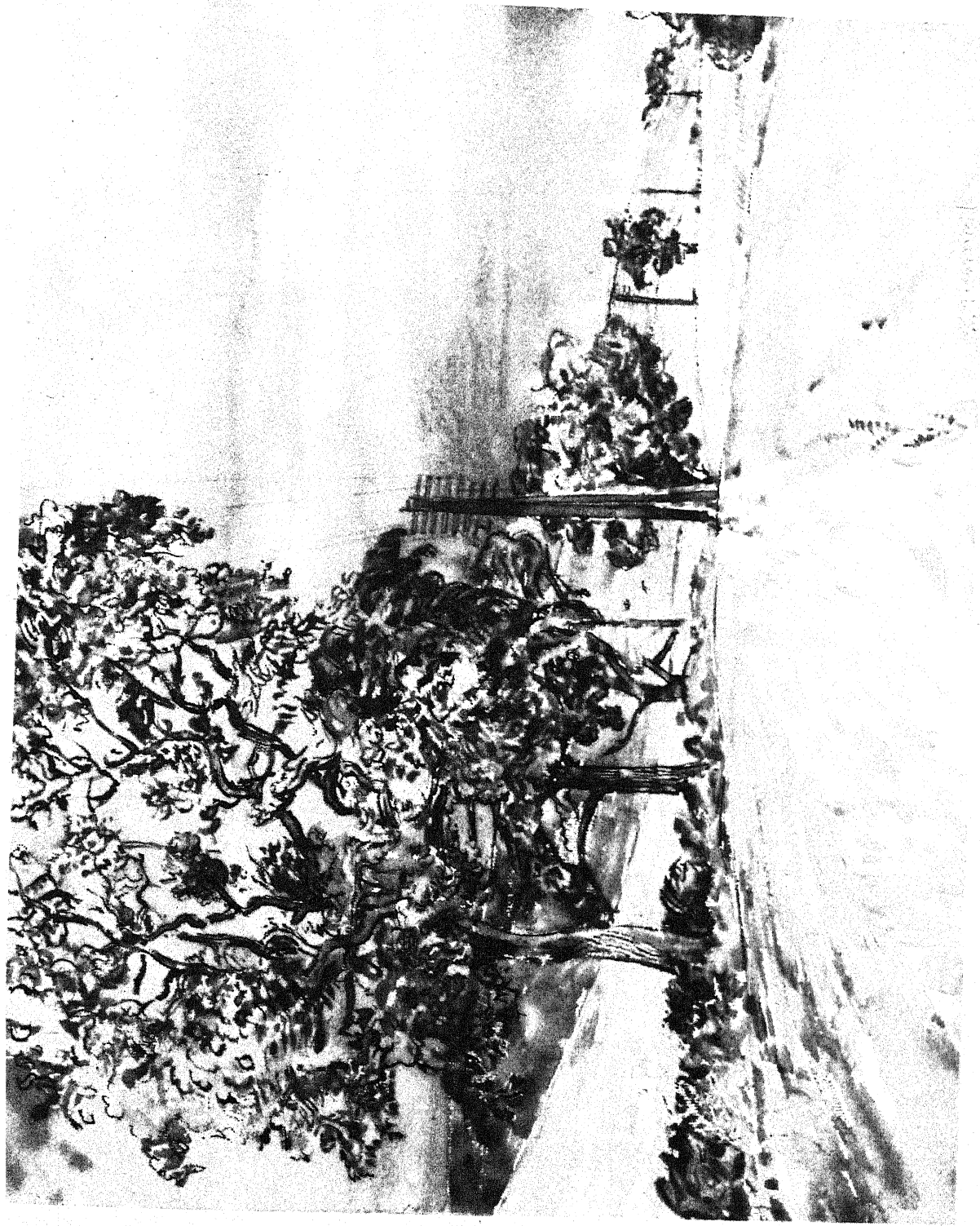


CUXTON VALLEY, NEAR ROCHESTER

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

Cuxton lies west-south-west of Rochester, at the entrance of a valley between chalk ranges hemming in the Medway. The quarrying of chalk and manufacture of cement are no new feature of the area. Chalk, with soldiers, sailors, Jews, shrimps, officers, and dockyard men, was among the chief local products noted by Mr. Pickwick. Cobbett refers to it at length; he approved of chalk; and, having enlisted at Rochester when he was sixteen, he knew the district well. Earlier, Defoe had dilated upon it, and no doubt there are accounts of it much older still. Now the roads are polished by lorries of the cement and asphalt industries as well as by the buses lending their aid to the spread of Rochester.

In spite of these dangers, Cuxton Valley has managed to retain much of its beauty, even on the main road. Yet if it is still possible to make any number of drawings representing it, not untruthfully, as deep country-side, if its survival has been far longer and more vigorous than our grandfathers, watching it acquire 'almost the appearance of a northern manufacturing district', would have estimated, one cannot feel happy about its future. Field by field and tree by tree our country-side dwindles, and like a spendthrift heir we begin, too late, to keep accounts. Rochester, Chatham and Gillingham, Strood and Brompton, have grown together into one huge, built-up area. Most of the extension is on the eastern, the Gillingham, side. Rochester is still a cathedral city in mind, with a population not absorbed in the dockyards; and it is to this combination of geographical, economic, and spiritual accidents that the valley's retention of its tree-clad slopes must be credited. In a sense, the road from Gillingham to Rainham, seven miles farther east, is the figure of Cuxton's ransom, but the price would have been paid in any case.



WALNUT-TREE FARM, HARTLEY BOTTOM

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

Edward Hasted, the county historian, manages to fill a page or two with details of the quiet country-side between Ridley and Fawkham, going back to Domesday for some of them. But no history is attached to Mr. Glover's little farm-house, or the inevitable apple-trees behind it, or to his fields of corn. Scattered through these pages are other records of general, rather than particular, scenes. This picture, alone, has been included as typical of the artist as well as the county.

Hennell's knowledge of the English country-side and its inhabitants, though astonishing, was doubtless not unrivalled. What was special to him was the closeness of the association which he maintained with them. Active and outdoor as the ever-roving bee, he had no hive in the forefront of his mind. The bearing away of information and impressions, the turning of them to account, were not absent from his thoughts, since he painted and wrote about what he had seen, but they were effect rather than cause. He loved everything about the country, from the tin roof of an insecure lean-to above the farmer's maltreated car to the precise skill of the smith or the thatcher; and he would have gone on seeking the company of hedgers and ploughmen even if he had had to abandon his brush and his pen. It was the unbrokenness of his contact with what he was portraying that, added to his sensitiveness and technical equipment, gave his work its peculiar and endearing beauty.

The children, the anonymous apple-trees, the hen-coops, the comfortable disorder of the combined orchard, poultry-run, playground, and dump, must have given him even more delight than could be taken captive. In such a statement, however, there is a confusing of pleasures—a mistake he would never have made. When he hurried to his friends, he might be bringing news of weaving or wasps; he might also produce a drawing which he had just bought for five shillings and dare them to deny it was a Paul Sandby.



DELCE MILL, ROCHESTER

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

Once there were twenty-two windmills in Rochester; only a hundred years ago forty could be seen revolving on the surrounding heights. By 1883 the number had dropped to twenty-nine. By 1930 Delce alone remained. The evidence that windmills have had their day is thus impressively fortified by the testimony of Rochester, yet there are occasional witnesses for the defence. Delce itself was built in 1872, when the massacre was in full swing, and as late as 1930 a new mill was set up at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover. It is true that this was for generating electricity, not flour; but that, precisely, is one of the adaptations most commonly recommended by the windmills' friends.

When the drawing was made Delce was a working mill. Late in 1947 it suddenly disappeared—bought and, before anyone knew about it, pulled down to make room for a garage for the delivery vans of a greengrocer.

Post mills and tower mills have been illustrated already. Delce was a smock mill. The following description is based on that excellent little book, *English Windmills* (vol. i, by Miss M. I. Batten and Mr. Rex Wailes). A tower mill may be of two kinds, the tower mill proper being circular and built of stone or brick. The smock mill is a variation, made of wood and usually octagonal, though sometimes with six or twelve sides. As a rule, the base is of brick, round the top of which may run a wooden gallery or stage, to enable the miller to reach the sails. This stage is often seen on tower mills, too, and there is frequently a second gallery round the cap.

Delce was a tall, octagonal smock mill covered with sheeting on a two-storied brick base. It had four double-shuttered sails and a fan, and it stood on rising ground in the south-eastern purlieu of the city.



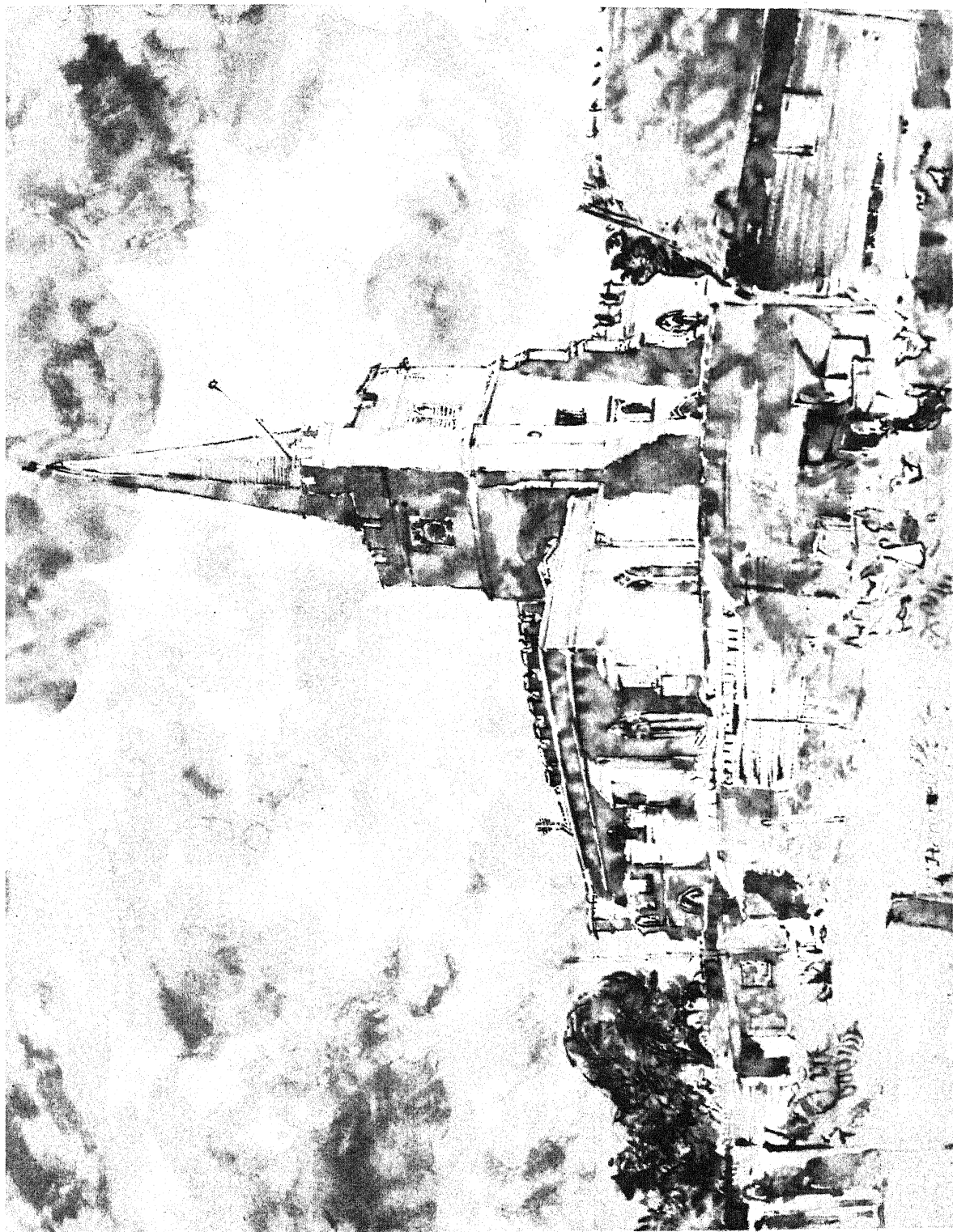
ST. WERBURGH'S, HOO

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

The peninsula dividing the estuaries of the Thames and the Medway is marshy in nature, and the allied adjective, dreary, turns up sooner or later in most descriptions of the region. True, the district has a discouraged air; yet with its nearness to London, it is agreeably remote, undeveloped and, even, underpopulated. Its romantic loneliness has not passed unnoticed. Charles Dickens, who lived beside its western extremity at Gad's Hill, used it in *Great Expectations*. Hoo St. Werburgh has been identified as Pip's village; so have two other places to the west of it, and thus a little more accessible to the novelist. Pip's may well have been a composite village, an opinion which seems to have been shared by the producer of the film made in 1945.

A railway, wending its way across the peninsula, and intensifying rather than diluting the discouragement already noted, reaches its terminus opposite Sheerness. Port Victoria, named by royal permission, was to have been, and was, a Gateway to the Continent. The old Queen and other Crowned Heads used it, it was to oust Queenborough and Tilbury. The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club settled in, it was to rival Cowes. According to Mr. Ralph Arnold (*The Hundred of Hoo*) the Kaiser, attending the coronation of George V in 1911, was the last monarch for whom the rigours of Port Victoria's platform were mitigated by red carpet. The great days were already receding. Now the traveller from London, referred to a solitary table among the jumble of suburban traffic at the end of the *A.B.C. Railway Guide*, may rise for the 5.24 a.m. or wait for the 3.10 p.m., but in either case he will find no douane, no numbered and jerseyed porters, no gangways awaiting him. He will find, in fact, precious little. The Gateway is closed, is only just standing.

Hoo is the capital of this kingdom, so handy for the post-Roman invaders, so quiet now. The church of St. Werburgh, overlooking the Flats and the Salt Marshes and a familiar landmark for mariners of the Medway, has a long story to tell, a narrative in stone extending through eight or nine centuries, pre-Norman, Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular. The tower with the hexagonal stair-turret is probably its oldest feature, built by men whose overlords helped or failed to help Harold at Senlac. The battlemented church has, besides age, beauty. Its truncated naves are exceptionally spacious, the northern one 28 ft. across, and it has a lovely roof with stone corbels, and a churchyard of singular appropriateness.



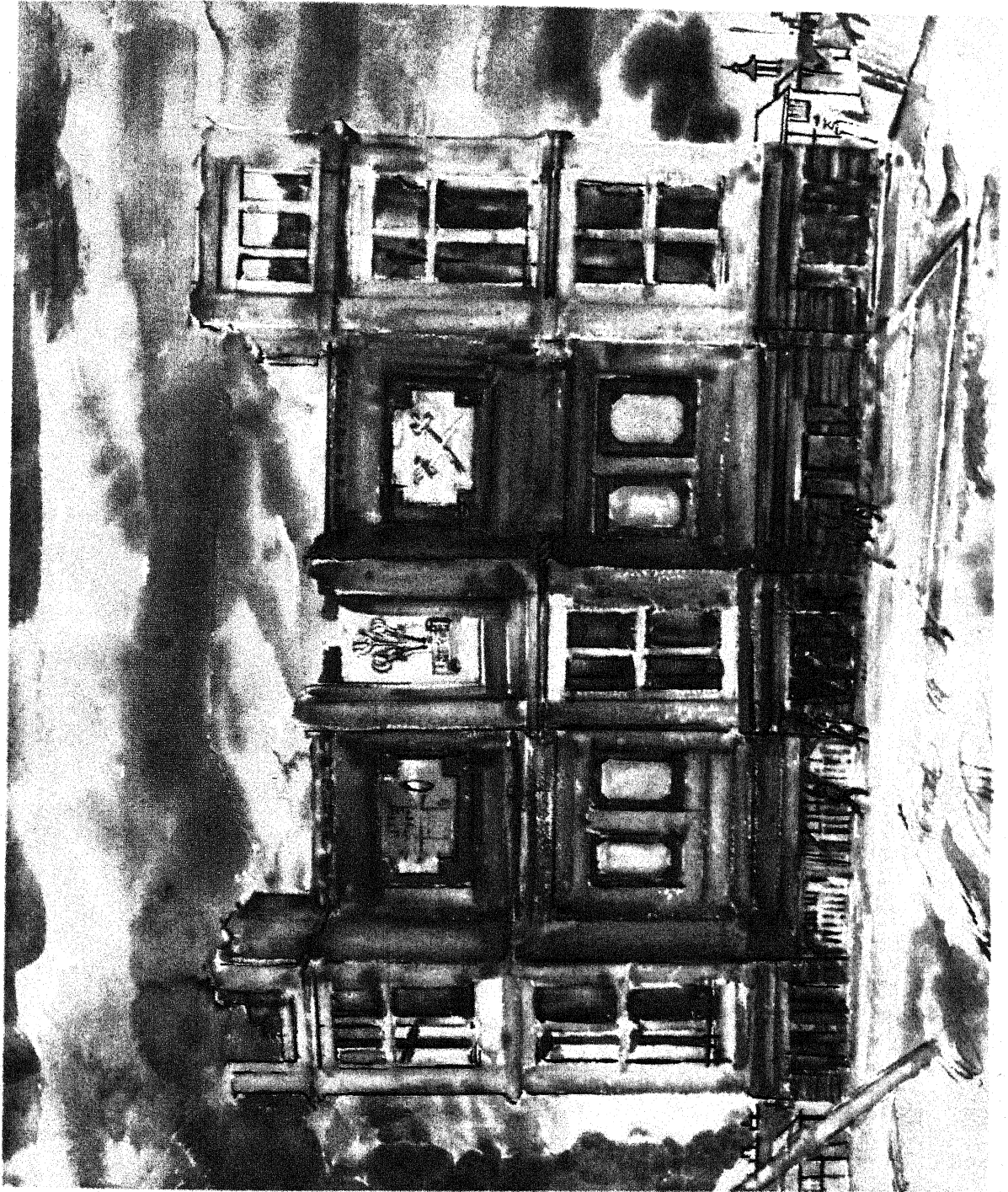
JEZREEL'S TOWER, GILLINGHAM

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

One must never forget that the eighteenth century was not all Blenheim, Bath, and Brooks's. In another corner were its Wesleys and Whitfields, and its Joanna Southcotts and William O'Bryans, too, all helping to form what has been called the 'cement' of nineteenth-century England.

From Richard Brothers, who dissented from Methodism, there dissented Joanna Southcott, from whom dissented the Yorkshireman John Wroe, the founder of the Christian Israelites; and from them emerged, among other dissenting Dissenters too numerous to name, James White, born in 1840 and, when first we meet him, an infantryman. On 15 October 1875 he joined The New House of Israel, from which he was expelled on Boxing Day, having just had time to form The New and Latter House of Israel. In February he went to India with his regiment, but returned without it, bringing with him a new name—James Jerishom Jezreel—and a book, *The Flying Roll*, compiled during his service abroad and promulgating the tenets of his sect. It was little more than a confused version of Wroe's rather confused writings, but Jezreel claimed to be the newest of God's messengers, the bearer of the latest instructions. One announcement proved particularly attractive—he was to enlist the 144,000, twice told, who were to receive Christ on His second coming and to survive during His reign of 1,000 years on earth. Jezreel settled in Gillingham, married a local girl, Clarissa Rogers (henceforth known as Queen Esther), and began to enrol, from all over the country, recruits for immortality. Money, as well as recruits, poured in, first from tithes and later from the complete surrender of property into a common fund. Jezreel and his Queen toured America and other continents, gathering candidates and contributions. Then, at the age of forty-five, despotic, supreme, and apparently unassailable, the sponsor of immortality made his first false step. He died. Queen Esther, succeeding him, did even worse. After a short reign troubled by a Pretender, an American farmer named Noah Drew, she died at twenty-eight. Her father, who replaced her, died; so did Drew, and so did his heir from America, Michael Keyfor Mills, 'Prince Michael, Your Prince'.

The tower was to have been a cube of 120 feet, but funds gave out before it was finished. Amid the congregation, seated in three circular tiers, the preacher was to rise and sink on a central and rotating lift. Only the finest materials were used; the solidity of the structure has defied all attempts at adaptation except the marking out of two hard tennis courts on the floor.



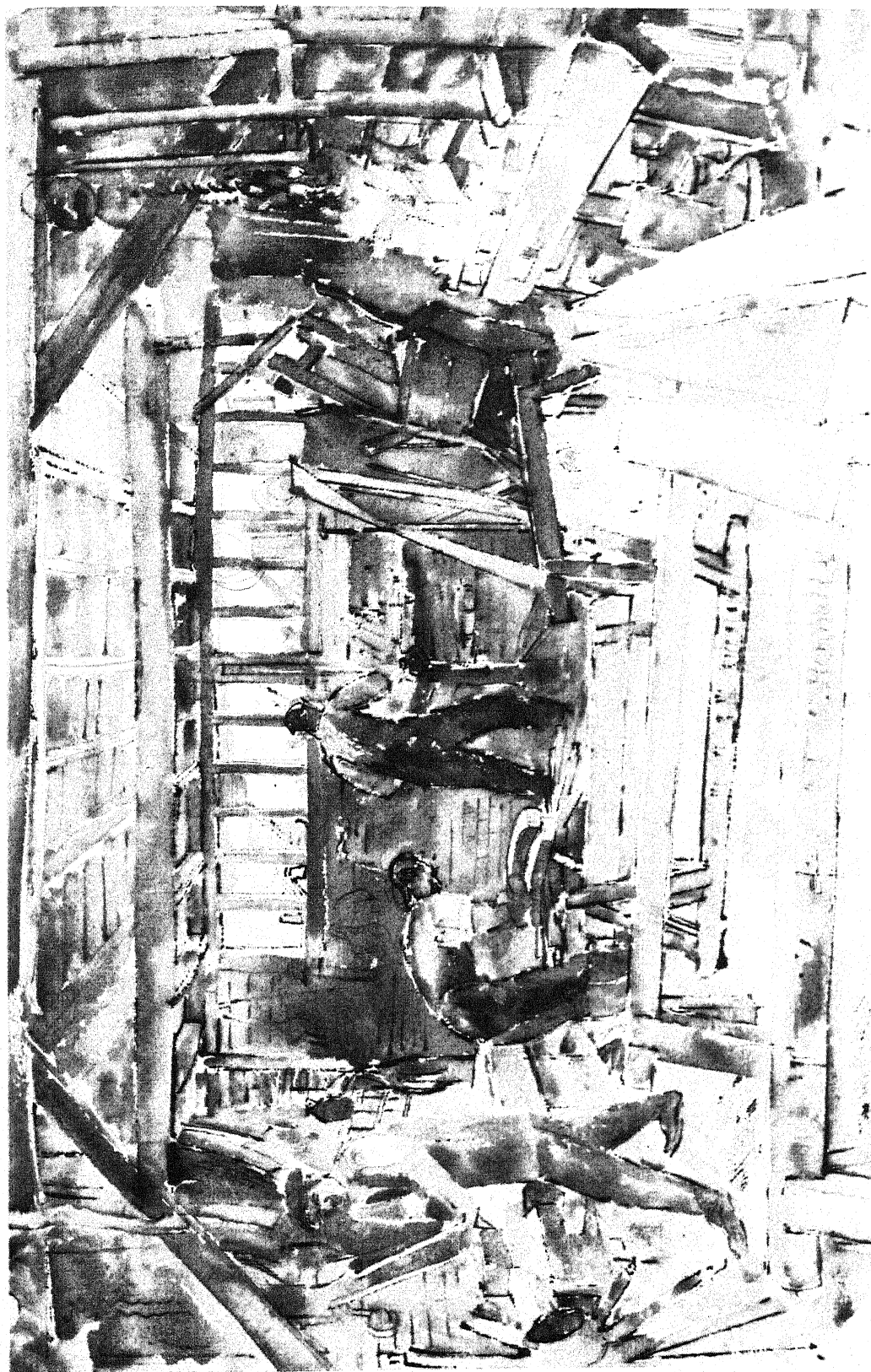
TIMBER YARD, NEWINGTON

Thomas Hennell, R.W.S.

Newington is a small place, still private, still sheltered from the advancing publicity of Gillingham by a mile or two of fruit-trees and hop-fields on its western side; and Mr. J. W. Brunt's, Ironmonger and Oilstores, is a small shop in its High Street, opposite *The George*. Nobody, except the Hennells of this world, would guess how large and active a yard lies behind it, a yard wherein are practised the trades of carpenter, wheelwright, wagon-builder, undertaker, ladder- and gate-maker, smith, and occasionally builder. In this very yard skilled hands constructed—there is a photograph to prove it—the dung-cart for the Victory Procession.

The drawing shows the members of the staff at work on a day when they were wheelwrights. An upright wheel can be seen on the left, where Mr. Barton plies his lathe; and between him and Mr. Brunt, at the back of the shed, there is another wheel resting flat on a trestle, and Alfred Batchelor, bending over it, is at one of the most difficult moments of the whole, long operation, the fitting of the spokes into the fellies. The processes have been described often enough; they are slow, exact, intricate, and thus rather costly. Well-seasoned wood of three kinds—oak, elm, and ash—is used in each wheel, as well as the smith's iron tire. So, nowadays, when the wheel of a farm cart gives way—an old cart, perhaps, with very large wheels with the spokes splayed or dished, dating from the times when ruts were permanent and nearly axle-deep—farmers are apt to fit motor-wheels with inflated tires or to wait for the chance of picking up, at auction, a discarded but complete wagon for less than the cost of one new wheel. Consequently, wheelwrights are a dwindling band; they have, indeed, out-dwindled the demand for their services, and those still practising have all the work they can get through.

Circumstances in North Kent have been favourable to the survival of skilled handicrafts, and Mr. Brunt was able to direct the artist to barge-menders, basket-makers, mill-stone dressers, thatchers, and other custodians of disappearing knowledge. Some of the resultant drawings are in our collection, more may be seen in Hennell's posthumous and revealing book, *The Countryman at Work*. Wheelwright and painter were destined to meet once again—in unaccustomed clothes, in hesitating recognition, at Reykjavik.



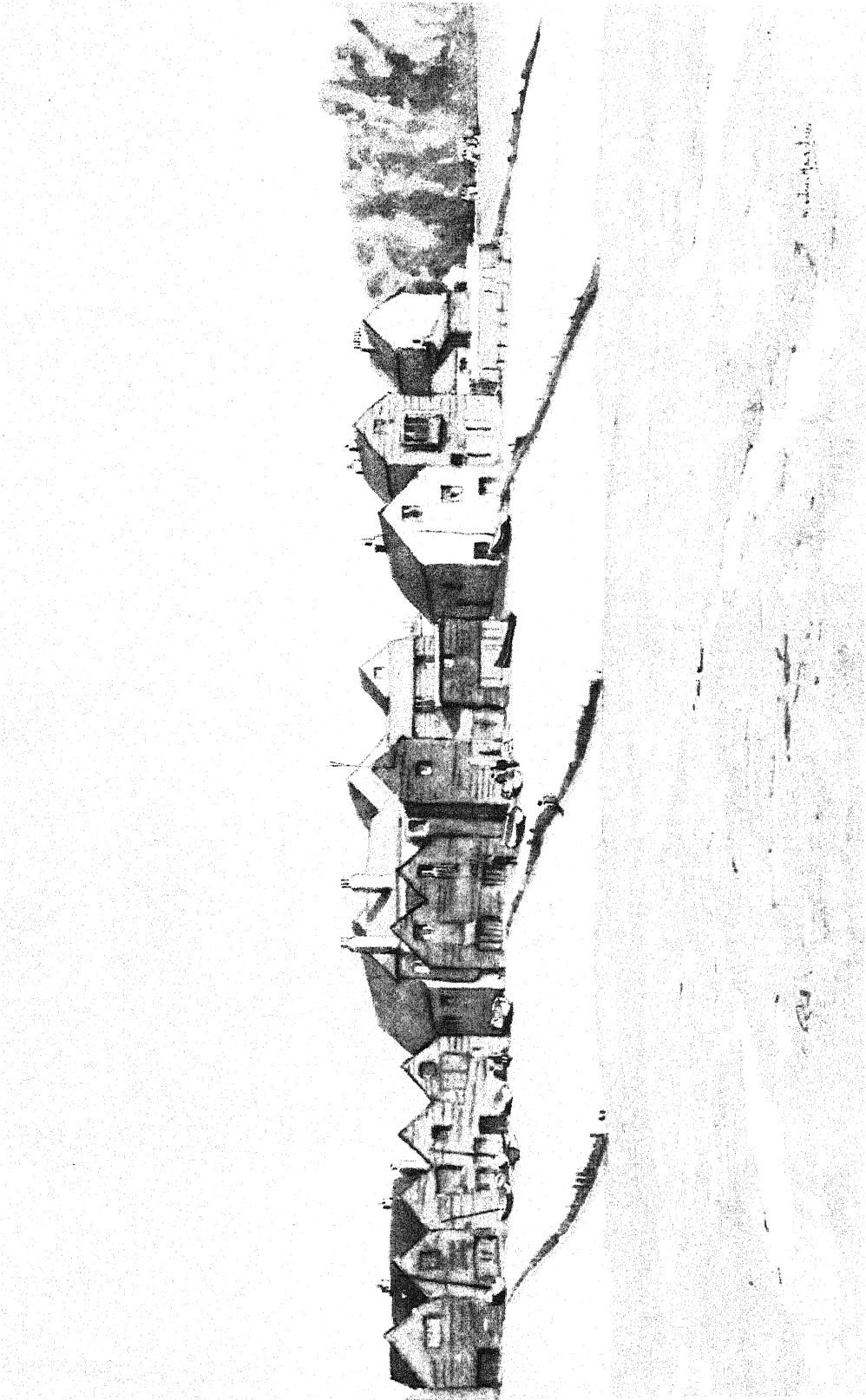
WHITSTABLE

Martin Hardie, C.B.E.

The station taxis are turned towards Tankerton and their drivers are liable to set off in that direction, deferring inquiry of your precise destination until the cinemas and fun-fairs begin to thicken beside the route. Fifty years ago Tankerton found no place in the guide-books. It cannot be an easy subject to-day.

Whitstable, its more famous, more interesting, and much older neighbour, joins it on the west. Its visitors are comparatively few; the months with an 'r' in them are, in the main, not the holiday months. It seems to live its own life, tumbledown and happy. The old fishermen's huts at the top of the beach are still, in many cases, what they have always been, but some have changed their professional status and been acquired by the Whitstable and District Angling Club, forming its headquarters. They consist of two stories, a boat-house below and an upper room devoted to splicing, knotting, and other mysteries. The small, oblong, very sheltered harbour holding the stout boats of the oystermen is away to the left. The office of the Oyster Fishery Company is round the corner, behind the sea-wall on the right.

Since the drawing was made, a window in one of the buildings has been added or reopened. Otherwise, nothing has changed; it seems likely that nothing has changed the crazy old structures for a very long time. Tottery, lop-sided, patched and propped, how many gales screaming from the North Sea across the Kentish Flats have they withstood?



DISTANT PROSPECT OF CANTERBURY

Aubrey Waterfield

Canterbury was a protected area in which an artist, no matter how numerous and polychromatic his permits, could rely on being constantly harassed. Through the centuries, too, it has been the subject of innumerable canvases and sketch-books. It had thus been neglected by us until the day when Mr. Waterfield, with thirty-five years' experience of the neighbourhood, successfully upheld the claims of unrecorded items in the city and environs.

While his cards and letters of authority were being gradually assembled, Canterbury was bombed severely—its first 'Baedeker' raid—in June 1942. The artist, beginning work at the end of August, found a few of his subjects missing; but he made a number of drawings, some for our collection and some for the War Artists'. Most of them were near and detailed views, and the water-colour reproduced here was, in fact, done for himself. It was coaxed out of him for the sake of its history, the circumstances surrounding its creation:

3 Nov. 1942. 'I am all right, thank you. . . . As I sat sketching in a field on Tyler's Hill, overlooking the whole city and Cathedral stretched out below me, a dull, grey afternoon with nothing happening, and almost impossible to see one object's form against another, just as it was getting dark, and without warning, suddenly pandemonium was let loose and they came streaming in waves across Canterbury and up the hill towards me, just like driven partridges invisible at first against the woods below me and then streaming overhead; hedge-hopping exactly like partridges, with this difference—so far, in my experience, it is not usually the birds who do the shooting. You could almost have knocked one down with a stick, they were so incredibly low, streaming beside me right and left. Most odd, and very disturbing to work.'

That was the second 'Baedeker' raid on Canterbury, 31 October 1942.



BLACKFRIARS, CANTERBURY

Aubrey Waterfield

In Canterbury even the most earnest sightseer may grow weary and leave the half of it uninspected. Plenty of people, it is true, see the Blackfriars' buildings, but as a rule unintentionally; the old precincts, striding the stream, are best viewed from the approaches to the Friary Cinema or the San Maria garden-restaurant.

For the beginnings of the story one must rove back through more than seven wild centuries. The Black Friars (Dominicans, or Preaching Friars) arrived in Canterbury about 1221. In spite of being welcomed by Stephen Langton in person, they seem to have moved on in search of more suitable quarters. When they returned, in 1236, they found that the Grey Friars had established themselves in the interval; but there was room for all, and the Black Friars settled in on the other side of the High Street. Henry I gave them 5 acres as well as materials and money, but they refused regular endowment. In nineteen years they raised (on the right of the picture) their main buildings, including a church, now gone, and the fine refectory still standing. On the left, on the island of Binnewith, the structure surviving was, perhaps, the guest house. Two bridges spanned the water and linked up the property.

All went well until 1535 when the Prior, who supported the Pope (and Catharine of Aragon) against the Archbishop (and Anne Boleyn), was cited in Cranmer's court. Three years later his monastery went the way of other monasteries. For a century the buildings had a succession of owners until Peter de la Pierre, a Flemish surgeon, bought the place for the Anabaptists, in 1632. (In 1640 the church was 'the Artillery Ground for the young artillery of the city'.) The Anabaptists were followed by the Unitarians, and there is a story that they heard a sermon from Defoe. Now, with a tolerance not displayed by some of its former inmates, the old refectory welcomes fresh worshippers, the First Church of Christ Scientist, Canterbury.

The cemetery, too, though reduced in size, has through the centuries offered rest to faithful servants of all denominations. A shaped flint, a prone Ionic column, the upright stone of Mrs. Experience Brown who died in 1755, stand side by side on the bank, symbols of continuity, unaware of antagonism. People gather among these vestiges of religious evolution, waiting for Charon who comes, presently, in his boat. A river trip, he says, a Tour of the Stour for a Bob; and they descend the steps, and pay to enter his boat and be taken away.



MAISON DIEU HOUSE, DOVER

W. Fairclough

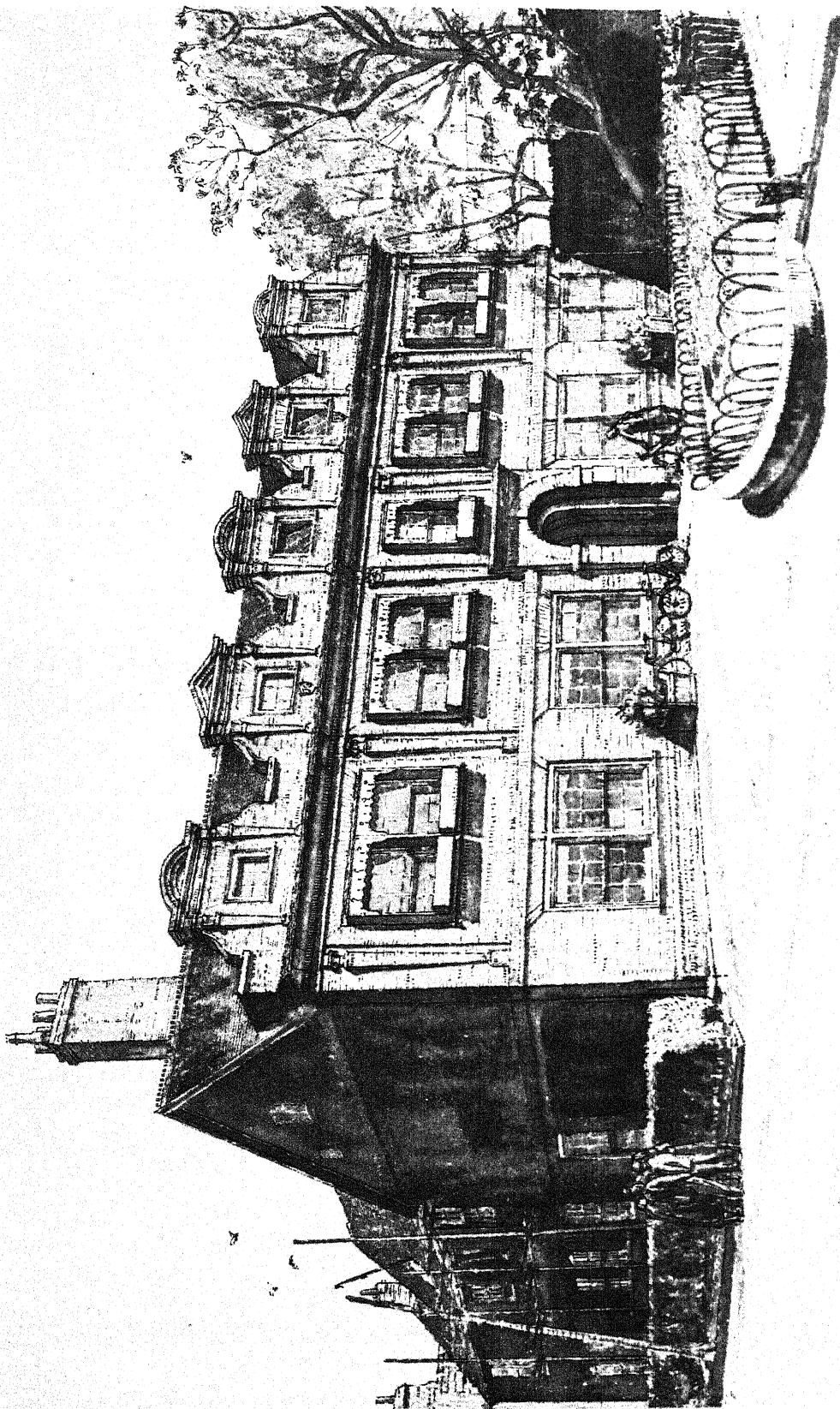
Hubert de Burgh's Maison Dieu, founded in 1203 and now the Town Hall, makes every second visitor pause, inquire, enter and peer; the house next door is dwarfed in esteem as well as in size. Yet, even though its original front doorway is missing, it is a building of exceptional beauty, made of red brick with some flint incorporations. Amid its many attractions the tapering brick pilasters on both the upper floors are especially graceful. It was built in 1665 as the residence of the Agent Victualler of the Navy, Maison Dieu itself being his office. The Agency was, in polite language, a coveted post, much sought after, and at the disposal of the Lord Chancellor. Both Maison Dieu and Maison Dieu House continued to be so used for the next 150 years or more. Then, in the reign of the Sailor King, the feeding of the Navy passed into the control of the Admiralty, Maison Dieu was acquired by the Corporation, and the smaller house became a private residence. It has now returned to the public service, and this is fortunate. Nine shells and two heavy bombs, though they just missed the old house, left behind them a bill of some £7,000 for the owners.

Richard Harris Barham, a Kent man fond of Kentish themes, used the premises as the scene of one of his *Ingoldsby Legends*—'The Old Woman Clothed in Grey':

Well—when you've got there,—never mind how you're taunted—
Ask boldly, 'Pray, which is the house here that's haunted?'
—I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect
The proprietor's name; but he's one of the séct
Who call themselves 'Friends', and whom others call 'Quakers'—
You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the Baker's—

And so on, for another 20 or 30 spirited, inventive, but rather exhausting pages.

A visitor, or even a reader, admiring the most charming house in Dover, and noting the plate beside the door, may well assume it to be the home of the Ministries of Pensions and National Insurance—departments which, in county after county, are linked in their impeccable architectural tastes and the respectful wonder of the travelling public. At Dover, however, the race was won by the Borough Engineer from whom the old house, within and without, has received marked consideration and sympathy. If present plans are retained, a Library will be the next occupant.



Dover.
W. P. Clough
June 1842.

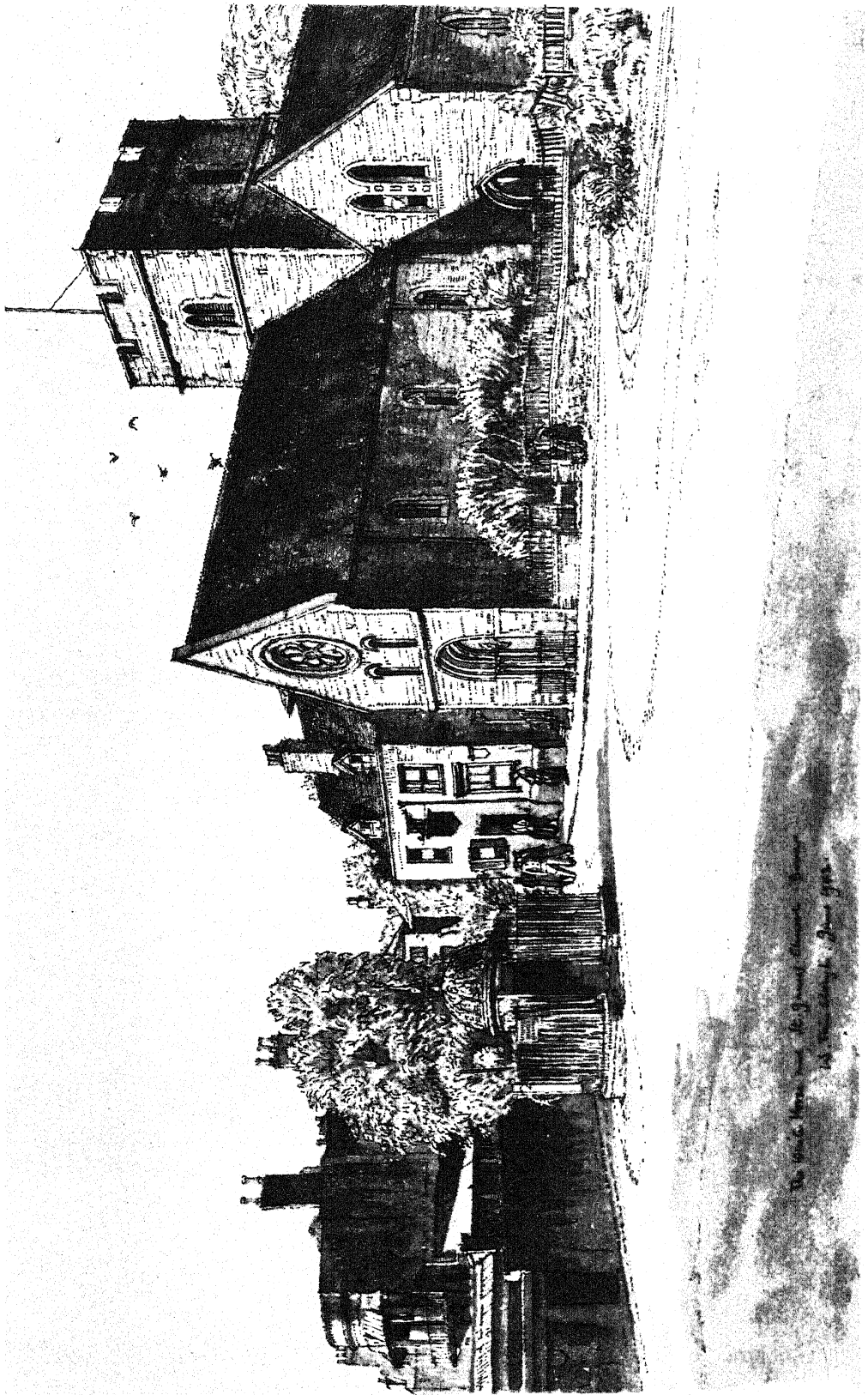
ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE'S, DOVER

W. Fairclough

The church stands at the corner of Trevanion Street, at the base of Castle Hill, on the eastern edge of the town. The site is also just north of Admiralty Harbour, which lies only 200 yards away, behind our right shoulder. The Norman builders cannot be blamed for choosing such a position, they could not guess that it would one day be known as Hellfire Corner; they might even have been well content to learn that their work would endure, with some help from restorers, for 700 years. But its accessibility, its readiness to serve a maritime congregation proved in the end too simple, too brave. Not long after the date of the drawing (June 1942) one of the shells of the great guns across the Channel had an error in trajectory of just 200 yards. The damage was not irreparable; it was in process of repair when the church was struck again, and finally. Hardly anything remains east of the chancel arch. The west wall of the tower is still balanced, and the west end of the nave is reasonably intact, including the west door which looks so well in the picture but was, on close view, over-restored in 1869. (A better Norman arch, blocked and long disused, can be found in the north wall.) On the south, or Channel, side a huge hole gapes. The building, too dangerous for entry, is closed.

Protected, at the time, by the flint rampart of St. James's, though now in some danger from its collapse, the White Horse Inn lives to offer, as it has offered for two or three hundred years, refreshment to the traveller; its younger neighbour, too, the kiosk, disdains its scars and continues to serve, bent but not broken.

Between the church and the inn is a footpath, called Hubert Passage, and anyone who cares to mount a few yards of it may look back, westwards, down into the shattered church, seeing the memorial tablets on the unroofed walls, the empty windows, the devastated gallery, the fallen pillars, the heaped fragments of stone, the white dust, the familiar vestiges of war, the last of St. James's. It was once the parish church of the first of the Cinque Ports and belonged to the Castle; and in it (according to Hasted writing in 1799) the local Courts of Chancery and Admiralty 'have been usually holden'. Norman and Early English, it had no spectacular beauty or wide renown; but upon it the threat, overhanging all our 400 scenes, fell. In this appropriate setting we say farewell to these volumes, to Kent, to England and, let us pray, to war.



Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself. . . . I conclude you have not trusted everything to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead pencil; half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cartload of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our minds, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination. God forgive me, I suppose I have done so myself before now, and misled many a good body that put their trust in me. . . . I am too civil to extend my enquiries beyond Berwick.

THOMAS GRAY to WILLIAM PALGRAVE

6 September 1758

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